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The Complete Works of

LONGUS

(fl. 2nd century AD)



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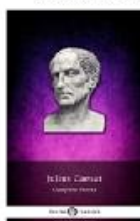
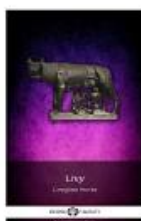
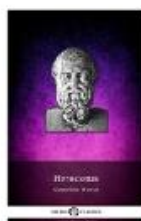
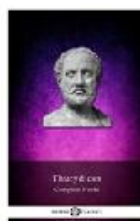


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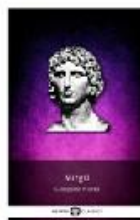
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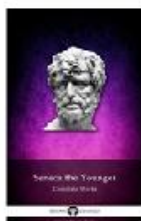
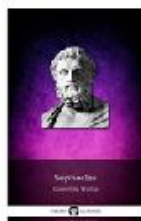
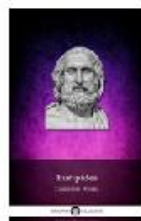
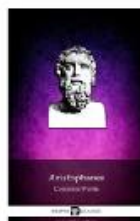
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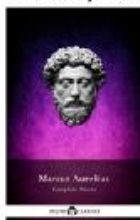
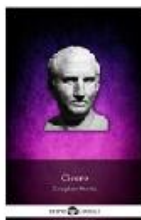
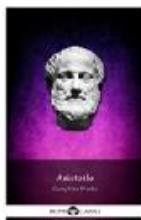
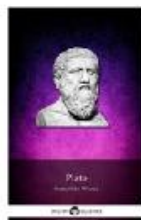
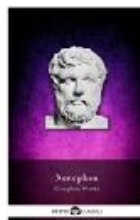
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The Complete Works of
LONGUS



By Delphi Classics, 2015

The Translations



Mytilene, Lesbos' capital in the north-eastern Aegean Sea — almost nothing is known about the life of the ancient novelist Longus; though it is assumed that he lived on the isle of Lesbos (the setting of 'Daphnis and Chloe') during the 2nd century AD.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE: 1916 Loeb Classical Library Translation



Translated by George Thornley and Revised by J. M. Edmonds

The ancient novel *Daphnis and Chloe* is the only surviving work by the 2nd century Greek author Longus. Set on Lesbos during the 2nd century AD, it is assumed that the island was also the author's homeland. It is a pastoral novel, featuring shepherds and shepherdesses in an idealised world.

The novel concerns the development of the relationship of the boy Daphnis and the girl Chloe, who were both exposed at birth, with identifying tokens. A goatherd named Lamon discovers Daphnis, while the shepherd Dryas finds Chloe. Each man decides to raise the child he finds as his own. As Daphnis and Chloe grow up together, herding the flocks for their foster parents, they fall in love, though due to their natural innocence, they fail to understand what is happening to them. Philetas, a wise old cowherd, explains to them what love is and instructs them that the only cure is through acts of passion. However, due to their inexperience of the ways of love, the two lovers struggle to fulfil their increasing sexual desire. In time, Lycaenion, an experienced woman from the city, educates Daphnis in love-making. Daphnis, however, is reluctant to carry out his newly acquired experience with Chloe, when he is told that Chloe will suffer when losing her virginity for the first time. Throughout the novel, Chloe is courted by suitors, attempting to seduce her with varying degrees of success. Eventually, Daphnis and Chloe are recognised by their birth parents, leading to a traditional happy ending.

Recognised as one of the most influential works of world literature, Longus' novel is one of the earliest texts to explore in realistic detail the gradual growth of a sexual relationship, charting the human and timeless journey from innocence to experience.



'Daphnis and Chloe' by François Gérard, c. 1824

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'Daphnis and Chloe' by Jean-Pierre Cortot

A SUMMARY OF THE FIRST BOOK

THE author sees a picture of curious interpretation in the island Lesbos. And he describes it in four books. The situation of Mytilene (the scene of the story) is drawn. Lamo a goatherd, following a goat that neglected her kid, finds an infant-boy exposed with fine accoutrements about him, takes him away, keeps him, and names him Daphnis. Two years after, Dryas a shepherd, looking for a sheep of his, found in a cave of the Nymphs a girl of the very same fortune, brings her up, and calls her Chloe. Dryas and Lamo, warned by dreams, send forth the exposed children together to keep their flocks. They are joyful, and play away their time. Daphnis, running after a he-goat, falls unawares together with him into a trap-ditch made for a wolf, but is drawn up alive and well. Chloe sees Daphnis at his washing and praises his beauty. Dorco the herdsman woos Chloe with gifts, and contends with Daphnis for her favour. — Daphnis praises Chloe and she kisses him.

Dorco asks of Dryas Chloe for his wife, but all in vain. Therefore, disguised in a wolf-skin, he thinks to seize her from a thicket and carry her away by force, but the flock-dogs, fall upon him.

Daphnis and Chloe are variously affected. Daphnis tells the Tale of the Stock-Dove. The Tyrian pirates plunder the fields and carry away Daphnis. Chloe, not knowing what to do, runs up to Dorco whom she finds a dying of his wounds. He gives her a pipe of wonderful power. She plays on it, and the oxen and cows that were carried away turn over the vessel. They and Daphnis swim to the land while the armed pirates drown. Then they bury poor Dorco and return to their wonted game.

PROEM

1. WHEN I was hunting in Lesbos, I saw in the grove of the Nymphs a spectacle the most beauteous and pleasing of any that ever yet I cast my eyes upon. It was a painted picture, reporting a history of love. The grove indeed was very pleasant, thick set with trees and starred with flowers everywhere, and watered all from one fountain with divers meanders and rills. But that picture, as having in it not only an excellent and wonderful piece of art but also a tale of ancient love, was far more amiable. And therefore many, not only the people of the country but foreigners also, enchanted by the fame of it, came as much to see that, as in devotion to the Nymphs. There were figured in it young women, in the posture, some of teeming, others of swaddling, little children; babes exposed, and ewes giving them suck; shepherds taking up foundlings, young persons plighting their troth; an incursion of thieves, an inroad of armed men.

2. When I had seen with admiration these and many other things, but all belonging to the affairs of love, I had a mighty instigation to write something as to answer that picture. And therefore, when I had carefully sought and found an interpreter of the image, I drew up these four books, an oblation to Love and to Pan and to the Nymphs, and a delightful possession even for all men. For this will cure him that is sick, and rouse him that is in dumps; one that has loved, it will remember of it; one that has not, it will instruct. For there was never any yet that wholly could escape love, and never shall there be any, never so long as beauty shall be, never so long as eyes can see. But help me that God to write the passions of others; and while I write, keep me in my own right wits.

THE FIRST BOOK

1. MYTILENE is a city in Lesbos, and by ancient titles of honour it is the great and fair Mytilene. For it is distinguished and divided (the sea flowing in) by a various euripus, and is adorned with bridges built of white polished marble. — You would not think you saw a city, but an island. From this Mytilene some two hundred furlongs there lay a manor of a certain rich lord, the most sweet and pleasant prospect under all the eyes of heaven. There were mountains stored with wild beasts for game; there were hills and banks that were spread with vines; the fields abounded with all sorts of corn; the valleys with orchards and gardens and purls from the hills; the pastures with sheep and goats and kine; the sea-billows, swelling and gushing upon a shore which lay extended along in an open horizon, made a soft magic and enchantment.

2. In this sweet country, the field and farm of Mytilene, a goatherd dwelling, by name Lamo, found one of his goats suckling an infant-boy, by such a chance, it seems, as this: There was a lawn, and in it a dell, and in the nethermost part of the dell a place all lined with wandering ivy, the ground furred over with a finer sort of grass, and on that the infant lay. The goat coming often hither, disappeared very much, neglecting still her own kid to attend the wretched child. Lamo observes her frequent outs and discursions, and pitying that the kid should be so forsaken, follows her even at high noon. And anon he sees the goat bestriding the child carefully, lest she should chance to hurt it with her hooves, and the infant drawing milk as from the breast of a kind mother. And wondering at it, as well he might, he comes nearer and finds it a man-child, a lusty boy and beautiful, and wrapped in richer clothes than you should find upon a foundling. His mantle or little cloak was purple, fastened with a golden brooch, and by his side a little dagger, the handle polished ivory.

3. He thought at first to take away the tokens and take no thought about the child. But afterwards conceiving shame within himself if he should not imitate the kindness and philanthropy he had seen even in that goat, waiting till the night came on he brings all to Myrtale his wife, the boy, his precious trinkets, and the goat. But Myrtale, all amazed at this, “What?” quoth she, “do goats cast boys?” Then he fell to tell her all, namely how he had found him exposed, how suckled; how overcome by mere shame he could not leave the sweet child to die in that forsaken thicket. And therefore, when he discerned Myrtale was of his mind, the things exposed together with him are laid up carefully and hid, they say the boy’s their own child, and put him to the goat to nurse. And that his name might be indeed a shepherd’s name, they agreed to call him Daphnis.

4. And now, when two years’ time was past, a shepherd of the neighbouring fields, Dryas by name, had the luck, watching his flock, to see such sights and find such rarities as Lamo did. There was a solitary sacred cave of the

Nymphs, a huge rock, hollow and vaulted within, but round without. The statues or images of the Nymphs were cut out most curiously in stone; their feet unshod, their arms bare to the shoulder, their hair loose over their necks, their eyes sweetly smiling, their lawny petticoats tucked up at the waist. The whole presence made a figure as of a divine amusing dance or masque. The mouth of the cave was in the midst of that great rock; and from it gushed up a strong crystal fountain, and running off in a fair current or brook, made before the holy cave a fresh, green, and flowery mead. There were hanging up and consecrated there milking-pails, pipes, and hautboys, whistles, and reeds, the offerings of the ancient shepherds.

5. To this cave the often gadding of a sheep newly delivered of young, made the shepherd often think that she undoubtedly was lost. Desiring therefore to correct the straggler and reduce her to her rule, of a green with he made a snare, and looked to catch her in the cave. But when he came there he saw things he never dreamed of. For he saw her giving suck from her dugs in a very human manner to an infant, which, without crying, greedily did lay, first to one dug then the tother, a most neat and fair mouth; for when the child had sucked enough, the careful nurse licked it still and trimmed it up. That infant was a girl, and in such manner as before, there lay tokens beside her; a girdle embroidered with gold, a pair of shoes gilded, and ankle-bands all of gold.

6. Wherefore Dryas, thinking with himself that this could not come about without the providence of the Gods, and learning mercy and love from the sheep, takes her up into his arms, puts her monuments into his scrip, and prays to the Nymphs they may have happily preserved and brought up their suppliant and votary. Now therefore, when it was time to drive home his flocks, he comes to his cottage and tells all that he had seen to his wife, shews her what he had found, bids her think she is her daughter, and, however, nurse her up, all unbeknown, as her child. Nape, that was her name, began presently to be a mother, and with a kind of jealousy would appear to love the child lest that ewe should get more praise; and, like Myrtales before, gives her the pastoral name of Chloe to assure us it's their own.

7. These infants grew up apace, and still their beauty appeared too excellent to suit with rustics or derive at all from clowns. And Daphnis now is fifteen and Chloe younger two years, when upon one night Lamo and Dryas had their Visions in their sleep. They thought they saw those Nymphs, the Goddesses of the cave out of which the fountain gushed out into a stream, and where Dryas found Chloe; that they delivered Daphnis and Chloe to a certain young boy, very disdainful, very fair, one that had wings at his shoulders, wore a bow and little darts; and that this boy did touch them both with the very selfsame dart, and commanded it from thenceforth one should feed his flock of goats, the other keep her flock of sheep.

8. This dream being dreamed by both, they could not but conceive grief to think that those should be nothing but shepherds or goatherds to whom they had read better fortune from their monuments, and indeed for that cause had

both allowed them a finer sort of meat, and bin at charge to teach them letters and whatsoever other things were passing brave among the rural swains and girls. Yet nevertheless it seemed fit that the mandates of the Gods concerning them who by their providence were saved, should be attended and obeyed.

And having told their dreams one to another and sacrificed in the cave of the Nymphs to that winged boy (for his name they knew not), they sent them out shepherds with their flocks, and to everything instructed: how to feed before high noon and drive them to fresh pasture when the scorching glare declined, when to lead them to water, when to bring them to the folds, what cattle was disciplined with the crook, what commanded by the voice alone. And now this pretty pair of shepherds are as jocund in themselves as if they had got some great empire while they sit looking over their goodly flocks, and with more than usual kindness treated both the sheep and goats. For Chloe thankfully referred her preservation to a sheep, and Daphnis had not forgot to acknowledge his to a goat.

4. It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers of the lawns, meadows, valleys and hills were now blowing. All was fresh and green. Now was there humming of bees, and chanting of melodious birds, and skipping of newborn lambs; the bees hummed in the meadows, the birds warbled in the groves, the lambs skipt on the hills. And now, when such a careless joy had filled those blest and happy fields, Daphnis and Chloe, as delicate and young folks will, would imitate the pleasant things they heard and saw. Hearing how the birds did chant it, they began to carol too, and seeing how the lambs skipt, tript their light and nimble measures. Then, to emulate the bees, they fall to cull the fairest flowers; some of which in toysome sport they cast in one another's bosoms, and of some platted garlands for the Nymphs; 10. and always keeping near together, had and did all things in common; for Daphnis often gathered in the straggling sheep, and Chloe often drove the bolder venturous goats from the crags and precipices; and sometimes to one of them the care of both the flocks was left while the other did intend some pretty knack or toysome play.

For all their sports were sports of children and of shepherds. Chloe, scudding up and down and here and there picking up the windlestraws, would make in plats a cage for a grasshopper, and be so wholly bent on that, that she was careless of her flocks. Daphnis on the other side, having cut the slender reeds and bored the quills or intervals between the joints, and with his soft wax joined and fitted one to another, took no care but to practise or devise some tune even from morning to the twilight. Their wine and their milk and whatsoever was brought from home to the fields, they had still in common. And a man might sooner see all the cattle separate from one another then he should Chloe and Daphnis asunder.

11. But while they are thus playing away their time to sweeten pleasure, afterwards Love in good earnest kindled up this fire. A wolf that had a kennel of whelps was come often ravenous upon the neighbouring fields, and had

borne away from other flocks many cattle, because she needed much prey to keep herself and those cubs. The villagers therefore meet together, and in the night they dig ditches a fathom wide and four fathom deep; of the earth flung up they scatter the more part all abroad at a good distance, and laying overcross the chasm long, dry, and rotten sticks, they strow them over with the earth that did remain, to make the ground like it was before; that if a hare do but offer to run there, she cannot choose but break those rods that were as brittle as the stubble, and then does easily make it known that that indeed was not true, but only counterfeited soil. Many such trap-ditches were now digged in the mountains and the fields; yet they could not take this wolf (for she could perceive them because of the sophistic and commentitious ground), but many of their sheep and goats were there destroyed, and there wanted but a little that Daphnis too was not slain. And it was on this chance:

12. Two he-goats were exasperated to fight, and the shock was furious. One of them, by the violence of the very first butt, had one of his horns broke. Upon the pain and grief of that, all in a fret and mighty chafe he betakes himself to flight, but the victor, pursuing him close, would not let him take breath. Daphnis was vexed to see the horn broke and that kind of malapertness of the goat. Up he catches a cudgel, and pursues the pursuer. But as it frequently happens when one hastes away as fast as possibly he can and the other with ardency pursues, there was no certain prospect of the things before them, but into the trap-ditch both fall, first the goat, then Daphnis. And indeed it was only this that served to save poor Daphnis, that he flundered down to the bottom a-cockhorse on the rough goat. There in a lamentable case he lay, waiting if perchance it might be somebody to draw him out. Chloe seeing the accident, away she flies to the ditch, and finding he was alive, calls for help to a herdsman of the adjoining fields. When he was come, he bustled about for a long cord, which holding, Daphnis might be drawn up; but finding none, Chloe in a tearing haste pulls off her stomacher or breastband, gives him it to let down, and standing on the pit-brim, they both began to draw and hale; and Daphnis, holding fast by it, nimbly followed Chloe's line, and so ascended to the top. They drew up too the wretched goat, which now had both his horns broke (so fiercely did the revenge of the vanquished pursue him); and they gave him to the herdsman to sacrifice, as a reward of the rescue and redemption of their lives. And if anybody missed him at home, they would say it was an invasion of wolves. And so returned to see after their sheep and goats.

And when they had found that all were feeding orderly, both goats and sheep, sitting down upon the trunk of an oak they began curiously to search whether he had hurt any limb in that terrible fall. But nothing was hurt, nothing bloodied; only his hair and the rest of his body were dirtied by mud and the soil which covered over and hid the trap. And therefore they thought it best before the accident was made known to Lamo and Myrtale, that he should wash himself in the cave of the Nymphs.

13. And coming there together with Chloe, he gave her his scrip and his shirt to hold, and standing by the spring fell to washing himself from top to toe. Now his hair was long and black, and his body all brown and sunburnt, insomuch that the one seemed to have taken colour from the shadow of the tother; and to Chloe's eye he seemed of a sweet and beautiful aspect, and when she wondered that she had not deemed him such before, she thought it must be the washing that was the cause of it. And when she washed his back and shoulders the flesh yielded so softly and gently to her hand, that again and again she privily touched herself to see if hers were more delicate than his. Sunset now coming on, they drove home their flocks, and that night there was but one thing in Chloe's mind, and that the wish she might see Daphnis at his washing again.

When they came out to pasture in the morning, and Daphnis, sitting down under the oak where they were wont, played his pipe and watched the flocks that lay around as if to listen to the music of it, Chloe, sitting close by, although she looked well after her sheep, looked better after Daphnis. And piping there, he seemed again to her goodly and beautiful to look to, and wondering again, she thought the cause must be the music; and so, when he was done, took the pipe from him and played, if haply she herself might be as beautiful. Then she asked him if he would come again to the bath, and when she persuaded him, watched him at it; and as she watched, put out her hand and touched him; and before she went home had praised his beauty, and that praise was the beginning of love.

What her passion was she knew not, for she was but a young girl and bred up among clowns, and as for love, had never so much as heard the name of it. But her heart was vexed within her, her eyes, whether she would or no, wandered hither and thither, and her speaking was ever Daphnis this and Daphnis that. She could neither eat nor take her rest; she neglected her flock; now she would laugh and now would weep, now would be sleeping and then again up and doing; and if her cheek was pale, in a twink it was flaming red. In sum, no heifer stung with a breese was so resty and changeable as the poor Chloe.

And one day when she was alone she made such lamentation as this: 14. "I am sick now, but of what disease? I know not, save that I feel pain and there is no wound. I mourn, though none of my sheep is dead. I burn, and here I sit in the deepest shade. How many the briers have torn me, and I have not wept! How many the bees have stung me, and I have not squeaked! But this that pricks my heart is worse to bear than any of those. Daphnis is fair, but so are the flowers; and fair the sound of his pipe, but so is the voice of the nightingales: and yet I care nothing for those. Would to God I might have been his pipe that his mouth might inspirit me, or a goat that he might be my keeper! Thou cruel water! thou hast made Daphnis beautiful, but I for all my washing am still the same. Alas! sweet Nymphs, I am undone, and you will not lift a hand to save your fosterling. Whence shall you get garlands when I

am gone? or who shall bring up my poor lambs, and tend the prattling locust I was at such pains to catch? I used to set him before the cave to lull me to sleep with his pretty song, but now long of Daphnis I am fain to watch, and my locust prattles on in vain.”

15. In such case was Chloe, and with such words she spoke, in her seeking after the name of love. But the oxherd Dorco (he that had drawn Daphnis and the he-goat out of the pit), a stripling of the first down, acquainted alike with the name and the works of love, not only on that day was straightway struck with love of Chloe, but every day that followed it he was the more inflamed, till at last, despising Daphnis for a child, he determined either by gifts or force to have his way.

For a beginning he brought them gifts, to Daphnis a pastoral pipe of nine quills bound with brass for wax, and to Chloe a fawnskin of the sort that Bacchae use, the colour of it like the colours of a painted picture. Soon they believed him their friend, and he by little and little neglecting Daphnis came to bring Chloe every day either a dainty cheese or a garland of flowers or two or three early apples. And one day he brought her a young calf, a gilded tankard, and a nest of mountain birds. The simple girl, that knew nothing of lovers’ tricks and wiles, accepts the gifts with joy; for now she herself had something to give Daphnis.

And thus (for Daphnis too must then know the works of love) one day there arises between him and Dorco a strife and contention of beauty, and the judge was Chloe, and the prize to kiss Chloe. Dorco spoke first: 16. “I, sweet girl, am taller then Daphnis, and an oxherd. He is but a goatherd, and therefore, as goats are of less account then oxen, so much the worser man. I am as white as milk, and my hair as ruddy as the fields before harvest, and what is more, I had a mother, not a beast, to my nurse. But this fellow is of little stature; he has no more beard then a woman, and is as black as a wolf. Moreover he tends he-goats, as any may know by his rankness. And he’s so poor that he could not keep a dog. And if what they say is true, that he was suckled and nursed up by a she-goat, he is every whit as much a kid as any in these fields.”

This and the like said Dorco, when Daphnis began thus: “As for me, my foster-mother was a goat, and so was Jove’s; and if I tend he-goats, yet are they finer than this fellow’s cows; and I carry no taint of them neither, for even Pan himself, for all he is more goat then man, is as sweet company as can be. And as for my living, I have plenty cheese and rye-bread to eat, and good store of white wine to drink, and indeed all that makes a rustic rich is ready to my hand. If I have no beard to my chin, neither has Bacchus; if I am black, so is the hyacinth; and yet Bacchus is better then a Satyr and the hyacinth then a lily. But this man, look you, is red as a fox, bearded as a goat, and white and pale as a city wench. And if kissing is toward, you may come at my lips, but his kiss is a thing of hairs and bristles. And lastly, sweet girl, I pray you remember that you too had a mother of the flock, and yet you are of

sweet and beautiful aspect.”

17. This said, Chloe tarried no longer, but what with his praise of her beauty and her long desiring to kiss him, she started up and gave him a kiss; and though it were the kiss of a novice, 'twas enough to heat and inflame a lover's heart. With that, Dorco in an agony betakes himself off to seek other means to win his end. But Daphnis, more like one that is bitten than kissed, was suddenly downcast and sad. He went often cold, and laid hand to his panting heart. He was fain to look upon Chloe, and yet looking was all on a blush. Then too for the first time he marvelled at her hair golden as fire, and her eyes great and gentle like the kine's, and bethought him that her face was truly as white as the milk of his goats. Indeed 'twas as if hitherto he had no eyes. And he would none of his meat but a taste in the mouthy nor yet of his drink, if drink he must, save so much as to wet his lips. He that prattled aforetime like a locust, opened not his mouth, he that used to be as resty and gadabout as a goat, sate ever still. His flock was neglected, his pipe flung aside, his cheeks grew paler then grass in season. For Chloe only he found his tongue.

And if ever she left him alone, he fell to mutter with himself such fancies as these: 18. “Whither in the name of the Nymphs will that kiss of Chloe drive me? Her lips are softer then roses, and her mouth sweeter then the honeycombs, but her kiss stings sharper then a bee. I have often kissed the young kids, I have kissed a pretty whippet and that calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss is a new thing. My heart leaps up to my lips, my spirit sparkles and my soul melts, and yet I am mad to kiss her again. Oh what a mischievous victory is this! Oh what a strange disease, whose very name I know not! Did Chloe take poison before she kissed me? How then is she not dead? How sweetly sing the nightingales, while my pipe is silent! How wantonly the kids skip, and I lie still upon the ground! How sweetly do the flowers grow, and I neglect to make garlands! So it is, the violet and the hyacinth flourish, but alas! Daphnis, Daphnis withers. And will it come at length to this, that Dorco shall appear hereafter handsomer then I?”

19. These passions and complaints the good Daphnis felt and murmured to himself, as now first beginning to taste of the works and language of love. But Dorco, the herdsman that loved Chloe, waiting till Dryas was planting the scions of his vines near by, came to him with certain fine cheeses and presented him withal, as one who had long been his acquaintance and friend when he himself tended cattle. And taking his rise from thence, he cast in word! about the marrying of Chloe, and, if he might have her to his wife, promised many and great gifts according to the estate of herdsmen: a yoke of oxen for the plough, four hives of bees, fifty choice young apple-trees, a good bull-hide to make shoes, every year a weaned calf. So that it wanted but a little that allured by these gifts Dryas did not promise Chloe. But when he had recollected himself and found the maid deserved a better husband, and likewise that he had reason to fear, lest at any time, being deprehended to have given her to a clown, he should fall into a mischief from which he could no

way then escape, he desires to be excused, denies the marriage, rejects the gifts.

20. But Dorco, falling again from his hope and losing his good cheeses, resolves with himself to lay his clutches upon Chloe if ever he could catch her alone. And having observed that by turns one day Daphnis, the next the girl, drove the flocks to watering, he practised a trick not unbecoming one that tended a herd of cattle. He took the skin of a huge wolf, which formerly a bull fighting for the herd had killed with his horns, and flung it o'er his back, and it dangled down to his feet; so that the fore-feet were drawn on his hands, the hinder over his thighs to his heels, and the gaping of the mouth covered his head like the helmet of an armed man. When he was got into this lycanthropy as well as possibly he could, he makes to the fountain where the flocks after their feeding used to drink. But that fountain lay in a bottom, and about it all the place was rough with bushes, thorns, brakes, thistles, and the brush juniper, so that indeed a true wolf might very well lie lurking there.

Therefore, when he had hid himself, he waited the time when the cattle were driven thither to drink, and conceived no small hope that in that habit he should affray and so snap the poor Chloe. 21. After a while she left Daphnis shaking down green leaves for the kids, and drove the flocks down to the fountain. But the flockdogs of the sheep and the goats, following Chloe and (so busy upon the scent are dogs wont to be) catching Dorco in the act to go to set upon the girl, barked furiously and made at him as at a wolf, and before he could wholly rise from the lurk because of the sudden consternation, were all about the wolf-Dorco and biting at his skin. However, fearing lest he should be manifestly discovered, blamed, and shamed, guarding himself as he could with the skin he lay close and still in the thicket. But when Chloe was feared at the first sight and cried out to Daphnis for help, the dogs soon tore his vizard off, tattered the skin, and bit him soundly. Then he roared and cried out amain, and begged for help of Chloe and of Daphnis who was now come up. They rated off the dogs with their usual known recalls, and quickly made them quiet, and they led Dorco, who was tom in the shoulder and the thigh, to the fountain; and where they found the dogs had left the print of their teeth, there they gently washed, and chawing in their mouths the green rine of the elm, applied it softly to his wounds.

Now because of their unskilfulness in amorous adventures, they thought Dorco's disguising and hiding of himself was nothing else but a pastoral prank, and were not at all moved at it. But endeavouring rather to cheer him, and leading him by the hand some part of his way, they bid him farewell and dismissed him. 22. Thus came Dorco out of great danger, and he that was saved from the jaws, not of the wolf in the adage, but of the dog, went home and dressed his wounds. But Daphnis and Chloe had much ado to get together, before it was late in the evening, their scattered struggling sheep and goats. For they were terrified with the wolfskin and the fierce barking and baying of the dogs, and some ran up the steep crags, some ran on rucks and hurried

down to the seashore, although they were taught not only to obey the voice and be quieted by the pipe, but to be driven up together even by the clapping of the hands. But fear had cast in an oblivion of all, so that at length with much stir, following their steps like hares by the foot, they drave them home to their own folds.

That night alone Daphnis and Chloe slept soundly, and found that weariness was some kind of remedy for the passion of love. But as soon as the day appeared they fell again to these fits. When they saw one another they were passing joyful, and sad if it chanced that they were parted. They desired, and yet they knew not what they would have. Only this one thing they knew, that kissing had destroyed Daphnis and bathing had undone Chloe.

Now besides this, the season of the year inflamed and burnt them.²³ For now the cooler spring was ended and the summer was come on, and all things were got to their highest flourishing, the trees with their fruits, the fields with standing corn. Sweet then was the singing of the grasshoppers, sweet was the odour of the fruits, and not unpleasant the very bleating of the sheep. A man would have thought that the very rivers, by their gentle gliding away, did sing; and that the softer gales of wind did play and whistle on the pines that the apples, as languishing with love, fell down upon the ground; and that the Sun, as a lover of beauty unveiled, did strive to undress and turn the rurals all naked. By all these was Daphnis inflamed, and therefore often he goes to the rivers and brooks, there to bathe and cool himself, or to chase the fish that went to and fro in the water. And often he drinks of the clear purls, as thinking by that to quench his inward caum and scorching.

When Chloe had milked the sheep and most of the goats and had spent much time and labour (because the flies were importune and vexatious, and would sting if one chased them) to curdle and press the milk into cheeses, she would wash herself and crown her head with pine-twigs, and when she had girt her fawnskin about her, take her piggin and with wine and milk make a sillibub for her dear Daphnis and herself.

²⁴ When it grew towards noon they would fall to their catching of one another by their eyes. For Chloe, seeing Daphnis naked, was all eyes for his beauty to view it every whit; and therefore could not choose but melt, as being not able to find in him the least moment to dislike or blame. Daphnis again, if he saw Chloe, in her fawnskin and her pine coronet, give him the sillibub to drink, thought he saw one of the Nymphs of the holy cave. Therefore taking oft her pine and kissing it o'er and o'er, he would put it on his own head; and Chloe, when he was naked and bathing, would in her turn take up his vest, and when she kissed it, put it on upon herself. Sometimes now they flung apples at one another, and dressed and distinguished one another's hair into curious trammels and locks. And Chloe likened Daphnis his hair to the myrtle because it was black; Daphnis, again, because her face was white and ruddy, compared it to the fairest apple. He taught her too to play on the pipe, and always when she began to blow would catch the pipe away from her lips and run it

presently o'er with his. He seemed to teach her when she was out, but with that specious pretext, by the pipe, he kissed Chloe.

25. But it happened, when he played on his pipe at noon and the cattle took shade, that Chloe fell unawares asleep. Daphnis observed it and laid down his pipe, and without any shame or fear was bold to view her, all over and every limb, insatiably; and withal spoke softly thus:—"What sweet eyes are those that sleep! How sweetly breathes that rosy mouth! The apples smell not like to it, nor the flowery lawns and thickets. But I am afraid to kiss her. For her kiss stings to my heart and makes me mad like new honey. Besides, I fear lest a kiss should chance to wake her. Oh the prating grasshoppers! they make a noise to break her sleep. And the goats beside are fighting, and they clatter with their horns. Oh the wolves, worse dastards than the foxes, that they have not ravished them away!"

26. While he was muttering this passion, a grasshopper that fled from a swallow took sanctuary in Chloe's bosom. And the pursuer could not take her, but her wing by reason of her close pursuit slapped the girl upon the cheek. And she not knowing what was done cried out, and started from her sleep. But when she saw the swallow flying near by and Daphnis laughing at her fear, she began to give it over and rub her eyes that yet would be sleeping. The grasshopper sang out of her bosom, as if her suppliant were now giving thanks for the protection. Therefore Chloe again squeaked out; but Daphnis could not hold laughing, nor pass the opportunity to put his hand into her bosom and draw forth friend Grasshopper, which still did sing even in his hand. When Chloe saw it she was pleased and kissed it, and took and put it in her bosom again, and it prattled all the way.

27. But besides these the stock-dove did delight them too, and sang from the woods her country song. But Chloe, desiring to know, asked Daphnis what that complaint of the stock-dove meant. And he told her the tradition of the ancient shepherds: "There was once, maiden, a very fair maid who kept many cattle in the woods. She was skilful in music, and her herds were so taken with her voice and pipe, that they needed not the discipline of the staff or goad, but sitting under a pine and wearing a coronet of the same she would sing of Pan and the Pine, and her cows would never wander out of her voice. There was a youth that kept his herd not far off, and he also was fair and musical, but as he tried with all his skill to emulate her notes and tones, he played a louder strain as a male, and yet sweet as being young, and so allured from the maid's herd eight of her best cows to his own. She took it ill that her herd was so diminished and in very deep disdain that she was his inferior at the art, and presently prayed to the Gods that she might be transformed to a bird before she did return home. The Gods consent, and turned her thus into a mountain bird, because the maid did haunt there, and musical, as she had been. And singing still to this day she publishes her heavy chance and demands her truant cows again."

28. Such delights and pleasures as these the summer-time entertained them

withal. But when autumn was coming in and the grapes were ripening, some Tyrian pirates, in a Carian vessel lest perchance they should seem to be barbarians, sailed up to the fields, and coming ashore armed with swords and half-corslets, fell to rifle, plunder, and carry away all that came to hand, the fragrant wines, great store of grain, honey in the comb. Some oxen too they drove away from Dorco's herd, and took Daphnis as he wandered by the sea. For Chloe, as a maid, was fearful of the fierce and surly shepherds, and therefore, till it was somewhat later, drove not out the flocks of Dryas. And when they saw the young man was proper and handsome and of a higher price than any of their other prey, they thought it not worth their staying longer about the goats or other fields, and hauled him aboard lamenting and not knowing what to do, and calling loud and often on the name of Chloe. And so, waiting only till they had loosed from the shore and cast in their oars, they made in haste away to sea.

Meanwhile Chloe had brought out her sheep, and with her a new pipe that was to be a gift to Daphnis. When Chloe saw the goats in a hurry, and heard Daphnis louder and louder call "Chloe," she presently casts off all care of her flocks, flings the pipe on the ground, and runs amain for help to Dorco.²⁹ But he, being cruelly wounded by the thieves and breathing yet a little, his blood gushing out, was laid along upon the ground. Yet seeing Chloe, and a little spark of his former love being awakened in him, "Chloe," said he, "I shall now presently die, for alas! those cursed thieves, as I fought for my herd, have killed me like an ox. But do thou preserve Daphnis for thyself, and in their sudden destruction take vengeance on the rogues for me. I have accustomed my herd to follow the sound of a pipe, and to obey the charm of it although they feed a good way off me. Come hither then and take this pipe, and blow that tune which I heretofore taught Daphnis and Daphnis thee. Leave the care of what shall follow to the pipe and to the cows which are yonder. And to thee, Chloe, I give the pipe, this pipe by which I have often conquered many herdsmen, many goatherds. But, for this, come and kiss me, sweet Chloe, while I am yet awhile alive; and when I am dead, weep a tear or two o'er me, and if thou seest some other tending my herd upon these hills, I pray thee then remember Dorco."³⁰ Thus spake Dorco and received his last kiss; and together with the kiss and his voice, breathed out his soul.

But Chloe, taking the pipe and putting it to her lips, began to play and whistle as loud as possibly she could. The cows aboard the pirates presently hear and acknowledge the music, and with one bounce and a huge bellowing shoot themselves impetuously into the sea. By that violent bounding on one of her sides the pinnace toppled, and the sea gaping from the bottom by the fall of the cows in, the surges on a sudden return and sink her down and all that were in her, but with unequal hope of escape. For the thieves had their swords on with their scaled and nailed corslets, and greaves up to the middle of their shins. But Daphnis was barefoot because he was tending his flocks in the plain, and halfnaked, it being yet the heat of summer. Wherefore they, when

they had sworn a little while, were carried by their arms to the bottom. Daphnis on the other side, easily got off his clothes, and yet was much puzzled to swim because he had been used before only to the brooks and rivers. But at length, being taught by necessity what was best for him to do, he rushes into the midst of the cows and on his right and left laid hold on two of their horns, and so without trouble or pain was carried between them to the land as if he had driven a chariot. Now an ox or cow swim so well that no man can do the like, and they are exceeded only by water-fowl and fish; nor do they ever drown and perish unless the nails upon their hooves be thorough drenched with wet and fall. Witness to this those several places of the sea to this day called *Bospori*, the trajects or the narrow seas sworn over by oxen.

31. And thus poor Daphnis was preserved, escaping beyond hope two dangers at once, shipwrack and latrociny. When he was out, he found Chloe on the shore laughing and crying; and casting himself into her arms asked her what she meant when she piped and whistled so loud. Then she told him all that had happened, how she scuttled up to Dorco, how the cows had been accustomed, how she was bidden to play on the pipe, and that their friend Dorco was dead; only for shame she told him not of that kiss.

They thought then it was their duty to honour their great benefactor, and therefore they went with his kinsfolk to bury the unfortunate Dorco. They laid good store of earth upon the corse, and on his grave they set abundance of the most fragrant lasting sative plants and flowers, and made a suspension to him of some of the first-fruits of their labour. Besides they poured on the ground a libation of milk, and pressed with their hands the fairest bunches of the grapes, and then broke many shepherd's-pipes o'er him. There were heard miserable groans and bellowings of the cows and oxen, and together with them certain incomposed cursations and freaks were seen. The cattle amongst themselves (so the goatherds and the shepherds thought) had a kind of lamentation for the death and loss of their keeper.

32. When the funeral of Dorco was done, Chloe brought Daphnis to the cave of the Nymphs and washed him with her own hands. And she herself, Daphnis then first of all looking and gazing on her, washed her naked limbs before him, her limbs which for their perfect and most excellent beauty needed neither wash nor dress. And when they had done, they gathered of all the flowers of the season to crown the statues of the Nymphs, and hanged up Dorco's charming pipe for an offering in the fane. Then coming away they looked what became of their sheep and goats, and found that they neither fed nor blated, but were all laid upon the ground, peradventure as wanting Daphnis and Chloe that had been so long out of their sight. Certainly when they appeared and had called and whistled as they were wont, the sheep rose up presently and fell to feed, and the mantling goats skipped and leapt as rejoicing at the safety of their familiar goatherd.

But Daphnis for his life could not be merry, because he had seen Chloe naked, and that beauty which before was not unveiled. His heart ached as

though it were gnawed with a secret poison, insomuch that sometimes he puffed and blowed thick and short as if somebody had been in a close pursuit of him, sometimes again he breathed so faintly as if his breath had bin quite spent in the late incursions. That washing seemed to him more dangerous and formidable then the sea, and he thought his life was still in the hands and at the dispose of the Tyrian pirates, as being a young rustic and yet unskilled in the assassinations and robberies of Love.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK

A SUMMARY OF THE SECOND BOOK

THE Vintage is kept and solemnized.

After that, Daphnis and Chloe return to the fields. Philetas the herdsman entertains them with a discourse of Cupid and love. Love increases betwixt them. In the mean time the young men of Methymna come into the fields of Mytilene to hawk and hunt. Their pinnace having lost her cable, they fasten her to the shore with a with. A goat gnaws the with in pieces. The ship with her money and other riches is blown off to sea. The Methymnaeans, maddened at it, look about for him that did it. They light upon Daphnis and pay him soundly. The country lads come in to help him. Philetas is constituted judge. A Methymnaean is plaintiff, Daphnis defendant. Daphnis carries the day. The Methymnaeans fall to force, but are beaten off with clubs. Getting home they complain of injury and loss by the Mytilenians. The Methymnaeans presently command Bryaxis their general to move with 10 ships against the Mytilenians knowing nothing. They land at the fields, plunder all they can lay their hands on, and carry away Chloe.

Daphnis, knowing it, would die, but the Nymphs comfort him. Pan sends a terror (which is rarely described) upon the Methymnaeans, and warns their captain in his sleep to bring back Chloe. The captain obeys, and she returns joyful to Daphnis. They keep holy-days to Pan, and Philetas is there. Lamo tells the Story of the Pipe. Philetas gives Daphnis his most artificial pipe. Daphnis and Chloe proceed to the binding of one another by amorous oaths.

THE SECOND BOOK

1. THE autumn now being grown to its height and the vintage at hand, every rural began to stir and be busy in the fields, some to repair the wine presses, some to scour the tuns and hogsheads; others were making baskets, skeps, and panniers, and others providing little hooks to catch and cut the bunches of the grapes. Here one was looking busily about to find a stone that would serve him to bruise the stones of grapes, there another furnishing himself with dry willow-wood brayed in a mortar, to carry away the must in the night with light before him. Wherefore Daphnis and Chloe for this time laid aside the care of the flocks, and put their helping hands to the work. Daphnis in his basket carried grapes, cast them into the press and trod them there, and then anon tunned the wine into the butts. Chloe dressed meat for the vintagers and served them with drink of the old wine, or gathered grapes of the lower vines. For all the vines about Lesbos, being neither high-grown nor propped with trees, incline themselves and protend their palmitis towards the ground, and creep like the ivy; so that indeed a very infant, if that his -hands be loose from his swathes, may easily reach and pull a bunch.

2. Now as they were wont in the feast of Bacchus and the solemnisation of the birth of wine, the women that came from the neighbouring fields to help, cast their eyes all upon Daphnis, gave him prick and praise for beauty, and said he was like to Bacchus himself. And now and then one of the bolder strapping girls would catch him in her arms and kiss him. Those wanton praises and expressions did animate the modest youth, but vexed and grieved the poor Chloe.

But the men that were treading in the press cast out various voices upon Chloe, and leapt wildly before her like so many Satyrs before a young Bacchant, and wished that they themselves were sheep, that such a shepherdess might tend them. And thus the girl in her turn was pleased, and Daphnis stung with pain. But they wished the vintage might soon be done that they might return to their haunts in the fields, that instead of that wild untuned noise of the clowns they might hear again the sweet pipe or the blating of the cattle.

And when after a few days the grapes were gathered and the must tunned into the vessels, and there needed no longer many hands to help, they drove again their flocks to the plain, and with great joy and exultation worshipped and adored the Nymphs, offering to them the firstfruits of the vintage, clusters hanging on their branches. Nor did they in former time with negligence ever pass by the Nymphs, but always when they came forth to feed would sit them down reverentially in the cave, and when they went home would first adore and beg their grace, and brought to them always something, either a flower or an apple or an apronful of green leaves or a sacrifice of milk. And for this they afterwards received no small rewards and favours from the Goddesses.

And now, like dogs let slip, as the saying is, they skip and dance and sing and pipe, and wrestle playfully with their flocks.

2. While they thus delight themselves, there comes up to them an old man, clad in his rug and mantle of skins, his carbatins or clouted shoes, his scrip hanging at his back, and that indeed a very old one. When he was sate down by them, thus he spoke and told his story: "I, my children, am that old Philetas who have often sung to these Nymphs and often piped to yonder Pan, and have led many a herd by the art of music alone. And I come to shew you what I have seen and to tell you what I have heard. I have a garden which my own hands and labour planted, and ever since by my old age I gave over fields and herds, to dress and trim it has been my care and entertainment. What flowers or fruits the season of the year teems, there they are at every season. In the spring there are roses and lilies, the hyacinths and both the forms of violets; in the summer, poppies, pears, and all sorts of apples. And now in the autumn, vines and figtrees, pomegranates, and the green myrtles. Into this garden flocks of birds come every morning, some to feed, some to sing. For it is thick, opacous, and shady, and watered all by three fountains; and if you took the wall away you would think you saw a wood.

3. "As I went in there to-day about noon, a boy appeared in the pomegranate and myrtle grove, with myrtles and pomegranates in his hand; white as milk, and his hair shining with the glance of fire; clean and bright as if he had newly washed himself. Naked he was, alone he was; he played and wantoned it about, and culled and pulled, as if it had bin his own garden. Therefore I ran at him as fast as I could, thinking to get him in my clutches. For indeed I was afraid lest by that wanton, untoward, malapert ramping and hoity-toity which he kept in the grove, he would at length break my pomegranates and myrtles. But he, with a soft and easy sleight, as he listed, gave me the slip, sometimes running under roses, sometimes hiding himself in the poppies, like a cunning, huddling chick of a partridge. I have often had enough to do to run after the sucking kids, and often tired myself off my legs to catch a giddy young calf; but this was a cunning piece and a thing that could not be caught.

"Being then wearied, as an old man, and leaning upon my staff, and withal looking to him lest he should escape away, I asked what neighbour's child he was, and what he meant to rob another man's orchard so. But he answered me not a word, but coming nearer, laughed most sweetly and flung the myrtle-berries at me, and pleased me so, I know not how, that all my anger vanished quite. I asked him therefore that he would give himself without fear into my hands, and swore to him by the myrtles that I would not only send him away with apples and pomegranates to boot, but give him leave whensoever he pleased to pull the finest fruits and flowers, if he would but give me one kiss.

5. "With that, setting up a loud laughter, he sent forth a voice such as neither the swallow nor the nightingale has, nor yet the swan when he is grown old like to me: 'Philetas,' said he, 'I grudge not at all to give thee a

kiss; for it is more pleasure for me to be kissed then for thee to be young again. But consider with thyself whether such a gift as that be of use to thy age. For thy old age cannot help thee that thou shalt not follow me, after that one kiss. But I cannot be taken, though a hawk or an eagle or any other swifter bird were flown at me. I am not a boy though I seem to be so, but am older then Saturn and all this universe. I know that when thou wast yet a boy thou didst keep a great herd on yonder water-meadow; and I was present to thee when under those oak-trees thou didst sing and play on the pipe for the dear love of Amaryllis. But thou didst not see me although I stood close by the maid. It was I that gave her thee in marriage, and thou hast had sons by her, jolly herdsmen and husbandmen. And now I take care of Daphnis and Chloe; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come hither to thy garden and take my pleasure among these groves and flowers of thine, and wash myself also in these fountains. And this is the cause why thy roses, violets, lilies, hyacinths, and poppies, all thy flowers and *thy* plants, are still so fair and beautiful, because they are watered with my wash. Cast thy eyes round about, and look whether there be any one stem of a flower, any twig of a tree, broken, whether any of thy fruits be pulled or any flower trodden down, whether any fountain be troubled and muddled; and rejoice, Philetas, that thou alone of all mortals hast seen this boy in thy old age.'

5. "This said, the sweet boy sprang into the myrtle grove, and like a young nightingale, from bough to bough under the green leaves, skipped to the top of the myrtles. Then I saw his wings hanging at his shoulders, and at his back between his wings a little bow with darts; and since that moment never saw either them or him any more. If therefore I wear not now these gray hairs of mine in vain, and by my age have not got a trivial mind, you two, O Daphnis and Chloe, are destined to Love, and Love himself takes care of you."

6. With this they were both hugely delighted; and thought they heard a tale, not a true discourse, and therefore they would ask him questions: "And what is Love? is he a boy or is he a bird? and what can he do I pray you, gaffer?" Therefore again thus Philetas: "Love, my children, is a God, a young youth and very fair, and winged to fly. And therefore he delights in youth, follows beauty, and gives our fantasy her wings. His power's so vast that that of Jove is not so great. He governs in the elements, rules in the stars, and domineers even o'er the Gods that are his peers. Nay, you have not such dominion o'er your sheep and goats. All flowers are the work of Love. Those plants are his creations and poems. By him it is that the rivers flow, and by him the winds blow. I have known a bull that has been in love and run bellowing through the meadows as if he had been stung by a breeze, a he-goat too so in love with a virgin-she that he has followed her up and down through the woods, through the lawns.

"And I myself once was young, and fell in love with Amaryllis, and forgot to eat my meat and drink my drink, and never could compose to sleep. My panting heart was very sad and anxious, and my body shook with cold. I cried

out oft, as if I had bin thwacked and basted back and sides; and then again was still and mute, as if I had layen among the dead. I cast myself into the rivers as if I had bin all on a fire. I called on Pan that he would help me, as having sometimes bin himself caught with the love of peevish Pitys. I praised Echo that with kindness she restored and trebled to me the dear name of Amaryllis. I broke my pipes because they could delight the kine, but could not draw me Amaryllis. For there is no medicine for love, neither meat, nor drink, nor any charm, but only kissing and embracing and lying side by side.”

8. Philetas, when he had thus instructed the unskilful lovers, and was presented with certain cheeses and a young goat of the first horns, went his way. But when they were alone, having then first heard of the name of Love, their minds were struck with a kind of madness, and returning home with the fall of night, they began each to compare those things which they had suffered in themselves with the doctrine of Philetas concerning lovers and love: “The lover has his grief and sadness, and we have had our share of that. They are languishing and careless in just such things as we. They cannot sleep, and we still watch for the early day. They think they are burnt, and we too are afire. They desire nothing more then to see one another, and for that cause we pray the day to come quickly. This undoubtedly is love, and we, it seems, are in love without knowing whether or no this be love or ourself a lover. And so if we ask why we have this grief and why this seeking each after the other, the answer is clear: Philetas did not lie a tittle. That boy in the garden was seen too by our fathers Lamo and Dryas in that dream, and ’twas he that commanded us to the field. How is it possible for one to catch him? He’s small and slim, and so will slip and steal away. And how should one escape and get away from him by flight? He has wings to overtake us. We must fly to the Nymphs our patronesses; but Pan, alas! did not help his servant Philetas when he was mad on Amaryllis. Therefore those remedies which he taught us are before all things to be tried, kissing, embracing, and lying together on the ground. It’s cold indeed, but after Philetas we’ll endure it.”

9. Of this sort then was their nocturnal schooling. When it was day and their flocks were driven to the field, they ran, as soon as they saw one another, to kiss and embrace, which before they never did. Yet of that third remedy which the old Philetas taught, they durst not make experiment; for that was not only an enterprise too bold for maids, but too high for young goatherds. Therefore still, as before, came night without sleep, and with remembrance of what was done and with complaint of what was not: “We have kissed one another and are never the better; we have clipped and embraced, and that’s as good as nothing too. Therefore to lie together is certainly the only remaining remedy of love. That must be tried by all means.

There’s something in it, without doubt, more efficacious then in a kiss.”

6. While they indulged these kind of thoughts, they had, as it was like, their amorous dreams, kissing and clipping; and what they did not in the day, that they acted in the night, and lay together. But the next day they rose up still the

more possessed, and drive their flocks with a whistling to the fields, hasting to their kisses again, and when they saw one another, smiling sweetly ran together. Kisses passed, embraces passed, but that third remedy was slow to come; for Daphnis durst not mention it, and Chloe too would not begin, till at length even by chance they made this essay of it:

7. They sate both close together upon the trunk of an old oak, and having tasted the sweetness of kisses they were ingulfed insatiably in pleasure, and there arose a mutual contention and striving with their clasping arms which made a close compression of their lips. And when Daphnis hugged her to him with a more violent desire, it came about that Chloe inclined a little on her side, and Daphnis, following his kiss, fell beside her. And remembering that they had an image of this in their dreams the night before, they lay a long while clinging together. But being ignorant as yet, and thinking that this was the end of love, they parted, most part of the day spent in vain, and drove their flocks home from the fields with a kind of hate to the oppression of the night.

And perchance something that was real had then bin done, but that this tumult and noise filled all that rural tract:

12. Some young gallants of Methymna, thinking to keep the vintage holy-days and choosing to take the pleasure abroad, drew a small vessel into the water, and putting in their own domestic servants to row, sailed about those pleasant farms of Mytilene that were near by the seashore. For the maritim coast has many good and safe harbours, and all along is adorned with many stately buildings. There are besides many baths, gardens, and groves, these by art, those by nature, all brave for a man to take his pastime there.

The ship therefore passing along and from time to time putting in at the bays, they did no harm or injury to any, but recreated themselves with divers pleasures, sometimes with angles, rods, and lines taking fish from this or the other prominent rock, sometimes with dogs or toils hunting the hares that fled from the noise of the vineyards; then anon they would go a fowling, and take the wild-goose, duck, and mallard, and the bustard of the field; and so by their pleasure furnished themselves with a plenteous table. If they needed anything else they paid the villagers above the price. But there was nothing else wanting but only bread and wine and house-room. For they thought it unsafe, the autumn now in its declination, to quit the land and lie all night aboard at sea; and therefore drew the vessel ashore for fear of a tempestuous night.

13. Now it happened that a country fellow wanting a rope, his own being broke, to haul up the stone wherewith he was grinding grape-stones, sneaked down to the sea, and finding the ship with nobody in her, loosed the cable that held her and brought it away to serve his business. In the morning the young men of Methymna began to enquire after the rope, and (nobody owning the thievery) when they had a little blamed the unkindness and injury of their hosts, they loosed from thence, and sailing on thirty furlongs arrived at the fields of Daphnis and Chloe, those fields seeming the likeliest for hunting the hare. Therefore being destitute of a rope to use for their cable, they made a

with of green and long sallow-twigs, and with that tied her by her stem to the shore. Then slipping their dogs to hunt, they cast their toils in those paths that seemed fittest for game.

The deep-mouthed dogs opened loud, and running about with much barking, scared the goats, that all hurried down from the mountains towards the sea; and finding nothing there in the sand to eat, coming up to that ship some of the bolder mischievous goats gnawed in pieces the green sallow-with that made her fast. ¹⁴ At the same moment there began to be a bluster at sea, the wind blowing from the mountains. On a sudden therefore the backwash of the waves set the loose pinnace adrift and carried her off to the main.

As soon as the Methymnaeans heard the news, some of them posted to the sea, some stayed to take up the dogs, all made a hubbub through the fields, and brought the neighbouring rurals in. But all was to no purpose; all was lost, all was gone. For the wind freshening, the ship with an irrevocable perniciousness and swiftness was carried away.

Therefore the Methymnaeans, having a great loss by this, looked for the goatherd, and lighting on Daphnis, fell to cuff him, and tore off his clothes, and one offered to bind his hands behind him with a dog-slip. But Daphnis, when he was miserably beaten, cried out and implored the help of the country lads, and chiefly of all called for rescue to Lamo and Dryas. They presently came in, and opposed themselves, brawny old fellows and such as by their country labour had hands of steel, and required of the furious youths concerning those things that had happened a fair legal debate and decision. ¹⁵ And the others desiring the same thing, they made Philetas the herdsman judge. For he was oldest of all that were there present, and famous for uprightness among the villagers.

The Methymnaeans therefore began first, and laid their accusation against Daphnis, in very short and perspicuous words as before a herdsman-judge: "We came into these fields to hunt. Wherefore with a green sallow-with we left our ship tied to the shore while our dogs were hunting the grounds. Meanwhile his goats strayed from the mountains down to the sea, gnawed the green cable in pieces, set her at liberty, and let her fly. You saw her tossing in the sea, but with what choice and rich good laden! what fine clothes are lost! what rare harness and ornaments for dogs are there! what a treasury of precious silver! He that had all might easily purchase these fields. For this damage we think it but right and reason to carry him away our captive, him that is such a mischievous goatherd to feed his goats upon those other goats, to wit, the waves of the sea."

¹⁶ This was the accusation of the Methymnaeans. Daphnis on the other side, although his bones were sore with basting, yet seeing his dear Chloe there, set it at naught and spoke thus in his own defence: "I, in keeping my goats, have done my office well. For never so much as one of all the neighbours of the vale has blamed me yet, that any kid or goat of mine has broke into and eaten up his garden or browsed a young or sprouting vine. But

those are wicked cursed hunters, and have dogs that have no manners, such as with their furious coursing and most vehement barking have, like wolves, scared my goats and tossed them down from the mountains through the valleys to the sea. But they have eaten the green with. For they could find nothing else upon the sand, neither arbute, wilding, shrub, nor thyme. But the ship's lost by wind and wave. That's not my goats, but the fault of seas and tempests. But there were rich clothes and silver aboard her. And who that has any wit can believe that a ship that is so richly laden should have nothing for her cable but a with?"

17. With that Daphnis began to weep, and made the rustics commiserate him and his cause, so that Philetas the judge called Pan and the Nymphs to witness that neither Daphnis nor his goats had done any wrong, but that it was the wind and sea, and that of those there were other judges. Yet by this sentence Philetas could not persuade and bind the Methymnaeans, but again in a fury they fell to towse Daphnis, and offered to bind him. With which the villagers being moved, fell upon them like flocks of starlings or jackdaws, and carried him away as he was bustling amongst them, never ceasing till with their clubs they had driven them the ground, and beaten them from their coasts into other fields.

18. While thus they pursued the Methymnaeans, Chloe had time without disturbance to bring Daphnis to the fountain of the Nymphs, and there to wash his bloody face, and entertain him with bread and cheese out of her own scrip, and (what served to restore him most of all) give him with her soft lips a kiss sweet as honey. 19. For it wanted but a little that then her dear Daphnis had bin slain.

But these commotions could not thus be laid and at an end. For those gallants of Methymna, having been softly and delicately bred, and every man his wounds about him, travelling now by land, with miserable labour and pain got into their own country; and procuring a council to be called, humbly petitioned that their cause might be revenged, without reporting a word of those things which indeed had happened, lest perchance over and above their wounds they should be laughed at for what they had suffered at the hands of clowns; but accused the Mytilenaeans that they had taken their ship and goods in open warfare.

The citizens easily believed their story because they saw they were all wounded, and knowing them to be of the best of their families, thought it just to revenge the injury. And therefore they decreed a war against the Mytilenaeans without denouncing it by any herald, and commanded Bryaxis their general with ten sail to infest the maritim coast of Mytilene. For the winter now approaching, they thought it dangerous to trust a greater squadron at sea.

20. At dawn of the next day the general sets sail with his soldiers at the oars, and putting to the main comes up to the maritims of Mytilene, and hostilely invades them, plundering and raping away their flocks, their corn, their wines

(the vintage now but lately over), with many of those that were employed in such business. They sailed up, too, to the fields of Daphnis and Chloe, and coming suddenly down upon them, preyed upon all that they could light on.

It happened that Daphnis was not then with his goats, but was gone to the wood, and there was cutting green leaves to give them for fodder in the winter. Therefore, this incursion being seen from the higher ground, he hid himself in an hollow beech-tree. But his Chloe was with their flocks, and the enemies invading her and them, she fled away to the cave of the Nymphs, and begged of the enemies that they would spare her and her flocks for those holy Goddesses' sakes. But that did not help her at all. For the Methymnaeans did not only mock at and rail upon the statues of the Nymphs but drove away her flocks and her before them, thumping her along with their battons as if she had bin a sheep or a goat. ²¹ But now their ships being laden with all manner of prey, they thought it not convenient to sail any further but rather to make home, for fear of the winter no less then of their enemies. Therefore they sailed back again, and were hard put to it to row because there wanted wind to drive them.

The tumults and hubbubs ceasing, Daphnis came out of the wood into the field they used to feed in, and when he could find neither the goats, the sheep, nor Chloe, but only a deep silence and solitude and the pipe flung away wherewith she entertained herself, setting up a piteous cry and lamenting miserably, sometimes he ran to the oak where they sate, sometimes to the sea to try if there he could set his eyes on her, then to the Nymphs whither she fled when she was taken, and there flinging himself upon the ground began to accuse the Nymphs as her betrayers:

22. "It was from your statues that Chloe was drawn and ravished away! and how could you endure to see it? she that made the garlands for you, she that every morning poured out before you and sacrificed her first milk, and she whose pipe hangs up there a sweet offering and donary! The wolf indeed has taken from me never a goat, but the enemy has my whole flock together with my sweet companion of the field; and they will kill and slay the sheep and goats, and Chloe now must live in a city. With what face can I now come into the sight of my father and my mother, without my goats, without Chloe, there to stand a quit-work and runaway? For now I have nothing left to feed, and Daphnis is no more a goatherd. Here I'll fling myself on the ground, and here I'll lie expecting my death or else a second war to help me. And dost thou, sweet Chloe, suffer now in thyself heavy things as these? Dost thou remember and think of this field, the Nymphs, and me? Or takest thou some comfort from thy sheep and those goats of mine which are carried away with thee into captivity?"

22. While he was thus lamenting his condition, by his weeping so much and the heaviness of his grief he fell into a deep sleep, and those three Nymphs appeared to him, ladies of a tall stature; very fair, half-naked, and bare-footed, their hair dishevelled, and in all things like their statues. At first they appeared

very much to pity his cause, and then the eldest, to erect him, spoke thus: "Blame not us at all, Daphnis; we have greater care of Chloe than thou thyself hast. We took pity on her when she was yet but an infant, and when she lay in this cave took her ourselves and saw her nursed. She does not at all belong to the fields, nor to the flocks of Dryas. And even now we have provided, as to her, that she shall not be carried a slave to Methymna, nor be any part of the enemies' prey. We have begged of Pan, Pan that stands under yonder pine, whom you have never honoured so much as with flowers, that he would bring back thy Chloe and our votary. For Pan is more accustomed to camps than we are, and leaving the countryside has made many wars; and the Methymnaeans shall find him an infesting enemy. Trouble not thyself any longer, but get thee up and shew thyself to Myrtale and Lamo, who now themselves lie cast on the ground thinking thee too to be part of the rapine. For Chloe shall certainly come to thee to-morrow, accompanied with the sheep and the goats. You shall feed together as before and play together on the pipe. For other things concerning you, Love himself will take the care."

24. Now when Daphnis had seen and heard these things, he started up out of his sleep, and with tears in his eyes both of pleasure and of grief, adored the statues of the Nymphs, and vowed to sacrifice to them the best of all his she-goats if Chloe should return safe. And running to the pine where the statue of Pan was placed, the head homed, the legs a goat's, one hand holding a pipe, the other a he-goat leaping, that too he adored, and made a vow for the safety of Chloe and promised Pan a he-goat.

Scarce now with the setting of the sun he made a pause of his weeping, his wailing, and his prayers, and taking up the boughs he had cut in the wood, returned to the cottage, comforted Lamo and his household and made them merry, refreshed himself with meat and wine, and fell into a deep sleep; yet not that without tears, praying to see the Nymphs again and calling for an early day, the day that they had promised Chloe.

That night seemed the longest of nights, but in it these wonders were done. 25. The general of the Methymnaeans, when he had borne off to sea about ten furlongs, would refresh his wearied soldiers after the incursion and plunder. Coming up therefore to a promontore which ran into the sea, winding itself into a half-moon within which the sea made a calmer station than in a port — in this place when he had cast anchor (lest the rustics should mischief him from the land), he permitted them securely to rant and be jovial as in peace. The Methymnaeans, because by this deception they abounded with all things, feasted, caroused, and danced, and celebrated victorials.

But the day being now spent and their mirth protracted to the night, on a sudden all the land seemed to be on a light fire; then anon their ears were struck with an impetuous clattering of oars as if a great navy were a coming. Some cried out the general must arm; some called this and others that; here some thought they were wounded, there others lay like dead men. A man would have thought he had seen a kind of nocturnal battle, when yet there was

no enemy there.

26. The night thus past in these spectres, the day arose far more terrible than the night. For on the horns of all Daphnis his goats there grew up on a sudden the berried ivy, and Chloe's sheep were heard to howl like wolves in the woods. Chloe herself in the midst of her flocks appeared crowned with a most fresh and shady pine. In the sea itself too there happened many wonders, paradoxes, and prodigies. For when they laboured to weigh their anchors and be gone, their anchors stuck as fast as the earth; and when they cast their oars to row, they snapped and broke; leaping dolphins with the thumping of their tails loosened the planks of the barges. From that crag which lifted up itself over the promontore, was heard a strange sound of a pipe; yet it was not pleasing as a pipe, but like a trumpet or a terrible comet, which made them run to their arms and call those enemies whom they saw not at all. Insomuch that they wished it night again, as if they should have a truce by that.

Yet those things which then happened might very well be understood by such as were wise, namely that those spectres, phantasms, and sounds proceeded from Pan, shewing himself angry at the voyagers. Yet the cause they could not conjecture (for nothing sacred to Pan was robbed), until about high noon, their grand captain not without the impulse of some deity fallen into a sleep, Pan himself appeared to him and rated him thus: 27. "O ye most unholy and wickedest of mortals! What made you so bold as madly to attempt and do such outrages as these? You have not only filled with war these fields that are so dear to me, but also you have driven away herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and goats that were my care. Besides, you have taken sacrilegiously from the altars of the Nymphs a maid of whom Love himself will write a story. Nor did you at all revere the Nymphs that looked upon you when you did it, nor yet me whom very well you knew to be Pan. Therefore you shall never see Methymna, sailing away with those spoils, nor shall you escape that terrible pipe from the promontore, but I will drown you every man and make you food for the fish, unless thou speedily restore to the Nymphs as well Chloe as Chloe's herds and flocks. Rise therefore and send the maid ashore, send her with all that I command thee; and I shall be as well to thee a convey in thy voyage home as to her a conduct on her way to the fields."

28. Bryaxis, being astonished at this, started up, and calling together the captains of the ships, commanded that Chloe should be quickly sought for among the captives. They found her presently and brought her before him; for she sate crowned with the pine. The general, remembering that the pine was the mark and signal distinction which he had in his dream, carried the maid ashore in the admiral with no small observance and ceremonious fear. Now as soon as Chloe was set on shore, the sound of the pipe from the promontore began to be heard again, not martial and terrible as before, but perfectly pastoral such as is used to lead the cattle to feed in the fields. The sheep ran down the scale of the ship, slipping and sliding on their horny hooves; the goats more boldly, for they were used to climb the crags and steeps of the

hills. 29. The whole flock encircled Chloe, moving as in a dance about her, and with their skipping and their blating shewed a kind of joyfulness and exultation. But the goats of other goatherds, as also the sheep and the herds, stirred not a foot, but remained still in the holds of the ships as if the music of that pipe did not at all call for them.

When therefore they were all struck with admiration at these things and celebrated the praises of Pan, there were yet seen in both the elements things more wonderful then those before. For the ships of the Methymnaeans before they had weighed their anchors ran amain, and a huge dolphin bouncing still out of the sea went before and led their admiral. On the land a most sweet melodious pipe led the goats and the sheep, and yet nobody saw the piper; only all the cattle went along together and fed rejoicing at his music.

30. It was now the time of the second pasturing, when Daphnis having spied from a high stand Chloe coming with the flocks, crying out mainly "O ye Nymphs, O blessed Pan!" made down to the plain, and rushing into the embraces of Chloe, in a swoon fell to the ground. With much ado when he was come to himself with Chloe's kisses and embraces in her close and warm arms, he got to the oak where they were wont, and when he was sate down on the trunk he asked her how she had escaped such a dangerous captivity as that. Then she told him everything one after another; how the fresh and berried ivy appeared on the horns of all the goats, how her sheep howled like wolves, how a pine sprung up upon her head, how all the land seemed on a fire, what horrible fragors and clashings were heard from the sea; with the two tones of that pipe from the crag of the promontore, the one to war, the other to peace, the terrible spectres of the night, how she not knowing her way had for her companion and guide the sweet music of that strange invisible pipe.

Daphnis then acknowledged the vision of the Nymphs and the works of Pan, and storied to her what he himself had seen, and what he had heard, and how when he was ready to die for grief his life was saved by the providence and kindness of the holy Nymphs. And then presently he sent her away to bring Dryas and Lamo and their wives to the sacrifice, and all things necessary for such a devotion to Pan and the Nymphs. In the meantime he caught the fairest of all his she-goats, and when he had crowned it with ivy in that manner as the whole flock had appeared to the enemy, and had poured milk on the horns, in the name of the Nymphs he struck and killed it, and sacrificed it to them. He hanged it up, took off the skin, consecrated that, and made it an offering.

31. When Chloe with her company was come, he made a fire, and some of the flesh being boiled and some roasted, he offered the first and chiefest parts of both to the Nymphs, and filling a bowl with new wine, made a libation; then, having made several beds of green leaves, every man gave himself wholly to eating, drinking, and playing; only they looked out now and then lest the irruption of a wolf upon the flocks should chance to do something like an enemy. They sung too certain songs in the praise of the Nymphs, the

solemn carmens of the ancient shepherds. All that night they lay in the fields; and the next day they were not unmindful of the wonder-working Pan, but took the he-goat that was captain and leader of the flock, and when they had crowned him with pine-garlands they brought him to the pine, and pouring wine upon his head, with benedictions and thankful praise they sacrificed him to Pan the preserver. Then hanging him up they flayed him, and the flesh, part roasted, part boiled, they set upon banks of green leaves hard by in the meadow. The skin, horns and all, they pegged to the pine close to the statue, to a pastoral God a pastoral offering. They offered too the first carvings of the flesh, and made him a libation with a greater bowl then to the Nymphs. Chloe sang and Daphnis played upon the pipe.

32. These rites performed, they sate down and fell to feast. And it happened that Philetas the herdsman came up to them bringing with him certain garlands to honour Pan, together with grapes hanging still among the leaves and branches. His youngest son Tityrus came along with him, a ruddy lad, greyeyed and fair-skinned, stout and fierce, and of a nimble bounding pace like a kid. When they saw what the intention of the good old Philetas was, they started up, and all together crowned the statue of Pan with garlands, and hanged the palmitis with their grapes upon the leaves of the pine; and then they make Philetas sit down to the feast and be their guest, to eat and drink and celebrate. Then, as old men use to do when they are a little whittled with wine, they had various discourses and chats amongst them; how bravely in their youth they had administered the pasturing of their flocks and herds, how in their time they had escaped very many invasions and inroads of pirates and thieves. Here one bragged that he had killed a wolf, here another that he had bin second to Pan alone in the skill and art of piping. And this was the crack of Philetas; 33. and therefore Daphnis and Chloe used all manner of supplications to him, that he would communicate with them that art of piping, and play upon the pipe at the feast of that God whom he knew to delight so much in the pipe.

Philetas promised to do it, although he blamed old age for his short breath; and so took Daphnis his pipe. But that being too little for so great an art, as being made to be inspirited by the mouth of a boy, he sent his son Tityrus for his own, the cottage lying distant from thence but ten furlongs. Tityrus, flinging off his jacket, ran swift as a hind. But Lamo promised to tell them that tale of the pipe which a Sicilian goatherd, hired by him for a goat and a pipe, had sung to him:

34. "This pipe was heretofore no organ, but a very fair maid, who had a sweet and musical voice. She fed goats, played together with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, while she in this manner was tending her goats, playing and singing, came to her and endeavoured to persuade her to what he desired, and promised her that he would make all her goats bring forth twins every year. But she disdained and derided his love, and denied to take him to be her sweetheart who was neither perfect man nor perfect goat. Pan follows her

with violence and thinks to force her. Syrinx fled Pan and his force. Being now weary with her flight, she shot herself into a grove of reeds, sunk in the fen, and disappeared. Pan for anger cut up the reeds, and finding not the maid there, and then reflecting upon what had happened, joined together unequal quills, because their love was so unequal, and thus invented this organ. So she who then was a fair maid is now become a musical pipe.”

33. Lamo had now done his tale and Philetas praised him for it as one that had told them a story far sweeter than any song, when Tityrus came in and brought his father's pipe, a large organ and made of great quills, and where it was joined together with wax there too it was set and varied with brass. Insomuch that one would have thought that this had bin that very pipe which Pan the inventor made first. When therefore Philetas was got up and had set himself upright on a bench, first he tried the quills whether they sounded clear and sweet; then, finding never a cane was stopped, he played a loud and lusty tune. One would not have thought that he had heard but one pipe, the sound was so high, the consort so full. But by little and little remitting that vehemence, he changed it to a soft and sweeter tone, and displaying all the art of pastoral music, he shewed upon the pipe what notes were fit for the herds of cows and oxen, what agreed with the flocks of goats, what were pleasing to the sheep. The tones for the sheep were soft and sweet, those of the herds were vehement, and for the goats were sharp and shrill. In sum, that single pipe of his expressed even all the shepherd's-pipes.

34. Therefore the rest in deep silence sate still, delighted and charmed with that music. But Dryas, rising and bidding him strike up a Dionysiac tune, fell to dance before them the dance of the wine-press. And now he acted to the life the cutting and gathering of the grapes, now the carrying of the baskets, then the treading of the grapes in the press, then presently the tunning of the wine into the butts, and then again their joyful and hearty carousing the must. All these things he represented so aptly and clearly in his dancing, that they all thought they verily saw before their face the vines, the grapes, the press, the butts, and that Dryas did drink indeed.

35. This third old man when he had pleased them so well with his dance, embraced and kissed Daphnis and Chloe. Therefore they two, rising quickly, fell to dancing Lamo's tale. Daphnis played Pan, and Chloe Syrinx. He woos and prays to persuade and win her; she shews her disdain, laughs at his love, and flies him. Daphnis follows as to force her, and running on his tiptoes, imitates the hooves of Pan. Chloe on the other side, acts Syrinx wearied with her flight, and throws herself into the wood as she had done into the fen. But Daphnis, catching up that great pipe of Philetas, plays at first something that was doleful and bewailing, as a lover, then something that made love and was persuasive to relenting, then a recall from the wood, as from one that dearly sought her. Insomuch that Philetas, struck with admiration and joy, could not hold from leaping up and kissing Daphnis. Then he gave him that pipe of his and commanded him to leave it to a successor like himself. Daphnis hanged

up his own small one to Pan, and when he had kissed his Chloe, as returning from a true unfeigned flight, he began to drive home his flocks (for night was fallen), piping all the way. ³⁸ Chloe too by the same music gathered together her flocks and drove them home, the goats stitting along with the sheep, and Daphnis walking close by Chloe. Thus till it was night they filled themselves the one with the other, and agreed to drive out their flocks sooner the next morning.

And so they did. For as soon as it was day they went out to pasture, and when they had first saluted the Nymphs and then Pan, afterwards sitting down under the oak they had the music of the pipe. After that, they kissed, embraced, and hugged one another, and lay down together on the ground; and so rose up again. Nor were they incurious of their meat, and for their drink they drank wine mingled with milk. ³⁹ With all which incentives being more heated and made more lively and forward, they practised between them an amorous controversy about their love to one another, and by little and little came to bind themselves by the faith of oaths. For Daphnis coming up to the pine, swore by Pan that he would not live alone in this world without Chloe so much as the space of one day. And Chloe swore in the cave of the Nymphs that she would have the same death and life with Daphnis.

Yet such was the simplicity of Chloe, as being but a girl, that when she came out of the cave she demanded another oath of Daphnis. "Daphnis," quoth she, "Pan is a wanton, faithless God; for he loved Pitys, he loved Syrinx too. Besides, he never ceases to trouble and vex the Dryads and to solicit the Nymphs the president Goddesses of our flocks. Therefore he, if by thy faithlessness shouldst neglect him, would not take care to punish thee, although thou shouldst go to more maids then there are quills in that pipe. But do thou swear to me by this flock of goats, and by that goat which was thy nurse, that thou wilt never forsake Chloe so long as she is faithful to thee; and when she is false and injurious to thee and the Nymphs, then fly her, then hate her, and kill her like a wolf." Daphnis was pleased with this pretty jealousy, and standing in the midst of his flocks, with one hand laying hold on a she-goat and the other on a he, swore that he would love Chloe that loved him, and that if she preferred any other to Daphnis, then he would slay, not her, but him that she preferred. Of this Chloe was glad, and believed him as a poor and harmless maid, one that was bred a shepherdess and thought that flocks of sheep and goats were proper deities of the shepherds.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK

A SUMMARY OF THE THIRD BOOK

THE Mytilenaeans, upon that incursion, send Hippasus their general with land-forces against Methymna. But the quarrel is taken up. Daphnis and Chloe take it heavily that they are parted by the winter. Daphnis, to see her, goes a fowling before Dryas his cottage, and looks as if he minded not her. Dryas brings him in to the feast of Dionysus. The spring returning, they return to their pastorals. Daphnis complains of his ignorance in love. Lycaenium cozens Mm. Daphnis, as the mariners sail by, tells Chloe the Tale of Echo. Many and rich suitors are now about Chloe, and Dryas almost gives his consent. Daphnis is sad as being poor; but by direction of the Nymphs he finds a purse full of silver. He gives it Dryas, and Chloe is contracted to him; only Lamo, because he was a servant to Dionysophanes, says his lord is to be expected that he may ratify the business. Daphnis gives Chloe a rare apple.

THE THIRD BOOK

1. BUT the Mytilenaeans, when they heard of the expedition of those ten ships, and some of the countrymen coming up from the farms had told them what a plundering and rapine there had bin, thought it too disgraceful to be borne, and therefore decreed to raise arms against Methymna with all speed. And having chosen out three thousand targeteers and five hundred horse, they sent away their general Hippasus by land, not daring to trust the sea in winter.

2. He did not as he marched depopulate the fields of Methymna, nor did he rob the farms of the husbandmen or the pastures of the shepherds, counting such actions as those to suit better with a larron then the grand captain of an army; but hasted up to the town itself to surprise it. But while he was yet an hundred furlongs off from the town an herald met him with articles. For after that the Methymnaeans were informed by the captives that the Mytilenaeans knew nothing of those things that had happened, and that ploughmen and shepherds provoked by the young gentlemen were they that were the causes of it all, it repented them of that expedition of Bryaxis against a neighbouring city, as of an action more precipitant then moderate and wise; and they were eager to return all the prey and spoil that was taken and carried away, and to have commerce and trade securely with them by land and by sea.

Therefore Hippasus dispatches away that herald to Mytilene, although he had bin created the general of the war and so had power to sign as he listed; and pitching his camp about ten furlongs from Methymna, there he attended mandates from the city. Two days after, the messenger returned, and brought a command that they should receive the plundered goods and all the captives, and march home without doing the least harm, because Methymna, when war or peace were offered to be chosen, found peace to be more profitable. 3. And this quarrel betwixt Methymna and Mytilene, which was of an unexpected beginning and end, was thus taken up and composed.

And now winter was come on, a winter more bitter then war to Daphnis and Chloe. For on a sudden there fell a great snow, which blinded all the paths, stopped up all the ways, and shut up all the shepherds and husbandmen. The torrents rushed down in flood, and the lakes were frozen and glazed with crystal. The hedges and trees looked as if they had bin breaking down. All the ground was hoodwinked up but that which lay upon the fountains and the rills. And therefore no man drove out his flocks to pasture or did so much as come out of the door, but about the cock's crowing made their fires nose-high, and some spun flax, some wove tarpaulin for the sea, others with all their sophistry made gins and nets and traps for birds. At that time their care was employed about the oxen and cows that were foddered with chaff in the stalls, about the goats and about the sheep which fed on green leaves in the sheepcotes and the folds, or else about fattening their hogs in the sties with acorns and other mast.

4. When all was thus taken up perforce with their domestic affairs, the other husbandmen and shepherds were very jovial and merry, as being for a while discharged of their labours and able to have their breakfast in the morning after sleeping long winter nights; so that the winter was to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or the very spring. But Chloe and Daphnis, when they remembered what a sweet conversation they had held before, how they had kissed, how they had embraced and hugged one another, how they had lived at a common scrip, all which were now as pleasures lost, now they had long and sleepless nights, now they had sad and pensive days, and desired nothing so much as a quick return of the spring, to become their regeneration and return from death.

Besides this, it was their grief and complaint if but a scrip came to their hands out of which they had eaten together, or a sillibub-piggin out of which they had used both to drink, or if they chanced to see a pipe laid aside and neglected such as had bin not long before a lover's gift from one to the other. And therefore they prayed severally to Pan and the Nymphs that they would deliver them from these as from the other evils and miseries, and shew to them and their flocks the Sun again. And while they prayed, they laboured too and cast about to find a way by which they might come to see one another. Poor Chloe was void of all counsel and had no device nor plot. For the old woman her reputed mother was by her continually, and taught her to card the fine wool and twirl the spindle, or else was still a clocking for her, and ever and anon casting in words and twattling to her about her marriage. But Daphnis, who was now at leisure enough and was of a more projecting wit than a maid, devised this sophism to see her:

5. Before Dryas his cottage, and indeed under the very cottage itself, there grew two tall myrtles and an ivy-bush. The myrtles stood not far off from one another, and between them the ivy ran, and so that it made a kind of arbour by clasping the arms about them both and by the order, the thickness, and interweaving of its branches and leaves, many and great clusters of berries hanging from it like those of the vines from the palmitis. And therefore it was, that great store of winter birds haunted the bush, for want, it seems, of food abroad, many blackbirds, many thrushes, stock-doves and starlings, with other birds that feed on berries.

Under pretext of birding there, Daphnis came out, his scrip furnished indeed with sweet country dainties, but bringing with him, to persuade and affirm his meaning, snares and lime-twigs for the purpose. The place lay off but ten furlongs, and yet the snow that lay unmelted found him somewhat to do to pass through it. But all things are pervious to love, even fire, water, and Scythian snows.

6. Therefore plodding through, he came up to the cottage, and when he had shook off the snow from his thighs, he set his snares and pricked his lime-twigs. Then he sate down and waited for Chloe and the birds.

There flew to the bushes many birds, and a sufficient number was taken to

busy Daphnis a thousand ways, in running up and down, in gathering, killing, and depluming his game. But nobody stirred out of the cottage, not a man or woman to be seen, not so much as a hen at the door, but all were shut up in the warm house; so that poor Daphnis knew not what in the world to do, but was at a stand as if his luck had bin less fair than fowl. And assuredly he would have ventured to intrude himself, if he could but have found out some specious cause and plausible enough; and so deliberated with himself what was the likeliest to be said: "I'll say I came to fetch fire; And was there no neighbour, they will say, within a furlong, let alone ten? I came to borrow bread; But thy scrip is stuffed with cakes. I wanted wine; Thy vintage was but tother day. A wolf pursued me; Where are the tracings of a wolf? I came hither to catch birds; And when thou hast caught them why gettest thou not thyself home? I have a mind to see Chloe; But who art thou to confess such a thing as that to the father and mother of a maid? — and then, on every side vanquished, I shall stand mum. But enough; there is not one of all these things that carries not suspicion with it. Therefore it's better to go presently away in silence; and I shall see Chloe at the first peeping of the spring, since, as it seems, the Fates prohibit it in winter."

These thoughts cast up and down in his anxious mind and his prey taken up, he was thinking to be gone and was making away, when, as if Love himself had pitied his cause, it happened thus: 7. Dryas and his family were at table, the meat was taken up and divided to messes, the bread was laid out, the wine-bowl set and trimmed. But one of the flock-dogs took his time while they were busy, and ran out adooors with a shoulder of mutton. Dryas was vexed (for that belonged to his mess), and snatching up a club, followed at his heels as if it had bin another dog. This pursuit brought him up to the ivy, where he espied the young Daphnis with his birds on his back, and about to pack away. With that, forgetting the dog and the flesh, he cries out amain, "Hail, boy! hail, boy!" and fell on his neck to kiss him, and catching him by the hand, led him along into the house.

And then it wanted but a little that Daphnis and Chloe fell not both to the ground when at first they saw one another. Yet while they strove with themselves to stand upright, there passed salutations and kisses between them, and those to them were as pillars and sustentations to hold them from toppling into swoons. 8. Daphnis having now got, beyond all hope, not only a kiss but Chloe herself too, sate down by the fire and laid upon the table his blackbirds and stock-doves; and fell to tell them how tedious the business of the house and keeping within had bin to him, and that therefore he was come to recreate himself and, as they saw, to catch birds; how he had taken some with lime-twigs, some with snares, as they were feeding greedily upon the ivy and the myrtle-berries.

They, on the other side, fell to commend and praise Daphnis his diligence, and bade him eat of that which the dog had left; and commanded Chloe to wait on them and fill their wine. She with a merry countenance filled to the

rest, and after them to Daphnis; for she feigned a pretty anger because that when he was there he would offer to go away in such a manner and not see her. Yet before she gave it to him she kissed the cup and sipped a little, and so gave it. Daphnis, although he was almost choked for want of drink, drank slowly, tickling himself, by that delay, with longer pleasure.

9. Dinner was quickly done and the table voided of bread and meat, and when they were sate down everybody began to ask how Lamo and Myrtales had done a great while, and so went on to pronounce them happy folks who had got such a stay and cherisher of their old age. And it was no small pleasure to Daphnis to be praised so in the hearing of Chloe. And when, besides, they said that he must and should tarry with them the next day because it was their sacrifice to Bacchus, it wanted but a little that for very pleasure the ravished lover had worshipped them instead of Bacchus himself; and therefore presently he drew out of his scrip good store of sweet-cakes and the birds he had caught, and these were ordered to be made ready for supper.

A fresh bowl of wine was set, a new fire kindled up, and night soon coming on they fell to eat again. When supper was done and part of their time was spent in telling of old tales, part in singing some of the ditties of the fields, they went to bed, Chloe With her mother, Daphnis with Dryas. But then nothing was sweet and pleasing to poor Chloe but that the next morning she should see her Daphnis again; and Daphnis entertained the night himself with a fantastic, empty pleasure; for it was sweet to his imagination to lie but with the father of Chloe, and he often embraced and kissed him, dreaming to himself that it was she.

8. In the morning it was a sharp frost and the north wind was very nipping, when they all rose and prepared to celebrate. A young ram was sacrificed to Bacchus and a huge fire built up to cook the meat. While Nape was making the bread and Dryas boiling the ram, Daphnis and Chloe had time to go forth as far as the ivy-bush; and when he had set his snares again and pricked his lime-twigs, they not only caught good store of birds, but had a sweet collation of kisses without intermission, and a dear conversation in the language of love: "Chloe, I came for thy sake."

"I know it, Daphnis."

"'Tis long of thee that I destroy the poor birds."

"What wilt thou with me?"

"Remember me."

"I remember thee, by the Nymphs by whom heretofore I have sworn in yonder cave, whither we will go as soon as ever the snow melts."

"But it lies very deep, Chloe, and I fear I shall melt before the snow."

"Courage, man; the Sun burns hot." "I would it burnt like that fire which now burns my very heart."

"You do but gibe and cozen me!"

"I do not, by the goats by which thou didst once bid me to swear to thee."

11. While Chloe, like another Echo, was holding her antiphona to Daphnis,

Nape called and in they ran, with even more birds then had bin taken the day before. Now when they had made a libation from the bowl to Dionysus, they fell to their meat, with ivy crowns upon their heads. And when it was time, having cried the Jacchus and Euoe, they sent away Daphnis, his scrip first crammed with flesh and bread. They gave him too the stock-doves and thrushes to carry Lamo and Myrtale, as being like to catch themselves more while the frost and ivy lasted. And so Daphnis went his way when he had kissed the rest first and then Chloe, that he might carry along with him her kiss untouched and entire. And now by that device and now by this he came often thither, insomuch that the winter escaped not away wholly without some fruition of the sweets of love.

12. It was now the beginning of spring, the snow melting, the earth uncovering herself, and the grass growing green, when the other shepherds drove out their flocks to pasture, and Chloe and Daphnis before the rest, as being servants to a greater shepherd. And forthwith they took their course up to the Nymphs and that cave, and thence to Pan and his pine; afterwards to their own oak, where they sate down to look to their flocks and kiss each other. They sought about for flowers too to crown the statues of the Gods. The soft breath of Zephyrus, and the warm Sun, had but now brought them forth; but there were then to be found the violet, the daffodil, the anagall, with the other primes and dawns of the spring. And when they had crowned the statues of the Gods with them, they made a libation with new milk, Chloe from the sheep and Daphnis from the goats. They paid too the first-fruits of the pipe, as it were to provoke and challenge the nightingales with their music and song. The nightingales answered softly from the groves, and as if they remembered their long intermitted song, began by little and little to jug and warble their Tereus and Itys again.

11. Here and there the blating of the flocks was heard, and the lambs came skipping and inclined themselves obliquely under the dams to wriggle and nussle at their dugs. But those which had not yet teemed, the rams pursued, and had their will of them. There were seen too the more ardent chases of the he-goats, which sometimes had battles for the she's, and everyone had his own wives and kept them solicitously. Even old men, seeing such sights as these, had bin pricked to love, but the young and lusty were wholly inflamed with what they heard and melted away with what they saw, and amongst them was Daphnis chief. For he, as having spent his time in keeping tediously at home all the winter, was carried furiously to kissing and embracing, and in what he did was now more vehement then ever before.

14. And therefore he asked of Chloe that she would lie by his side (for there was nothing but that remaining of the institutes of old Philetas), that he might try the only canon, the only medicine to ease the pain of love. Et Chloae sciscitanti quid amplius esset osculo, amplexu, et concubitu ipso, quidve statuisset patrare nudus cum nuda concumbendo,. "Illud," inquit "quod arietes ovibus, quod hirci capris faciunt vides ut hoc opere peracto neque hae postea

illos refugiant neque illi has insectando se postea fatigent, sed communem deinceps velut experti voluptatem una pascantur? dulce aliquid, ut videtur, hoc opus habet, atque amoris vincit amaritudinem.”

“Quid? an non vides, Daphni, capras et hircos et arietes et oves, quemadmodum recti illi faciant et rectae contra istae patiantur, alteri insilientes, alterae dorso impositos admittentes? tu tamen a me petis ut una recumbam, idque nuda atqui illae me, licet vestibus amicta, quanto sunt hirsutiores?” Daphnis tamen ei persuadet, et concumbens cum ea diu iacuit; nesciusque ullam earum rerum agere, quarum gratia tanto libidinis impetu concitabatur, eam erigit et a tergo, hircos imitatus, ei adhaesit. at multo magis animi pendens sedit, et ploravit quod arietibus rudior rerum amatoriarum esset.

12. But there was a certain neighbour of his, a landed man, Chromis his name, and was now by his age somewhat declining. He married out of the city a young, fair, and buxom girl, one that was too fine and delicate for the country and a clown. Her name was Lycaenium, and she, observing Daphnis as every day early in the morning he drove his goats by to the fields and home again at the first twilight, had a great mind to beguile the youth by gifts to become her sweetheart. And therefore once when she had skulked for her opportunity and caught him alone, she had given him a curious fine pipe, some precious honeycombs, and a new scrip of stag-skin, but durst not break her mind to him because she could easily conjecture at that dear love he bore to Chloe; for she saw him wholly addicted to the girl.

So much then she had perceived before by the winking, nodding, laughing, and tittering that was between them. But that morning she had made Chromis believe that she was to go to a woman’s labour, and had followed softly behind them two at some distance, and then slipped away into a thicket and hid herself; and so had heard all that they said and seen too all that they did, and even the tears of the untaught Daphnis had bin perfectly within her sight. Wherefore she began to condole the condition of the wretched lovers, and finding that she had light upon a double opportunity she projected to accomplish both her desires by this device:

13. The next day, making as if she went to that woman again, she came up openly to the oak where Daphnis and Chloe were sitting together, and skilfully counterfeiting that she was scared, “Help, Daphnis, help me,” quoth she; “an eagle has carried clean away from me the goodliest goose of twenty in a flock, which yet by reason of the great weight she was not able to carry to the top of that her wonted high crag, but is fallen down with her into yonder copse. For the Nymphs’ sake and this Pan’s, do thou, Daphnis, come in the wood with me and rescue my goose. For I dare not go in myself alone. Let me not thus lose the tale of my geese. And it may be thou mayst kill the eagle too, and then she will scarce come hither any more to prey upon the kids and lambs. Chloe for so long will look to the flock; the goats know her as thy perpetual companion in the fields.”

14. Now Daphnis, suspecting nothing of that that was to come, gets up quickly, and taking his staff, followed Lycaenium, who led him as far from Chloe as possibly she could. And when they were come into the thickest part of the wood and she had bid him sit down by a fountain, "Daphnis," quoth she, "thou dost love Chloe, and that I learnt last night of the Nymphs. Those tears which yesterday thou didst pour down were shewn to me in a dream by - them, and they commanded me that I should save thee by teaching thee all that thou shouldst know. Haec autem non sunt basia et amplexus et qualia faciunt arietes hircique, sed saltus hi alii longeque illis dulciores; habent enim longius tempus voluptatis.

If then thou wouldst be rid of thy misery, come on, deliver thyself to me a sweet scholar, and I, to gratify the Nymphs, will be thy mistress."

15. At this, Daphnis, as being a rustic goatherd and a sanguine youth, could not contain himself for mere pleasure, but throws himself at the foot of Lycaenium and begs her that she would teach him that lesson quickly; and as if he were about to accept some rare and brave thing sent from the Gods, for her kindness he promised he would give her too a young kid, some of the finest beastings, nay, besides, he promised her the dam herself. Wherefore Lycaenium, now she had found a rustic simplicity beyond her expectation, gave the lad all his instruction. Iussit eum quam proxime ipsi posset sedere, necnon oscula figere qualia et quot consueverat, simul inter basiandum mere in amplexus seseque humi reclinare. Vt ergo sedit et basiavit atque reclinato corpore iacuit, ipsa iam edocta eum ad patrandum et capacem esse et turgentem, ab reclamatione in latus facta eum erexit, seseque turn perite substemens ad viam diu quaesitam direxit; deinde nihil praeterea fecit, ipsa natura quod porro agendum restabat docente.

16. Peracta tandem hac amatoria mfonuatioue, Daphnis, qui pastorem adhuc habebat mentem, statim ad Chloen cursum instituit et quaecumque didicerat statim exsequi parat, tanquam veritus ne, si paulisper moratus esset, illud ipsum oblivioni traderet verum Lycaenium ipsum inhibuit sic locuta: "Insuper ista quoque te discere oportet, Daphni ego, quae sum mulier, nihil nunc passa sum insolens; olim enim me haec vir alius docuit, pro mercede virginitate mea accepta. Chloe autem ubi tecum in hac palaestra colluctata erit, plorabit eiulabitque, immo iacebit haud secus ac vulnerata multo manans sanguine verum non est quod cruorem timeas, sed quando ei persuaseris ut tibi morem gerat, tunc tu earn in hunc adducito locum, ubi si forte clamaverit nemo audiat, si lacrimaverit nemo videat, si cruore foedata erit fonte se abluat; neque unquam oblivioni trade quod ego te virum antequam Chloe fecerim.

20. These advertisements given, Lycaenium went away through another glade of the wood, as if still she would look for her goose. Daphnidi autem dicta ilia mente agitant prior ille impetus deferbuerat, verebaturque ullum Chloae facessere negotium ultra osculum amplexumque, cavens ne vel ilia veluti hoste conspecto conclamaret vel tanquam dolore affecta fleret, vel sanguine foedaretur tanquam contrucidata modo enim edoctus a sanguine

abhorrebat sanguinemque de solo vulnere sequi opinabatur itaque constituit se cum ilia consuetum in modum oblectare.

And so he comes out of the wood up to the place where Chloe sate plating a garland of violets, and tells her he had rescued the goose from the claws of the eagle, then flinging his arms about her and clasping her to him, kissed her as he had Lycaenium. But Chloe fits the chaplet to his head, and then kisses his locks as fairer and sweeter then the violets; and out of her scrip she gave him of her cakes and simnels to eat, and snatched it by stealth from his mouth again as he was eating, and fed like a young bird in a nest.

17. While thus they eat and take more kisses then bits, they saw a fisherman's boat come by. The wind was down, the sea was smooth, and there was a great calm. Wherefore when they saw there was need of rowing, they fell to ply the oars stoutly. For they made haste to bring in some fish fresh from the sea to fit the palate of one of the richer citizens of Mytilene. That therefore which other mariners use to elude the tediousness of labour, these began, and held on as they rowed along. There was one amongst them that was the boatswain, and he had certain sea-songs. The rest, like a chorus all together, strained their throats to a loud holla, and caught his voice at certain intervals. While they did thus in the open sea, their voices vanished, as being diffused in the vast air. But when they came under a promontore into a flexuous, homed, hollow bay, there, as the voices of the rowers were heard stronger, so the songs of the boatswain to the answering mariners fell clearer to the land. For a hollow valley below received into itself that shrill sound as into an organ, and by an imitating voice rendered from itself all that was said, all that was done, and everything distinctly by itself; by itself the clattering of the oars, by itself the whooping of the seamen; and certainly it was a most pleasant hearing. The sound coming first from the sea, the sound from the land ended so much the later by how much it was slower to begin.

22. Daphnis, therefore, knowing what it was, attended wholly to the sea, and was sweetly affected with the pinnacle gliding by like a bird in the air, endeavouring the while to preserve to himself some of those tones to play afterwards upon his pipe. But Chloe, having then her first experience of that which is called echo, now cast her eyes towards the sea, minding the loud songs of the mariners, now to the woods, seeking for those who answered from thence with such a clamour. And when because the pinnacle was passed away there was in the valley too a deep silence, she asked of Daphnis whether there were sea beyond the promontore and another ship did pass by there, and whether there were other mariners that had sung the same songs and all now were whist and kept silence together. At this, Daphnis laughed a sweet laugh, and giving her a sweeter kiss, put the violet chaplet upon her head, and began to tell her the tale of Echo, requiring first that when he had taught her that, he should have of her for his wages ten kisses more:

23. "There are of the Nymphs, my dear girl, more kinds then one. There are the Meliae of the Ash, there are the Dryades of the Oak, there are the Heleae

of the Fen. All are beautiful, all are musical. To one of these Echo was daughter, and she mortal because she came of a mortal father, but a rare beauty, deriving from a beauteous mother. She was educated by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the hautboy and the pipe, to strike the lyre, to touch the lute, and in sum, all music. And therefore when she was grown up and in the flower of her virgin beauty, she danced together with the Nymphs and sung in consort with the Muses; but fled from all males, whether men or Gods, because she loved virginity. Pan sees that, and takes occasion to be angry at the maid, and to envy her music because he could not come at her beauty. Therefore he sends a madness among the shepherds and goatherds, and they in a desperate fury, like so many dogs and wolves, tore her all to pieces and flung about them all over the earth her yet singing limbs. The Earth in observance of the Nymphs buried them all, preserving to them still their music property, and they by an everlasting sentence and decree of the Muses breathe out a voice. And they imitate all things now as the maid did before, the Gods, men, organs, beasts. Pan himself they imitate too when he plays on the pipe; which when he hears he bounces out and begins to post over the mountains, not so much to catch and hold as to know what clandestine imitator that is that he has got.” When Daphnis thus had told his tale, Chloe gave him not only ten more kisses but innumerable. For Echo said almost the same, as if to bear him witness that he did not lie.

24. But now, when the Sun grew every day more burning, the spring going out and summer coming in, they were invited to new and summer pleasure. Daphnis he sworn in the rivers, Chloe she bathed in the springs; he with his pipe contended with the pines, she with her voice strove with the nightingales. Sometimes they hunted the prattling locusts, sometimes they caught the chirping grasshoppers.

They gathered flowers together, together they shook the trees for mellow fruits. And now and then they lay side by side with a goatskin to their common coverlet; *Et mulier Chloe facile esset facta nisi Daphnim sanguinis illius cogitatio terruisset. Certe veritus ne ratio aliquando sua dimoveretur sede, crebro ut nudaretur Chloae non permisit, quod quidem mirabatur Chloe, sed causam eius sciscitari verebatur.*

25. That summer Chloe had many suitors, and many came from many places, and came often, to Dryas, to get his goodwill to have her. Some brought their gifts along with them, others promised great matters if they should get her. Nape was tempted by her hope, and began to persuade him that the girl should be bestowed, and to urge that a maid of her age should not longer be kept at home; for who knows whether one time or other she may not for an apple or a rose, as she keeps the field, make some unworthy shepherd a man; and therefore it was better she should now be made the dame of a house, and that they getting much by her, it should be laid up for their own son, for of late they had born a jolly boy.

But Dryas was variously affected with what was said. Sometimes he was

ready to give way; for greater gifts were named to him by everyone then suited with a rural girl, a shepherdess. Sometimes again he thought the maid deserved better than to be married to a clown, and that if ever she should find her true parents she might make him and his family happy. Then he defers his answer to the wooers and puts them off from day to day, and in the interim has many presents.

When Chloe came to the knowledge of this, she was very sad, and hid it long from Daphnis because she would not give him a cause of grief. But when he was importunate and urged her to tell him what the matter was, and seemed to be more troubled when he knew it not, than he should be when he knew it, then, poor girl, she told him all, as well of the wooers that were so many and so rich, as of the words by which Nape incited Dryas to marry her speedily, and how Dryas had not denied it but only had put it off to the vintage. 26. Daphnis with this is at his wit's end, and sitting down he wept bitterly, and said that if Chloe were no longer to tend sheep with him he would die, and not only he, but all the flocks that lost so sweet a shepherdess.

After this passion Daphnis came to himself again and took courage, thinking he should persuade Dryas in his own behalf, and resolved to put himself among the wooers with hope that his desert would say for him, "Room for your betters." There was one thing troubled him worst of all, and that was, his father Lamo was not rich. That disheartened him, that allayed his hope much. Nevertheless it seemed best that he should come in for a suitor, and that was Chloe's sentence too. To Lamo he durst not venture to speak, but put on a good face and spoke to Myrtale, and did not only shew her his love, but talked to her of marrying the girl. And in the night, when they were in bed, she acquainted Lamo with it. But Lamo entertaining what she said in that case very harshly, and chiding her that she should offer to make a match between a shepherd's daughter and such a youth as he, whose tokens did declare him a great fortune and of high extraction, and one that "if his true parents were found would not only make them free but possessors of larger lands, Myrtale, considering the power of love, and therefore fearing, if he should altogether despair of the marriage, lest he should attempt something upon his life, returned him other causes than Lamo had, to contradict:

"My son, we are but poor, and have more need to take a bride that does bring us something than one that will have much from us. They, on the other side, are rich and such as look for rich husbands. Go thou and persuade Chloe, and let her persuade her father, that he shall ask no great matter, and give you his consent to marry. For, on my life, she loves thee dearly, and had rather a thousand times lie with a poor and handsome man than a rich monkey." 27. And now Myrtale, who expected that Dryas would never consent to these things because there were rich wooers, thought she had finely excused to him their refusing of the marriage.

Daphnis knew not what to say against this, and so finding himself far enough off from what he desired, that which is usual with lovers who are

beggars, that he did. With tears he lamented his condition, and again implored the help of the Nymphs. They appeared to him in the night in his sleep, in the same form and habit as before, and she that was eldest spoke again: "Some other of the Gods takes the care about the marrying of Chloe, but we shall furnish thee with gifts which will easily make her father Dryas. That ship of the Methymnaeans, when thy goats had 'eaten her cable, that very day was carried off by the winds far from the shore. But that night there arose a tempestuous sea-wind that blew to the land and dashed her against the rocks of the promontore; there she perished with much of that which was in her. But the waves cast up a purse in which there are three thousand drachmas, and that thou shalt find covered with ouse hard by a dead dolphin, near which no passenger comes, but turns another way as fast as he can, detesting the stench of the rotting fish. But do thou make haste thither, take it, and give it to Dryas. And let it suffice that now thou art not poor, and hereafter in time thou shalt be rich." 28. This spoken, they passed away together with the night.

It was now day, and Daphnis leapt out of bed as full of joy as his heart could hold, and hurried his goats, with much whistling, to the field; and after he had kissed Chloe and adored the Nymphs, to the sea he goes, making as if that morning he had a mind to bedew himself with sea-water. And walking there upon the gravel, near the line of the excursion and breaking of the waves, he looked for his three thousand drachmas. But soon he found he should not be put to much labour. For the stench of the dolphin had reached him as he lay cast up and was rotting upon the slabby sand. When he had got that scent for his guide, he came up presently to the place, and removing the ouse, found the purse full of silver. He took it up and put it into his scrip; yet went not away till with joyful devotion he had blest the Nymphs and the very sea; for though he was a keeper of goats, yet he was now obliged to the sea, and had a sweeter sense of that than the land, because it had promoted him to marry Chloe.

29. Thus having got his three thousand drachmas, he made no longer stay, but as if now he were not only richer than any of the clowns that dwelt there but then any man that trod on the ground, he hastens to Chloe, tells her his dream, shews her the purse, and bids her look to his flocks till he comes again. Then stretching and strutting along, he bustles in like a lord upon Dryas, whom he then found with Nape at the threshing-floor, and on a sudden talked very boldly about the marrying of Chloe: "Give me Chloe to my wife. For I can play finely on the pipe, I can cut the vines, and I can plant them. Nor am I ignorant how and when the ground is to be ploughed, or how the corn is to be winnowed and fanned by the wind. But how I keep and govern flocks, Chloe can tell. Fifty she-goats I had of my father Lamo; I have made them as many more and doubled the number. Besides, I have brought up goodly, proper he-goats; whereas before, we went for leaps to other men's. Moreover, I am a young man, your neighbour too, and one that you cannot twit in the teeth with anything. And, further, I had a goat to my nurse as your Chloe had a sheep.

Since in these I have got the start and outgone others, neither in gifts shall I be any whit behind them. They may give you the scrag-end of a small flock of sheep and goats, a rascal pair of oxen, and so much com as scant will serve to keep the hens. But from me, look you here, three thousand drachmas. Only let nobody know of this, no, not so much as my father Lamo.” With that, he gave it into his hand, embraced Dryas, and kissed him.

30. They, when they saw such an unexpected sum of money, without delay promised him Chloe and to procure Lamo’s consent. Nape therefore stayed there with Daphnis and drove her oxen about the floor to break the ears very small and slip out the grain, with her hurdle set with sharp stones. But Dryas, having carefully laid up the purse of silver in that place where the tokens of Chloe were kept, makes away presently to Lamo and Myrtale on a strange errand, to woo them for a bridegroom. Then he found a measuring barley newly fanned, and much dejected because that year the ground had scarcely restored them their seed. Dryas put in to comfort them concerning that, affirming it was a common cause, and that everywhere he met with the same cry; and then asks their good will that Daphnis should marry Chloe, and told them withal that although others did offer him great matters, yet of them he would take nothing, nay, rather he would give them somewhat for him: “For,” quoth he, “they have bin bred up together, and by keeping their flocks together in the fields are grown to so dear a love as is not easy to be dissolved, and now they are of such an age as says they may go to bed together.” This said Dryas and much more, because for the fee of his oratory to the marriage he had at home three thousand drachmas.

And now Lamo could no longer obtend poverty (for Chloe’s parents themselves did not disdain his lowness), nor yet Daphnis his age (for he was come to his flowery youth). That indeed which troubled him, and yet he would not say so, was this, namely that Daphnis was of higher merit then such a match could suit withal. But after a short silence, he returned him this answer: 31. “You do well to prefer your neighbours to strangers, and not to esteem riches better then honest poverty. Pan and the Nymphs be good to you for this. And I for my part do not at all hinder this marriage. It were madness in me who am now ancient and want many hands to my daily work, if I should not think it a great and desirable good to join to me the friendship and alliance of your family. Besides, Chloe is sought after by very many, a fair maid and altogether of honest manners and behaviour. But because I am only a servant, and not the lord of anything I have, it is necessary my lord and master should be acquainted with this, that he may give his consent to it. Go to, then, let us agree to put off the wedding till the next autumn. Those that use to come from the city to us, tell us that he will then be here. Then they shall be man and wife, and in the mean time let them love like sister and brother. Yet know this, Dryas; the young man thou art in such haste and earnest about is far better then us.” And Lamo having thus spoke embraced Dryas and kissed him, and made him sit and drink with him when now it was

hot at high noon, and going along with him part of his way treated him altogether kindly.

32. But Dryas had not heard the last words of Lamo only as a chat; and therefore as he walked along he anxiously enquired of himself who Daphnis should be: "He was suckled indeed and nursed up by a goat, as if the providence of the Gods had appointed it so. But he's of a sweet and beautiful aspect, and no whit like either that flat-nosed old fellow or the baldpate old woman. He has besides three thousand drachmas, and one would scarcely believe that a goatherd should have so many pears in his possession. And has somebody exposed him too as well as Chloe? and was it Lamo's fortune to find him as it was mine to find her? And was he trimmed up with such like tokens as were found by me? If this be so, O mighty Pan, O ye beloved Nymphs, it may be that he having found his own parents may find out something of Chloe's secret too!"

These moping thoughts he had in his mind, and was in a dream up to the floor. When he came there, he found Daphnis expecting and pricking up his ears for Lamo's answer. "Hail, son," quoth he, "Chloe's husband," and promised him they should be married in the autumn; then giving him his right hand, assured him on his faith that Chloe should be wife to nobody but Daphnis.

33. Therefore without eating or drinking, swifter then thought he flies to Chloe, finds her at her milking and her cheese-making, and full of joy brings her the annunciation of the marriage, and presently began to kiss her, not as before by stealth in a corner of the twilight, but as his wife thenceforward, and took upon him part of her labour. He helped her about the milking-pail, he put her cheeses into the press, suckled the lambkins and the kids. And when all was done they washed themselves, eat and drank their fill, and went to look for mellow fruits.

And at that time there was huge plenty because it was the season for almost all. There were abundance of pears, abundance of apples. Some were now fallen to the ground, some were hanging on the trees. Those on the ground had a sweeter scent, those on the boughs a sweeter blush. Those had the fragrancy of wine, these had the flagrancy of gold. There stood one apple-tree that had all its apples pulled; all the boughs were now bare, and they had neither fruit nor leaves, but only there was one apple that swung upon the very top of the spire of the tree; a great one it was and very beautiful, and such as by its rare and rich smell would alone outdo many together. It should seem that he that gathered the rest was afraid to climb so high, or cared not to come by it. And peradventure that excellent apple was reserved for a shepherd that was in love.

34. When Daphnis saw it, he mantled to be at it, and was even wild to climb the tree, nor would he hear Chloe forbidding him. But she, perceiving her interdictions neglected, made in anger towards the flocks. Daphnis got up into the tree, and came to the place, and pulling it brought it to Chloe. To whom, as

she shewed her anger against that adventure, he thus spoke: "Sweet maid, fair seasons begot this apple, and a goodly tree brought it up; it was ripened by the beams of the Sun and preserved by the care and kindness of Fortune. Nor might I let it alone so long as I had these eyes, lest either it should fall to the ground and some of the cattle as they feed should tread upon it or some creeping thing poison it, or else it should stay aloft for time to spoil while we only look at and praise it. Venus, for the victory of her beauty, carried away no other prize; I give thee this the palmary of thine. For we are alike, I that witness thy beauty and he that witnessed hers. Paris was but a shepherd upon Ida, and I am a goatherd in the happy fields of Mytilene." With that, he put it into her bosom, and Chloe pulling him to her kissed him. And so Daphnis repented him not of the boldness to climb so high a tree. For he received a kiss from her more precious then a golden apple.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK

A SUMMARY OF THE FOURTH BOOK

A FELLOW-SERVANT of Lamos brings word that their lord would be there speedily. A pleasant garden is pleasantly described. Lamo, Daphnis, and Chloe make all things fine. Lampis the herdsman spoils the garden to provoke the lord against Lamo, who had denied Chloe in marriage. Lamo laments it the next day. Eudromus teaches him how he may escape the anger: — Astylus, their young master, comes first, with Gnatho, his parasite. Astylus promises to excuse them for the garden and procure their pardon from his father. Gnatho is taken with Daphnis. Dionysophanes the lord, with his wife Clearista, comes down. Amongst other things sees the goats, where he hears Daphnis his music, and all admire his art of piping. Gnatho begs of Astylus that he may carry Daphnis along with him to the city, and obtains it. Eudromus hears it, and tells Daphnis. Lamo, thinking it was now time, tells Dionysophanes the whole story, how Daphnis was found, how brought up. He and Clearista considering the thing carefully, they find that Daphnis is their son. Therefore they receive him with great joy, and Dionysophanes tells the reason why he exposed him. The country fellows come in to gratulate. Chloe in the interim complains that Daphnis has forgot her. She's stolen and carried away by Lampis. Daphnis laments by himself. Gnatho hears him, rescues Chloe, and is received to favour. Dryas then tells Chloe's story. Her they take to the city too. There at a banquet Megacles of Mytilene owns her for his daughter. And the wedding is kept in the country.

THE FOURTH BOOK

1. AND now one of Lamo's fellow-servants brought word from Mytilene that their lord would come towards the vintage, to see whether that irruption of the Methymnaeans had made any waste in those fields. When therefore the summer was now parting away and the autumn approaching, Lamo bestirred himself that his lord's sojourn should present him with pleasure everywhere. He scoured the fountains, that the water might be clear and transparent. He mucked the yard, lest the dung should offend him with the smell. The garden he trimmed with great care and diligence, that all might be pleasant, fresh, and fair.

2. And that garden indeed was a most beautiful and goodly thing, and such as might become a prince. For it lay extended in length a whole furlong. It was situate on a high ground, and had to its breadth four acres. To a spacious field one would easily have likened it. Trees it had of all kinds, the apple, the pear, the myrtle, the pomegranate, the fig, and the olive; and to these on the one side there grew a rare and taller sort of vines, that bended over and reclined their ripening bunches of grapes among the apples and pomegranates, as if they would vie and contend for beauty and worth of fruits with them. So many kinds there were of satives, or of such as are planted, grafted, or set. To these were not wanting the cypress, the laurel, the platan, and the pine. And towards them, instead of the vine, the ivy leaned, and with the errantry of her boughs and her scattered blackberries did imitate the vines and shadowed beauty of the ripening grapes.

Within were kept, as in a garrison, trees of lower growth that bore fruit. Without stood the barren trees, enfolding all, much like a fort or some strong wall that had bin built by the hand of art; and these were encompassed with a spruce, thin hedge. By alleys and glades there was everywhere a just distetermination of things from things, an orderly discretion of tree from tree; but on the tops the boughs met to interweave their limbs and leaves with one another's, and a man would have thought that all this had not bin, as indeed it was, the wild of nature, but rather the work of curious art. Nor were there wanting to these, borders and banks of various flowers, some the earth's own volunteers, some the structure of the artist's hand. The roses, hyacinths, and lilies were set and planted by the hand; the violet, the daffodil, and anagall the earth gave up of her own good will. In the summer there was shade, in the spring the beauty and fragrancy of flowers, in the autumn the pleasantness of the fruits; and at every season amusement and delight. 3. Besides, from the high ground there was a fair and pleasing prospect to the fields, the herdsmen, the shepherds, and the cattle feeding; the same too looked to the sea and saw all the boats and pinnaces a sailing by; insomuch that that was no small addition to the pleasure of this most sweet and florid place.

In the midst of this paradise, to the positure of the length and breadth of the

ground, stood a fane and an altar sacred to Bacchus. About the altar grew the wandering, encircling, clinging ivy; about the fane the palmito of the vines did spread themselves. And in the more inward part of the fane were certain pictures that told the story of Bacchus and his miracles; Semele bringing forth her babe, the fair Ariadne laid fast asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, wretched Pentheus torn limb from limb, the Indians conquered, the Tyrrhenian mariners transformed, Satyrs treading the grapes and Bacchae dancing all about. Nor was Pan neglected in this place of pleasure; for he was set up upon the top of a crag, playing upon his pipes and striking up a common jig to those Satyrs that trod the grapes in the press and the Bacchae that danced about it.

4. Therefore in such a garden as this that all might be fine, Lamo now was very busy, cutting and pruning what was withered and dry, and checking and putting back the too forward palmito. Bacchus he had crowned with flowery chaplets, and then brought down with curious art rills of water from the fountains, amongst the borders and the knots. There was a spring, one that Daphnis first discovered, and that, although it was set apart for this purpose of watering the flowers, was nevertheless, in favour to him, always called Daphnis his fountain.

But Lamo besides commanded Daphnis to use his best skill to have his goats as fat as might be; for their lord would be sure to see them too, who now would come into the country after he had bin so long away. Now Daphnis indeed was very confident, because he thought he should be looked upon and praised for them. For he had doubled the number he had received of Lamo, nor had a wolf ravened away so much as one, and they were all more twadding fat then the very sheep. But because he would win upon the lord to be more forward to approve and confirm the match, he did his business with great diligence and great alacrity. He drove out his goats betimes in the morning, and late in the evening brought them home. Twice a day he watered them, and culled out for them the best pasture ground. He took care too to have the dairy-vessels new, better store of milking-pails and piggins, and greater crates for the cheese. He was so far from being negligent in anything, that he tried to make their horns to shine with vernich, and combed their very shag to make them sleek, insomuch that if you had seen this you had said it was Pan's own sacred flock. Chloe herself too would take her share in this labour, and leaving her sheep would devote herself for the most part to the goats; and Daphnis thought 'twas Chloe's hand and Chloe's eyes that made his flocks appear so fair.

5. While both of them are thus busied, there came another messenger from the city, and brought a command that the grapes should be gathered with all speed; and told them withal he was to tarry with them there till the must was made, and then return to the town to wait upon his lord thither, the vintage being then at the height. This Eudromus (for that was his name, because he was a foot-page) they all received and entertained with great kindness; and presently began the vintage. The grapes were gathered, cast into the press; the

must made, and tunned into the vessels. Some of the fairest bunches of the grapes, together with their branches, were cut, that to those who came from the city a shew of the vintage-work and some of the pleasure of it might still remain.

6. And now Eudromus made haste to be gone and return to the town, and Daphnis gave him great variety of pretty gifts, but especially whatever could be had from a flock of goats; cheeses that were close pressed, a kid of the late fall, with a goatskin white and thick-shagged to fling about him when he ran in the winter. With this, Eudromus was very pleasantly affected, and kissed Daphnis, and told him that he would speak a good word for him to his master; and so went away with a benevolent mind to them.

But Daphnis went to feed his flock beside Chloe full of anxious thought; and Chloe, too, was not free from fear, namely, that a lad that had bin used to see nothing but goats, mountains, ploughmen, and Chloe, should then first be brought into the presence of his lord, of whom before he had heard nothing but only his name. For Daphnis, therefore, she was very solicitous, how he would come before his master, how he would behave himself, how the bashful youth would salute him. About the marriage, too, she was much troubled, fearing lest they might but only dream of a mere chance, or nothing at all. Therefore kisses passed between them without number, and such embracing of one another as if both of them were grown into one piece; but those kisses were full of fear, those embraces very pensive, as of them that feared their lord as then there, or kissed and clipped in hugger-mugger to him.

Moreover, then there arose to them such a distraction as this: 7. There was one Lampis, an untoward, blustering, fierce herdsman; and he amongst the rest had wooed Dryas for Chloe, and given him many gifts, too, to bring on and dispatch the marriage. Therefore, perceiving that if their lord did not dislike it, Daphnis was to have the girl, he sets himself to find and practise a cunning trick to enrage and alienate their lord. And knowing that he was wonderfully pleased and delighted with that garden, he thought it best to spoil that as much as he could and divest it of all its beauty. To cut the trees he durst not attempt, for he would then be taken by the noise. Wherefore he thinks to ruin the flowers; and when 'twas night, gets over the hedge, and some he pulled up by the roots, of some he grasped and tore the stems, the rest he trod down like a boar; and so escaped unheard, unseen.

Lamo the next morning went into the garden to water the flowers from the spring. But when he saw all the place now made a waste, and that it was like the work of a mischievous enemy rather than a thief or robber, he rent his clothes, and called so long upon the Gods, that Myrtale left all and ran out thither, and Daphnis, too, let his goats go where they would and ran back again. When they saw it, they cried out, lamented, and wept.

8. To grieve for the flowers it was in vain, but alas! their lord they feared. And indeed a mere stranger, had he come there, might very well have wept with them. For all the glory of the place was gone, and nothing now remained

but a luted soil. If any flower had escaped the outrage, it had yet, as it was then, a half-hid floridness and its glance, and still was fair although 'twas laid. And still the bees did sit upon them, and all along, in a mourning murmur, sang the funeral of the flowers.

And so Lamo out of his great consternation broke forth into these words: "Alas, alas, the rosaries, how are they broken down and torn! Woe is me, the violaries, how are they spurned and trodden down! Ah me, the hyacinths and daffodils which some villain has pulled up, the wickedest of all mortals! The spring will come, but those will not grow green again; it will be summer and these will not blow; the autumn will come, but these will give no chaplets for our heads. And didst not thou, Bacchus, lord of the garden, pity the suffering of these flowers, among which thou dwelledst, upon which thou lookedst, and with which I have crowned thee so often in joy and gladness? How shall I now shew this garden to my lord? In what mind will he look upon it? How will he take it? He will hang me up for an old rogue, like Marsyas upon a pine, and perchance poor Daphnis too, thinking his goats have done the deed." 9. With these there fell more scalding tears; for now they wept not for the flowers, but themselves. And Chloe bewailed poor Daphnis his case if he should be hanged up and scourged, and wished their lord might never come, spending her days in misery, as if even then she looked upon her sweet Daphnis under the whip.

But towards night Eudromus came and brought them word that their lord would come within three days, and that their young master would be there tomorrow. Therefore about what had befallen them they fell to deliberate, and took in good Eudromus into their council. This Eudromus was altogether Daphnis his friend, and he advised they should first open the chance to their young lord, and promised himself an assistant too, as one of some account with him; for Astylus was nursed with his milk, and he looked upon him as a foster-brother. And so they did the next day.

10. Astylus came on horseback, a parasite of his with him, and he on horseback too. Astylus was now of the first down, but his Gnatho (that was his name) had long tried the barber's tools. But Lamo, taking Myrtale and Daphnis with him, and flinging himself at the feet of Astylus, humbly beseeched him to have mercy on an unfortunate old man, and save him from his father's anger, one that was not in fault, one that had done nothing amiss; and then told him what had befallen them. Astylus had pity on the wretched suppliant, and went with him to the garden; and having seen the destruction of it as to flowers, he promised to procure them his father's pardon and lay the fault on the fiery horses, that were tied thereabouts, boggled o'er something, and broke their bridles, and so it happened that almost all the flowers everywhere were trodden down, broken, and torn, and flundered up.

At this, Lamo and Myrtale prayed the Gods would prosper him in everything; and young Daphnis soon after presented him with things made ready to that purpose; young kids, cream-cheeses, a numerous brood of hen-

and-chickens, bunches of grapes hanging still upon their palmitis, and apples on the boughs, and amongst them a bottle of the Lesbian wine, fragrant wine and the most excellent of drinks. 11. Astylus commended their oblation and entertainment, and went a hunting the hare; for he was rich, and given to pleasure, and therefore came to take it abroad in the country.

But Gnatho, a man that had learnt only to guttle, and drink till he was drunk, and afterwards play the lecher, a man that minded nothing but his belly and his lasciviousness under that, he had taken a more curious view of Daphnis then others had, when he presented the gifts. *Sed cum natura puerorum amator esset, inventa qualem ne in urbe quidem viderat forma, Daphnim aggredi decrevit, hoc facile ratus illi utpote homini caprario se persuasurum.*

When he had now thus deliberated with himself, he went not along with Astylus a hunting, but going down into the field where Daphnis kept, he said he came to see the goats, but came indeed spectator of the youth. He began to palp him with soft words, praised his goats, called fondly on him for a pastoral tune, and said withal he would speedily impetrate his liberty for him, as being able to do what he would with his lord. 12. *Ut autem ilium mansuetum sibiique morigerum vidit, nocte insidiatus capellas e pastu abducenti, accurrens oscula quaedam dedit; deinde ut more caprarum hircis suis copiam facientium sibi tergumi obvertet precatur. Haec cum tandem animadvertisset Daphnis et dixisset capras quod ineant hirci, id quidem se recte habere, sed hircum numquam quemquam vidisse inire hircum neque arietem pro ovibus arietem, neque gallos gallinarum loco gallos, ibt Gnatho velle vi adigere manusque inicere.* But Daphnis flung off this drunken sot, who scarce could stand upon his legs, and laid him on the ground, and then whipped away and left him. Nor would Daphnis endure it he should near him ever after, and therefore still removed his flocks, avoiding him and keeping Chloe carefully.

And indeed Gnatho did not proceed to trouble him further; for he had found him already not only a fair but a stout boy. But he waited an occasion to speak concerning him to Astylus, hoping to beg him of the gallant, as one that would bestow upon him many and better gifts then that. 13. But it was not a time to talk of it now; for Dionysophanes was come with his wife Clearista, and all about was a busy noise, tumultuous pudder of carriages, and a long retinue of menservants and maids. But he thought with himself to make afterwards a speech concerning Daphnis, sufficient for love, sufficient for length.

Dionysophanes was now half gray, but very tall and well-limbed, and able at any exercise to grapple in the younger list. For his riches few came near him; for honest life, justice, and excellent manners, scant such another to be found. He, when he was come, offered the first day to the president Gods of rural business, to Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and set up a common bowl for all that were present. The other days he walked abroad to take a view of Lamo's works; and seeing how the ground was ploughed, how swelled with

palmitis and how trim the vineyard was, how fair and flourishing the viridary (for as for the flowers, Astylus took the fault upon himself), he was wonderfully pleased and delighted with all; and when he had praised Lamo much, he promised besides to make him free.

Afterwards he went into the other fields to see the goats and him that kept them. ¹⁴ Now Chloe fled into the wood; for she could not bear so strong a presence and was afraid of so great a company. But Daphnis stood girt with a skin from a thick-shagged goat, a new scrip about his shoulders, in one hand holding green cheeses, with the other leading suckling kids. If ever Apollo would be hired to serve Laomedon and tend on herds, just so he looked as Daphnis then. He spoke not a word, but all on a blush, casting his eyes upon the ground, presented the rural gifts to his lord. But Lamo spoke: "Sir," quoth he, "this is the keeper of those goats. To me you committed fifty she's and two he's. Of them he has made you an hundred now and ten he-goats. Do you see how plump and fat they are, how shaggy and rough their hair is, how entire and unshattered their horns? Besides he has made them musical. For if they do but hear his pipe, they are ready to do whatsoever he will."

¹⁵ Clearista heard him what he said, and being struck with a longing to have it presently tried whether it were so indeed or not, she bids Daphnis to play to his goats as he wonted to do, promising to give him for his piping a coat, a mantle, and new shoes. Daphnis, when all the company was sate as a theatre, went to his oak, and standing under it drew his pipe out of his scrip. And first he blowed something that was low and smart, and presently the goats rose up and held their heads bolt upright. Then he played the pastoral or grazing tune, and the goats cast their heads downwards to graze. Then again he breathed a note was soft and sweet, and all lay down together to rest. Anon he struck up a sharp, violent, tumultuous sound, and they all rushed into the wood as if a wolf had come upon them. After a while he piped aloud the recall, and they wheeled out of the wood again and came up to his very feet. Never was there any master of a house that had his servants so obsequious to his commands. All the spectators admired his art, but especially Clearista, insomuch that she could not but swear she would give him the things she promised, who was so fair a goatherd and skilled in music even to wonder.

From this pleasure they returned to the cottage to dine, and sent Daphnis some of their choicer fare to the fields; ¹⁶ where he feasted himself with Chloe, and was sweetly affected by those delicates and confections from the city, and hoped he had pleased his lord and lady so, that now he should not miss the maid. But Gnatho now was more inflamed with those things about the goats; and counting his life no life at all unless he had Daphnis at his will, he caught Astylus walking in the garden, and leading him with him into Bacchus his fane, he fell to kiss his hands and his feet. But he inquiring why he did so and bidding him tell what was the matter with him, and swearing withal to hear and help him in anything, "Master, thy Gnatho is undone," quoth he; "for I who heretofore was in love with nothing but thy plenteous

table, and swore nothing was more desirable, nothing of a more precious tang, then good old wine, I that have often affirmed that thy confectioners and cooks were the sweetest things in Mytilene, I shall now hereafter for ever think that nothing is fair and sweet but Daphnis; and giving over to feed high, although thou art furnished every day with flesh, with fish, with banqueting, nothing could be more pleasant to me then to be turned into a goat, to eat grass and green leaves, hear Daphnis his pipe and be fed at his hand. But do thou preserve thy Gnatho, and be to him the victor of victorious love. Unless it be done, I swear by thee that art my God, that when I have filled my paunch with meat, I'll take this dagger and kill myself at Daphnis his door. And then you may go look your little pretty Gnatho, as thou usest daily to call me."

17. Astylus, a generous youth and one that was not to learn that love was a tormentous fire, could not endure to see him weep in such a manner and kiss his feet again and again; but promised him to beg Daphnis of his father to wait upon him at Mytilene. And to hearten up Gnatho, as he before had bin heartened up himself, he smiled upon him and asked him whether he were not ashamed to be in love with a son of Lamo's, nay, with a boy that kept goats. And while he said that, he made as if to show how abominable to him was the strong perfume of goats.

Gnatho on the other side, like one that had learnt the wanton discourse among good fellows in the drinking schools, was ready to answer him pat concerning himself and Daphnis thus: "We lovers, Sir, are never curious about such things as those. But wheresoever we meet with beauty, there undoubtedly we are catched. And hence it is that some have fallen in love with a tree, some with a river, some with a beast. And who would not pity that miserable lover whom we know fatally bound to live in fear of that that's loved? But I, as I love the body of a servant, so in that the beauty of the most ingenuous. Do you not see his locks are like the hyacinths? and his eyes under the brows like diamonds burning in their golden sockets? how sweetly ruddy are his cheeks, and his mouth rowed with elephant-pearl? And what lover would not be fond to take from thence the sweetest kisses? But if I love a keeper of flocks, in that I imitate the Gods. Anchises was a herdsman, and Venus had him; Branchus was a goatherd, and Apollo loved him; Ganymedes was but a shepherd, and yet he was the rape of the king of all. We ought not then to condemn a youth to whom we see even the goats, for very love of one so fair, every way obedient. Nay rather, that they let such a beauty as that continue here upon the earth, we owe our thanks to Jupiter's eagles."

18. At that word Astylus had a sweet laugh, and saying, "O what mighty sophisters this Love can make," began to cast about him for a fit time to speak to his father about Daphnis.

Eudromus hearkened in secret what was said, and because he both loved Daphnis as an honest youth and detested in himself that such a flower of beauty should be put into the hands of a filthy sot, he presently told both Daphnis and Lamo all that happened. Daphnis was struck to the heart with

this, and soon resolved either to run away with Chloe or to die with her. But Lamo, getting Myrtale out of doors, "What shall we do?" quoth he; "we are all undone. Now or never is our time to open all that hitherto has bin concealed. Gone is my herd of goats, and gone all else too. But by Pan and all the Nymphs, though I should be left alone to myself like an ox forgotten in a stall, I will not longer hide his story, but declare I found him an exposed child, make it known how he was nursed, and shew the significations found exposed together with him. And let that rotten rascal Gnatho know himself, and what it is he dares to love. Only make ready the tokens for me."

19. This agreed, they went again into the house. But Astylus, his father being at leisure, went quickly to him and asked his leave to take Daphnis from the country to serve him at Mytilene; for he was a fine boy, far above the clownish life, and one that Gnatho soon could teach the city garb. His father grants it willingly, and presently sending for Lamo and Myrtale, lets them know the joyful news that Daphnis should hereafter wait upon Astylus in the city, and leave his keeping goats; and instead of him he promised to give them two goatherds.

And now, when Lamo saw the servants running together and hug one another for joy they were to have so sweet a fellow-servant in the house, he asked leave to speak to his lord, and thus began: "Hear me, Sir, a true story that an old man is about to tell you. And I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not lie a jot. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor was Myrtale so happy as to be the mother of so sweet a youth. Other parents exposed that child, having enow before. And I found him where he was laid and suckled by a goat of mine; which goat, when she died, I buried in yonder skirt of the garden, to use her kindly because she had played the part of a mother. Together with him I found habiliments exposed and signs, methought, of what he was. I confess them to you, Sir, and have kept them to this day. For they make him of higher fortune then we have any claim to. Wherefore, although I think not much he should become the servant of the noble Astylus, a good servant of a good and honest lord, yet I cannot endure to have him now exposed to the drunken glutton Gnatho, and as it were be made a slave to such a drivel."

20. Lamo, when he had thus said, held his peace and wept amain. But Gnatho beginning to bluster and threatening to cudgel Lamo, Dionysophanes was wholly amazed at what was said, and commanded him silence, bending his brows and looking stern and grim upon him; then again questioned Lamo, charging him to speak the truth and tell him no such tales as those to keep Daphnis his son. But when he stood to what he said and swore to it by all the Gods, and would submit it to torture if he did deceive him, he examined every passage over again, Clearista sitting judge to him: "What cause is there that Lamo should lie, when for one he is to have two goatherds? And how should a simple country-fellow feign and forge such things as these? No, sure; it had been straightway incredible that of such an old churl and such an urchin as his wife there should come a child so fair."

21. And now it seemed best to insist no longer upon conjectures, but to view the tokens and try if they reported anything of a more noble and splendid fortune. Myrtale therefore went and brought them all to them, laid up safe in an old scrip. Dionysophanes looked first, and seeing there the purple mantle, the gold brooch, the dagger with the ivory heft, he cried out loud "Great Jupiter the governor!" and called his wife that she might see. She too, when she saw them, cried out amain, "O dear, dear Fates! are not these those very things we exposed with a son of our own? Did we not send Sophrone to lay him here in these fields? They are no other, but the same, my dear! This is our child without doubt. Daphnis is thy son, and he kept his fathers goats."

22. While Clearista was yet speaking, and Dionysophanes was kissing those sweet revelations of his child and weeping over them for joy, Astylus hearing it was his brother, flings off his cloak, and o'er the green away he flies in an earnest desire to be the first to entertain him with a kiss. Daphnis, seeing him make towards him so fast with such a company, and hearing his own name in the noise, thinking he came to apprehend him, flung away his scrip and his pipe, and in the scare set a running towards the sea to cast himself from the high crag. And peradventure the new-found Daphnis, strange to tell, had then bin lost, but that Astylus perceiving it cried out to him more clearly, "Stay, Daphnis; be not afraid; I am thy brother, and they thy parents that were hitherto thy lords. Now Lamo has told *his* all concerning the goat, and shewed the tokens thou hadst about thee. Turn thee and see with what a rejoicing, cheerful face they come along. But do thou kiss me first of all. By the Nymphs I do not lie." 23. After that oath he ventured to stand, and stayed till Astylus came at him, and then offered him a kiss.

While they were kissing and embracing, the rest of the company came in, the men-servants, the maids, the father, and with him the mother. Everyone kissed him and hugged him in their arms, rejoicing and weeping. But Daphnis embraced his father and his mother the most familiarly of all the rest, and dinged to them as if he had known them long before, and would not part out of their arms. So quickly comes belief to join with nature. And he forgot even Chloe for a little while.

24. And when they got back to the cottage, they turned him out of his old clothes and put him in a gallant habit; and then seated near his own father he heard him speak to this purpose: "I married a wife, my dear sons, when I was yet very young, and after a while it was my happiness (so I thought it) to be a father. For first I had a son born, the second a daughter, and then Astylus the third. I thought there was enow of the breed; and therefore I exposed this boy, who was born after the rest, and set hint out with those toys, not for the tokens of his stock but for sepulchral ornaments. But Fortune had other thoughts and counsels about him. For so it was that my eldest son and my daughter died on the same disease upon one and the same day. But thou, by the providence of the Gods, art kept alive and saved for us, in design to make us happy by more helps and manuductors to our age. So do not thou, when it comes in thy mind

that thou wast exposed, take it unkindly or think evil of me; for it was not with a willing mind. Neither do thou, good Astylus, take it ill that now thou art to have but a part for the whole inheritance; for to any man that's wise there is no possession more precious than a brother is. Therefore esteem and love one another, and for your riches compare and vie yourselves with kings. For I shall leave you large lands, servants industrious and true, gold and silver, all the fortunate possess. Only in special I give to Daphnis this manor, with Lamo and Myrtale, and the goats that he has kept."

25. While he was still going on in speech, Daphnis starting, "'Tis well remembered, father," quoth he; "'tis time to go and lead my goats to watering. They are now dry and now expecting my pipe, and I am loitering and lolling here." They all laughed sweetly at this, to see him that was now a lord turning into a goatherd again; and so another was sent away to rid his mind of that care.

And now, when they had sacrificed to Jupiter Soter, the saviour of the exposed child, they made ready a jovial, rejoicing feast. And only Gnatho was not there; for he was in a mighty fear, and took sanctuary in Bacchus his fane, and there he was a sneaking suppliant night and day. But the fame flying abroad that Dionysophanes had found a son, and that Daphnis the goatherd proved the lord both of the goats and the fields they fed in, the rurals came in with the early day, some from one place, some another, there to congratulate the youth and bring their presents to his father. And amongst these Dryas was first, Dryas to whom Chloe was nursling.

26. And Dionysophanes made them all stay as partakers of his joy and exultation, and to celebrate also the great feast of the Invention of Daphnis. Therefore great store of wine and bread was furnished out, water-fowl of all sorts, sucking-pigs, various curiosities of sweet cakes, wafers, simnels, and pies. And many victims that day were slain and offered to the Gods of Lesbos. Daphnis then, having got all his pastoral furniture about him, cast it into several offerings, his thankful donaries to the Gods. To Bacchus he dedicates his scrip and mantle, to Pan his whistle and his oblique pipe, his goat-hook to the holy Nymphs, and milking-pails that he himself had made. But so it is, that those things we have long bin acquainted withal and used ourselves to, are more acceptable and pleasing to us then a new and insolent felicity; and therefore tears fell from his eyes at every valediction to this and that, nor did he offer the pails to the Nymphs till he had milked into them first, nor his mantle till he had lapped himself in it, nor his pipe till he had piped a tune or two; but he looked wistly upon all the things and would not let them go without a kiss. Then he spoke to the she-goats, and called the he-goats by their names. Out of the fountain too he needs must drink before he goes, because he had drank there many a time, and with his sweetest, dearest Chloe. But as yet he did not openly profess to his love, because he waited a season to it.

27. And therefore in the mean time, while he was keeping holy-day, it was thus with poor Chloe: By the flocks she sate and wept, and complained to

herself and them, as it was like, in this manner: "Daphnis has forgot me. Now he dreams of a great marriage. To what purpose is it now, that instead of the Nymphs I would make him swear to me by the goats? He has forsaken them and me. And when he sacrificed to Pan and to the Nymphs, he would not so much as see Chloe. Perchance he has found a prettier wench then I amongst his mother's maids. Fare him well! But I must die, and will not live."

28. While thus she was maundering and afflicting herself, Lampis the herdsman, coming upon her with a band of rustics, ravished her away, presuming Daphnis had cast off all thoughts of Chloe and Dryas too would be content to let him have her. And so she was carried away, crying out most piteously. But one that saw it told it Nape, she Dryas, and Dryas Daphnis. This put Daphnis almost quite out of his wits, and to his father he durst not speak, nor was he able to endure in that condition; and therefore slinking away into the circuit-walks of the garden, broke forth into lamentations: "O the bitter invention of Daphnis! How much better was it for me to keep a flock! And how much happier was I when I was a servant! Then I fed my eyes with the sight of Chloe and my lips with her kisses; but now she is the rape of Lampis, and with him she lies to-night. And I stay here and melt myself away in wine and soft delights, and so in vain have sworn to her by Pan and by the goats."

29. These heavy complaints of Daphnis it was Gnatho's fortune to hear as he was skulking in the garden. And presently apprehending the happy hour to appease Daphnis and make him propitious, he takes some of A stylus his servants, makes after Dryas, bids them shew him to Lampis his cottage, and plucks up his heels to get thither. And lighting on him in the nick as he was hauling Chloe in, he took her from him and banged his band of clowns. And Lampis himself he endeavoured to take and bring him bound as a captive from some war; but he prevented that by flight. This undertaking happily performed, he returned with the night, and found Dionysophanes at his rest, but Daphnis yet watching, weeping, and waiting in the walks. There he presents his Chloe to him, gives her into his hands, and tells the story of the action; then beseeches him to bear him no grudge, but take him as a servant not altogether unuseful, and not interdict him the table to make him die for want. Daphnis, seeing Chloe and having her now in his own hands, was reconciled by that service, and received him into favour; then excused himself to Chloe for his seeming to neglect her.

30. And now advising together about their intended wedding, it was, they thought, the best way still to conceal it, and to hide Chloe in some hole or other, then to acquaint his mother only with their love. But Dryas was not of that opinion. He would have the father know the whole business as it was, and himself undertakes to bring him on. In the morning betimes, with Chloe's tokens in his scrip, he goes to Dionysophanes and Clearista who were sitting in the garden. And Astylus was there present, and Daphnis himself. And silence made, the old goatherd thus begun: "Such a necessity as Lamo had,

compels me now to speak those things that hitherto have bin concealed. This Chloe I neither begot nor had anything to do in her nursing up. But some others were her parents, and a sheep gave her suck in the Nymphaeum where she lay. I myself saw it done and wondered at it; wondering at it, took her home and brought her up. And the excessive sweetness of her face bears me witness to what I say; for she is nothing like to us. The fine accoutrements she had about her make it more apparent too; for they are richer then becomes a shepherd's coat. Here they are; view them well, seek out her kin, and so try whether at length she may not be found not unworthy to marry Daphnis."

31. These words, as they were not unadvisedly cast in by Dryas, so neither were they heard by Dionysophanes without regard. But casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing him look pale upon it and his tears stealing down his face, presently apprehended it was love. Then, as one that was solicitous rather about his own son then another man's daughter, he falls with all accurateness to reprehend what Dryas had said. But when he saw the monitory ornaments, her girdle, her ankle-bands, and her gilded shoes, he called her to him, bid her be of good cheer, as one that now had a husband and ere long should find her father and her mother. So Clearista took her to her care, and tricked her up and made her fine, as from that time her son's wife. And Dionysophanes, taking Daphnis aside, asked him if Chloe were a maid; and he swearing that nothing had passed betwixt them but only kissing, embracing, and oaths, his father was much delighted to hear of that pretty conjuration by which they had bound themselves to one another, and made them sit down together to a banquet brought in.

32. And then one might presently see what beauty was when it had got its proper dress. For Chloe being so clothed, washed, and dressed in her hair, did so outshine to every eye her former beauty, that her own Daphnis now could scarce know her. And any man, without the faith of tokens, might now have sworn that Dryas was not the father of so fair a maid. But he was there, and Nape, and Lamo and Myrtale, feasting at a private table.

And again for some days after, upon this invention of Chloe, were immolations to the Gods, and the settings up of bowls of wine. And Chloe consecrated her trinkets, that skin she used to wear, her scrip, her pipe, her milking-pails. She mingled wine, too, with that fountain in the cave, because close by it she was nursed, and had often washed in it. The grave of her nurse, shown to her by Dryas, she adorned with many garlands; and to her flock, as Daphnis had done, played a little on her pipe. Then she prays to the Goddesses that she might find them, that exposed her, to be such as would not misbecome her marriage with Daphnis.

33. And now they had enough of feasting and holy-days in the fields, and would return to Mytilene, look out Chloe's parents there, and speedily have a wedding on't. In the morning betime when they were ready to go, to Dryas they gave other three thousand drachmas; to Lamo half of that land, to sow and mow and find him wine, and the goats together with the goatherds, four

pair of oxen for the plough, winter clothes, and made his wife free. Then anon with a great pomp and a brave shew of horses and waggons, on they moved towards Mytilene.

And because it was night before they could come in, they escaped the citizens' gaping upon them. But the next day there was a throng of men and women at the door, these to give joys and rejoice with Dionysophanes who had found a son (and their joy was much augmented when they saw the excessive sweetness of the youth), those to exult with Clearista who had brought home not only a son but a bride too. For Chloe's beauty had struck the eyes of them, a beauty for its lustre beyond estimation, beyond excess by any other. In fine, the whole city was with child to see the young man and the maid, and now with loud ingeminations cried "A happy marriage, a blessed marriage." They prayed, too, the maid might find her birth as great as she was fair, and many of the richer ladies prayed the Gods they might be taken for mothers of so sweet a girl.

34. Now Dionysophanes, after many solicitous thoughts, fell into a deep sleep, and in that had this vision: He thought he saw the Nymphs petition Cupid to grant them at length a licence for the wedding; then that Love himself, his bow unbent and his quiver laid by, commanded him to invite the whole nobility of Mytilene to a feast, and when he had set the last bowl, there to show the tokens to everyone; and from that point commence and sing the Hymenaeus. When he had seen and heard this, up he gets as soon as day, and gave order that a splendid supper should be provided of all varieties, from the land, from the sea, from the marshes, from the rivers; and had to his guests all the best of the Mytilenaeans.

And when night was fallen and the last bowl was filled, out of which a libation is wont to be poured to Mercury, one of the servants came in with Chloe's trinkets upon a silver plate, and carrying them about towards the right hand, presented them to every eye. 35. Of the others there was none that knew them. Only one Megacles, who for his age sate last, when he saw them, knowing presently what they were, cried out amain with a youthful strong voice: "Bless me! what is this that I see? What is become of thee, my little daughter? Art thou yet indeed alive? or did some shepherd find thee and carry these home without thee? Tell me for God's sake, Dionysophanes, how came you by the monuments of my child? Envy not me the finding something after Daphnis."

But Dionysophanes bidding him first relate the exposing of the child, he remitted nothing of his former tone, but thus went on: "Some years ago I had but a scanty livelihood. For I spent what I had on the providing of plays and shews and the furnishing out the public galleys. In this condition I had a daughter born. And despairing, because of my want, of an honourable education for her, I exposed her with these monumental toys, knowing that even by that way many are glad to be made fathers. In a Nymphaeum she was laid, and left to the trust of the resident Goddesses. After that, I began to be

rich, and grew richer every day, yet had no heir; nor was I afterwards so fortunate as to

be father but to a daughter. But the Gods, as if they mocked me for what I had done, sent me a dream which signified that a sheep should make me a father."

36. Dionysophanes upon that burst out louder than Megacles, and sprung away into a near withdrawing-room, and brought in Chloe finely dressed as curiosity could do it. And in haste to Megacles "This," quoth he, "is that same daughter of thine that thou didst expose. This girl a sheep by a divine providence did nurse for thee, as a goat did my Daphnis. Take her tokens, take thy daughter; then by all means give her to Daphnis for a bride. We exposed both of them, and have now found them both. Pan, the Nymphs, and Love himself took care of both." Megacles highly approved the motion, and commanded his wife Rhode should be sent for thither, and took his sweet girl to his bosom. And that night they lay where they were; for Daphnis had sworn by all the Gods he would not let Chloe go, no, not to her own father.

37. When it was day, 'twas agreed to turn again into the fields. For Daphnis and Chloe had impetrated that, by reason of the strangeness of city conversation to them. Besides, to the others too it seemed the best to make it a kind of pastoral wedding. Therefore coming to Lamo's house, to Megacles they brought Dryas, Nape to Rhode, and all things were finely disposed and furnished to the rural celebration. Then before the statues of the Nymphs her father gave Chloe to Daphnis, and with other more precious things suspended her tokens for offerings in the cave. Then in recognition of Dryas his care, they made up his number ten thousand drachmas.

38. And Dionysophanes for his share, the day being serene, open, and fair, commanded there should be beds of green leaves made up before the very cave, and there disposed the villagers to their high feasting jollity. Lamo was there and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kindred and friends, Philetas and his lads, Chromis and his Lycaenium. Nor was even Lampis absent; for he was pardoned by that beauty that he had loved.

Therefore then, as usually when rural revellers are met together at a feast, nothing but georgics, nothing but what was rustical was there. Here one sang like the reapers, there another prattled it and flung flirts and scoffs as in the autumn from the press. Philetas played upon his pipes, Lampis upon the hautboy. Dryas and Lamo danced to them. Daphnis and Chloe clipped and kissed. The goats too were feeding by, as themselves part of that celebrity; and that was not beyond measure pleasing to those from the city, but Daphnis calls up some of the goats by their names, and gives them boughs to browse upon from his hand, and catching them fast by the horns, took kisses thence.

39. And thus they did not only then for that day; but for the most part of their time held on still the pastoral mode, serving as their Gods the Nymphs, Cupid, and Pan, possessed of sheep and goats innumerable, and nothing for food more pleasant to them than apples and milk. Besides, they laid a son

down under a goat, to take the dug, and a daughter that was born after him under a sheep. Him they called Philopoemen, her they named the fair Agelaea. And so the pastoral mode grew old with them. The cave they adorned with curious work, set up statues, built an altar of Cupid the Shepherd, and to Pan a fane to dwell instead of a pine, and called him Pan Stratiotes, Pan the Soldier.

40. But this adorning of the cave, building an altar and a fane, and giving them their names, was afterwards at their opportunity. Then, when it was night, they all lead the bride and bridegroom to their chamber, some playing upon whistles and hautboys, some upon the oblique pipes, some holding great torches. And when they came near to the door, they fell to sing, and sang, with the grating harsh voices of rustics, nothing like the Hymenaeus, but as if they had bin singing at their labour with mattock and hoe. But Daphnis and Chloe lying together began to clip and kiss, sleeping no more then the birds of the night. And Daphnis now profited by Lycaenium's lesson; and Chloe then first knew that those things that were done in the wood were only the sweet sports of children.

FINIS

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE: 1890 Vizetelly Translation



Anonymous Translation, 1890

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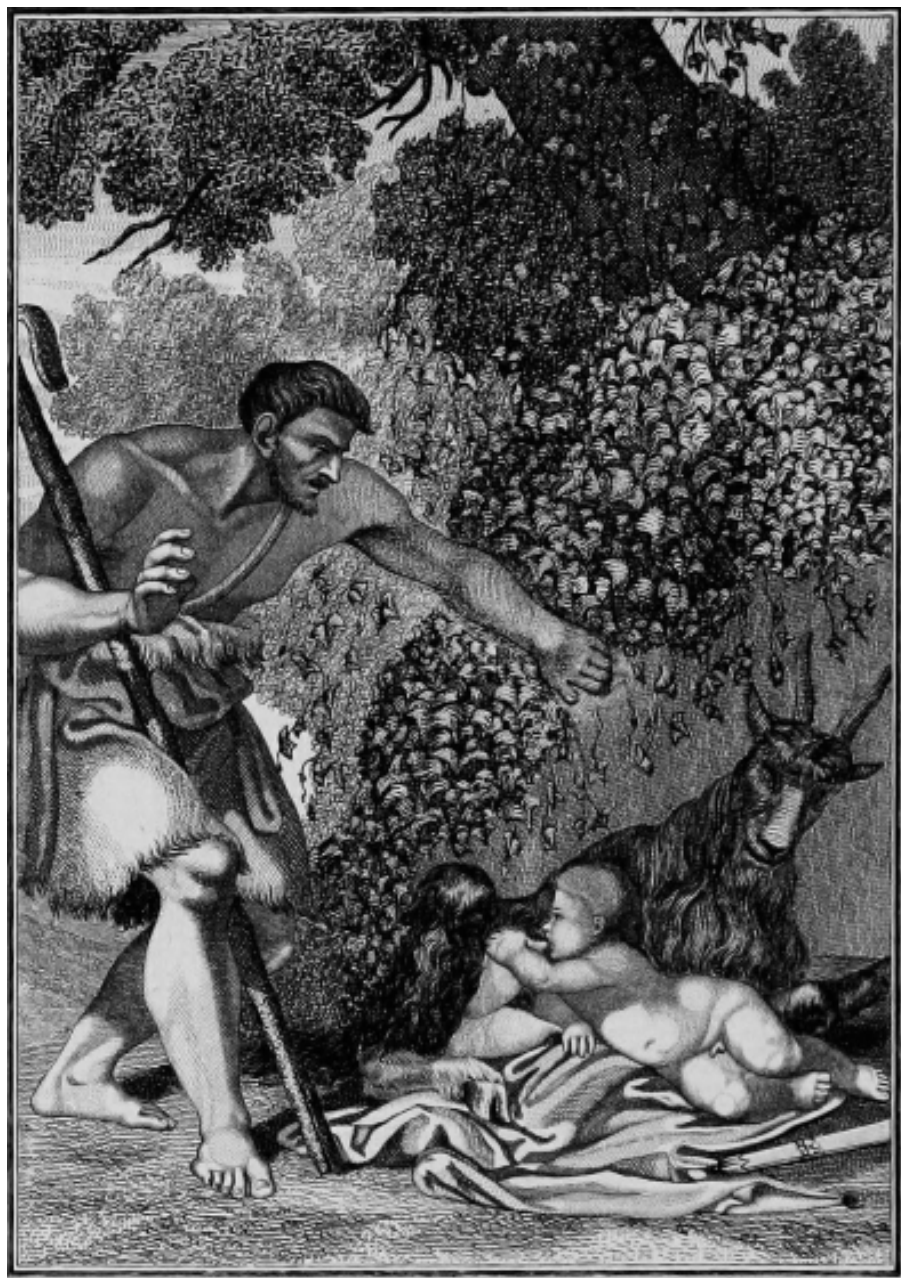
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'Daphnis and Chloe' by François Boucher



The original frontispiece

Translator's Preface

Many of the masterpieces of modern literature rest upon a classical foundation and it is not surprising that Bernardin de Saint-Pierre should have borrowed the idea of 'Paul and Virginia' from Longus's 'Daphnis and Chloe.' It has been remarked that, so far as moral tone and elevation of sentiment are concerned, there is some analogy between Saint-Pierre's renowned masterpiece and Dio Chrysostom's so-called 'Euboean Story.' This may be admitted, but it is probably only a fortuitous coincidence, whereas the points of resemblance between the romance of Mauritius and the legend of Lesbos are so striking and numerous that the one can only have been based upon the other. Both tales describe the dawn and progress of love in the hearts of an unsophisticated youth and girl. In either case the budding sensations and sentiments of the lovers are the same. When Saint-Pierre describes Virginia awakening to a sense of the tender passion, he employs very much the same language as Longus in regard to Chloe. No doubt this is but a repetition of the eternal theme, as old as the world itself; but, again, in regard to the simple lives led by the heroes and heroines of the respective tales, their rustic occupations and amusements, many striking points of resemblance may be traced. M. Villemain in his well-known 'Essai sur les Romains Grecs,' has instituted an elaborate comparison between the two stories, and to this the curious upon the subject may be referred. Villemain not unnaturally placed Saint-Pierre's romance above Longus's pastoral; but Goethe, it should be remembered, bestowed the palm upon the latter. However, whatever analogy may exist between the two stories, it is somewhat unfair to judge them side by side. In one important particular they are essentially different. The ethics of Longus's pastoral are pagan, whereas those of Saint-Pierre's narrative are inspired by the principles of Christianity.

Of the author of 'Daphnis and Chloe' very little indeed is known. Longus is not mentioned by either Photius or Suidas, who have preserved the names of so many Hellenic writers of romance, and some critics have assumed that he never existed, contending that a Greek author could not have borne a Latin name. From a remark prefixed to one of the most ancient manuscript copies of 'Daphnis and Chloe,' it would appear, however, that Longus did exist and that he was a sophist, one of those disputative philosophers who were distinguished for their subtleties and false axioms. There our information ends, meagre no doubt, but as full as that which we possess with regard to various other classic authors, whose names are equally famous.

In the original Greek 'Daphnis and Chloe' is written in an elegant but affected style, the author not only abusing of antithesis and reiteration, but frequently indulging in a play upon words, as is usual with writers of a period of decline.

These and other characteristics of the text have led critics to assume that

Longus lived in the fourth century of our era, probably during the reign of Theodosius the Great. His tale would appear to have exercised considerable influence upon subsequent Greek romances, both in regard to incident and style; and it is also said to have suggested the modern pastorals, particularly those which appeared in Italy in the sixteenth century. On this last point critics differ in opinion, but Dunlop has shown that the argument against the suggestion, based on the fact that the Greek text of the tale was never printed till close upon the seventeenth century, is of very little weight; for a French version of the pastoral had appeared in 1559, and a Latin one had been issued in Italy ten years later. Moreover, with regard to such pastoral pieces, either in the dramatic or narrative form, as appeared in Italy prior to 1559, it may be observed that manuscript copies of the Greek romance existed in various libraries, at Florence, Rome, and elsewhere, and, to these such writers as D'Urfé, Montemayor, Beccari, and Tasso may possibly have had access.

With regard to its influence upon English literature, Dunlop has pointed out that there is considerable analogy between Longus's pastoral and Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd' — the plot of which was suggested to Ramsay by a friend who had derived it from 'Daphnis and Chloe.' It may also be mentioned that Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' — which in its turn suggested many passages of Milton's 'Comus' — was indirectly derived from Longus, being based upon the 'Pastor Fido' of Guarini, which is known to have been borrowed from the Greek story. Chloe, a model of fidelity in Longus's narrative, becomes, it is true, a thorough wanton in Fletcher's 'tragi-comedy.' Indeed, so far as the characters and incidents introduced into the two compositions are concerned there is little or no resemblance between them; nevertheless, it is more than probable that, but for the Lesbian tale, one of the most delightful pastorals of our literature would never have been written.

It was Jacques Amyot, afterwards Bishop of Auxerre and Grand Almoner of France, who first rendered Longus's story into a living European language. Since his time fifty editions of the Greek text, and as many editions of translations in various tongues, have issued from the press, testifying to the interest of the work for scholars, and to its popularity among readers in all parts of the civilized world. Amyot's version, first printed in 1559, and couched in quaint yet graceful French, long enjoyed a high reputation among men of letters. Based, however, upon an incomplete manuscript copy of the Greek text it was necessarily imperfect, and the same may be said of all the other translations that appeared prior to 1809.

The first Greek edition of the pastoral — still incomplete but containing various passages that did not appear in Amyot's work — was published at Florence in 1598; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries numerous scholars of well-nigh every nationality in Europe occupied themselves in examining and comparing all the known manuscript copies of the work, and in editing improved versions of the original text. Still, none of these were perfect, the narrative being interrupted in the first book of the tale

by a 'hiatus deflendus' which it seemed impossible to supply. In 1809, however, Paul Louis Courier, whilst making some researches in the Laurentian Library at Florence, discovered there a manuscript copy of the story containing the very passage which was deficient in all the other known versions, and the absence of which had for centuries excited the curiosity and baffled the learning of scholars. Courier's discovery caused a great stir in the world of letters, and many would have liked to verify it. But this did not prove practicable, for scarcely had Courier transcribed the passage in question when he himself obliterated it by an unfortunate accident with his pen and ink.

Never did blot — a huge one, it is true — provoke a greater outcry or more wrangling. Napoleon was at that time changing the face of Europe, promenading an ever victorious army from one capital city to another. But scholars paid little heed to the feats of the French arms. Their great concern was Courier and his discovery, and especially that terrible blot which prevented them from verifying his transcription of the Greek text. The wrangling lasted for many years: whilst the attention of the world was claimed in turn by Wagram, Moscow, and Leipzig, Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena, there were for Greek scholars but two subjects of interest — the pillage of the Parthenon by Lord Elgin and the blot which had obliterated that long missing passage in 'Daphnis and Chloe.'

It is possible, of course, that Courier may have made some trifling mistakes in his transcription of the original; but that he was a first-rate Greek scholar — and consequently fairly worthy of confidence in this matter of the obliterated passage — was afterwards shown by the skilful manner in which he remodelled Amyot's translation of the pastoral — producing not only a more complete but also a more faithful French version of the work than any previously attempted. Nowadays this version of Courier's is the one most usually read in France.

The story of 'Daphnis and Chloe' was first rendered into our own language by George Thornley as far back as 1657; in 1764 another translation of it was made by James Craggs, and in 1803 a third English version appeared - the work of the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, who issued it anonymously, with a dedication to Robert Bloomfield, author of 'The Farmer's Boy.' It is upon this latter version that the present edition is based. A rendering of the fragment subsequently discovered by Courier has been duly inserted together with other passages omitted from the Le Grice edition, so that the story as here given will be found virtually complete. It may be mentioned, however, that the language of Longus has, in certain instances, been very considerably chastened.

With regard to the illustrations of the present volume the page engravings are from the designs of the famous French artists Prudhon and Gérard, originally made for the 'Amyot edition' of the pastoral published by Pierre Didot in 1800, while the head and tailpieces are reproductions of the plates designed by the Regent, Philip of Orleans, for the edition which he caused to

be issued in 1718.

Author's Proem

In the island of Lesbos, whilst hunting in a wood sacred to the Nymphs, I beheld the most beauteous sight that I have seen in all my life — a painting which represented the incidents of a tale of love. The grove itself was charming; it contained no lack of flowers, trees thick with foliage and a cool spring, which nourished alike trees and flowers. But the picture was more pleasing than aught else, by reason both of its amorous character and its marvellous workmanship. So excellently was it wrought indeed that the many strangers who had heard speak of it came thither to render worship to the Nymphs and to view it. Women in the throes of childbirth were depicted in it, nurses wrapping infants in swathing clothes, little babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune, animals suckling them, shepherds carrying them away, young people exchanging vows of love, pirates at sea, a hostile force scouring the country; with many other incidents, all amorous, which I viewed with so much pleasure and found so beautiful that I felt desirous of recording them in writing. Accordingly I sought for someone who could fully explain them to me, and having been informed of everything I composed these four books, which I dedicate as an offering to Cupid, to the Nymphs and to Pan; hoping that the tale will prove acceptable to many classes of people, inasmuch as it may serve to cure illness, console grief, refresh the memory of him who has already loved, and instruct him who as yet knows not what love is. Never was there and never will there be a man able to resist love, so long as beauty exists in the world and there are eyes to behold it.

The Gods grant that, whilst describing the emotions of others, I may remain undisturbed myself.

Book 1

Mitylene is a beautiful and extensive city of Lesbos intersected by various channels of the sea flowing through and around it, and adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine on beholding it that it was a collection of islets rather than a city. About twenty-four miles from Mitylene a rich man had an estate, none finer than which could be found in all the surrounding country. The neighbouring woods abounded with game, the fields yielded corn, the hillocks were covered with vines, there was pasture land for the herds, and the whole was bounded by the sea, which washed an extensive smooth and sandy shore.

In this estate whilst a goatherd named Lamon was tending his herds in the fields, he found a little child whom one of his she-goats was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles covered with intermingling branches of ivy, whilst, underneath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass upon which the infant was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook herself, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements, and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat he followed her and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, whilst the babe took hold of her udder as if this had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, whilst near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and only to carry off the tokens which had been left with it; but he soon felt ashamed of showing himself less humane than his goat, and at the approach of night he took up the infant and the tokens, and, with the she-goat following him, went home to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale, who was astonished at the sight, asked if goats now gave birth to babes instead of kids; whereupon her husband recounted to her every particular of the discovery, saying how he had found the child lying on the grass and the goat suckling it, and how ashamed he had felt at the idea of leaving the babe to perish. His wife declared that it would have been wrong to do so, and they thereupon agreed to conceal the tokens and to adopt the child. They employed the goat as his nurse, affirmed on all sides that he was their own offspring, and in order that his name might accord with their rustic condition they called him Daphnis.

Two years had elapsed, when Dryas, a neighbouring shepherd, met with a similar adventure whilst tending his flock. In this part of the country there was

a grotto called the Grotto of the Nymphs, which was hollowed out of a large rock rounded at the summit. Inside there were statues of the Nymphs carved in stone; their feet bare, their arms also naked, their hair flowing loosely upon their shoulders, their waists girt, their faces smiling and their attitudes similar to those of a troop of dancers. In the deepest part of the grotto a spring gurgled from the rock, and its waters spreading into a copious stream refreshed the soft and abundant herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milkpails, transverse flutes, flageolets and pastoral pipes were suspended — the votive offerings of many an old shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock, which had lately lambed, frequently resorted to this grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future and to keep her with the flock, as previously, twisted some green osiers so as to form a noose, and went to seize her in the grotto. But upon his arrival there he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe presenting, with all the tenderness of a real mother, her udder to an infant, which, without uttering the faintest cry, eagerly turned its clean and glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it as soon as it had had its fill. This child was a girl and, in addition to the garments in which it was swathed, it had, by way of tokens to ensure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the Gods and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessing of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them; and when the time came for driving his cattle from their pasture, he returned to his cottage, and related all the circumstances of his discovery to his wife, exhibiting the foundling and entreating her to observe secrecy, and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called), at once adopted the infant, for which she soon felt a strong affection, being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself a mother, and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics. The former had completed his fifteenth year and Chloe her thirteenth, when on the same night a vision appeared to Lamon and Dryas in a dream. They each thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the grotto, where the fountain played and where Dryas had found the little girl, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a young boy of very sprightly gait and beautiful mien, who had wings on his shoulders, and who carried a little bow and some arrows in his hand. The urchin lightly touched the young people with one of his shafts, and commanded them to devote themselves to a pastoral life. To Daphnis he gave the charge of goats, whilst to Chloe he committed the care of sheep.

When this vision appeared to the shepherd and the goatherd they were

grieved to think that their adopted children should like themselves be destined to tend animals. From the tokens found with the infants, they had augured for the latter a better fortune, and in this expectation they had brought them up in a more delicate manner, and had procured for them more instruction and accomplishments than usually fall to the lot of shepherds' offspring.

It appeared to them, however, that with regard to children whom the Gods had preserved, the will of the Gods must be obeyed; and, each having communicated his dream to the other, they repaired to the grotto, offered up a sacrifice to the companion of the Nymphs, 'the winged boy,' with whose name they were unacquainted, and then sent the youth and maiden forth into the fields, having, however, first instructed them in their pastoral duties. They taught them for instance, whither they should guide their herds before the noon-day heat, whither they should conduct them when it had abated, — at what time it was meet to lead them to the stream, and at what hour they should drive them home to the fold. They showed them also in which instances the use of the crook was required, and in which the voice alone would suffice.

The young people received the charge of the sheep and goats with as much exultation as if they had acquired some powerful sovereignty, and felt more affection for their animals than shepherds usually feel: for Chloe reflected that she owed her preservation to an ewe, and Daphnis remembered that a she-goat had suckled him.

It was then the beginning of spring. In the woods and meadows, and on the mountains the flowers were blooming amid the buzzing murmurs of the bees, the warbling of the birds, and the bleating of the lambs. The sheep were skipping on the slopes, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded among the bushes. All nature joined in rejoicing at the springtide, and Daphnis and Chloe, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carols of the birds, they sang; at sight of the playful skipping of the lambs they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, whilst with others they wove chaplets which they carried as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks and herds together, and carried on all their avocations in common. Daphnis frequently collected such of the sheep as had strayed, and if a goat ventured too near a precipice Chloe drove it back. Sometimes one took the entire management both of the goats and the sheep, whilst the other was engaged in some amusement. Their sports were of a childish, pastoral character; Chloe would neglect her flock to roam in search of day-lilies, the stalks of which she twisted into traps for locusts; while Daphnis often played from morn till eve upon a pipe, which he had formed of slender reeds, perforating them between their joints, and securing them together with soft wax. The young folks now often shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal of the food which they had brought from

home as provision for the day; and the sheep might sooner have been seen to disperse and browse apart, than Daphnis to separate himself from Chloe.

Whilst they were thus intent on their childish amusements, Love devised a scheme to interrupt their sports. Frequent depredations had been made among the neighbouring flocks by a she-wolf, who had carried off a large number of lambs as food for the whelps which she had but lately dropped. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug several pits, six feet in width and twenty-four in depth. The greater part of the loose soil dug out of these pits was carried to a distance and scattered about, the remainder being spread over some long dry sticks which were laid across the mouth of the pits, so that the spot might have a level and natural appearance as previously. But the sticks were weaker than straws, so that if merely a hare should run over them they would break and reveal the fact that there was but a show of soil and no firm ground. The villagers dug many of these pits both in the mountains and in the plains, but the wolf scented the snare, and they were unable to catch her. Many of their own goats and sheep, however, were killed by falling into these pits, and Daphnis himself very narrowly escaped death.

It happened as follows: two he-goats, belonging to his herd, were jealous of one another, and at last engaged in fight, butting at each other so violently that one of them had a horn broken, and ran away in great pain, bellowing loudly. The victor pursued as fast as the other fled, as if determined not to leave his foe in peace; and Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken and that the conqueror was not content with having thus injured him, took up his crook, and darted after the pursuer. Daphnis hurried on in such hot wrath and the goat fled in such trepidation, that neither of them observed what lay in their path, and they both fell into one of the pits, the goat first and Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving the latter's life, the animal serving him as a support in his fall. Poor Daphnis, at the bottom of the pit, began to lament his sad mishap with tears, anxiously hoping that some one would pass by, and draw him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that her companion was still alive, she called a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. The herdsman obeyed the summons, but upon looking for a rope for the purpose of drawing Daphnis out, none was to be found: upon which Chloe unfastened the cord which bound her hair, and gave it to the herdsman who let one end of it down to Daphnis. Then the herdsman and Chloe, holding the other end of the cord, placed themselves at the edge of the pit, and pulled as strongly as they could, whilst Daphnis climbed up as well as he was able, and at last was extricated from his prison.

They then drew up the unfortunate goat, who had had both his horns broken by the fall, thus suffering a just punishment for his revengeful persecution of his defeated fellow-combatant; and they gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance and agreed between themselves that, if the family at home should inquire after the animal, they would say that he

had been carried off by the wolf.

After this they returned to their goats and sheep, and finding them browsing quietly and orderly, they sat down at the foot of an oak tree and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any injury. They found no hurt or blood upon him, but there was a quantity of mud and dirt about his hair and indeed his whole person, and he thought it would be best to cleanse himself, lest Lamon and Myrtale should suspect what had befallen him. Accordingly, he proceeded with Chloe to the spring, in the grotto of the Nymphs, and, having given her his tunic and scrip in charge, repaired to the water's edge to wash his hair and person.

His locks were as black as ebony and fell upon his neck which the sun had tanned; but one might have imagined that it was the shadow of his hair that thus darkened the colour of his skin. As Chloe looked at him it occurred to her that he was very handsome; and as this idea had never occurred to her before, she attributed his comeliness to the effects of the bath. She washed his back and shoulders for him, and whilst she did so, his skin seemed to her to be so fine and soft that more than once, unobserved by him, she touched herself, doubting which of them had the softer and more delicate skin.

As it was getting late when they left the grotto, the sun being already very low, they drove their goats and sheep homeward, and from that time forth, the one longing in Chloe's mind was to see Daphnis bathe again. When they returned on the morrow to the pasture, Daphnis, seated under an oak as usual, played his pipe and looked at his goats, which were lying down, listening apparently to the strains. Chloe, seated near him, could see her sheep browsing, but she more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis, who was playing the pipe; and, as she gazed at him, she again found him very handsome. Thinking it was the music that now gave him a comely look, she took the pipe from him and played upon it in hopes that by doing so she herself would appear beautiful. Finally, she urged him to bathe again, and whilst he bathed she watched him and could not abstain from touching his skin. Then, on her way homeward in the evening, she thought of him admiringly; and that thought was the beginning of love.

Daphnis soon became the only person whom she thought of and cared for, and everything spoke of him to her. This simple maid, brought up in the fields, and ignorant even of the very name of love, could not have expressed what she felt, but her heart was heavy, and, despite herself, her eyes very often filled with tears. She spent days without taking food and nights without obtaining sleep; she laughed and wept by turns; she would doze and suddenly awake with a start; she would turn pale and immediately afterwards her cheeks became suffused with a blaze. A cow stung by a dunfly is not so distracted as she was. From time to time she fell into a sort of reverie, and when she was quite alone she would reason thus:

"I am ill, and yet I do not know my complaint. I suffer, and yet I bear no wound. I feel afflicted, and yet I have not lost any one of my sheep. I burn,

although I am seated in the deep shade. How many times have the brambles torn my skin and yet I did not cry? How many bees have pricked me with their stings and yet I was soon cured? Thus that which has now wounded me in the heart must be keener than all those! It is true that Daphnis is handsome, but he is not the only one that is comely. His cheeks are rosy, no doubt, but so are the flowers; he sings, but so do the birds. And yet after seeing the flowers and hearing the birds I no longer think of them as I think of him. Ah! Would that I were his pipe so that I might touch his lips! Would that I were his little kid that he might take me in his arms! O cruel fountain that hast rendered him so handsome, canst thou not beautify me as well? O Nymphs! You leave me to die — me, whose birth you witnessed, and whom you beheld living here among you! But when I am gone, who will make you garlands and nosegays, and who will take care of you, my little lambs? And you, also, my pretty locust, whom I caught with so much trouble? Alas! What does it now avail that you should chirp in the noontide heat? Your song can no longer lull me to rest beneath the grottoes; Daphnis has robbed me of sleep!”

Thus did the suffering maiden speak and sigh, trying to understand what fire it was that she experienced, but unable even to tell its name.

However, Dorcon, the herdsman, who had extricated Daphnis and the goat from the pit, a young fellow upon whose chin the first down was just sprouting, had already, on the occasion of that meeting, become enamoured of Chloe, and his passion for her increased day by day. Paying little heed to Daphnis, who seemed to him but a child, he resolved to try everything — presents, artifice, and, if need were, even force — to win her; and he was the more determined, since he already knew the meaning of love. He first made presents to them both. To Daphnis he gave a shepherd’s pipe, the nine reeds of which were secured together with metal instead of wax — and to the maiden, a fawn’s skin, covered with white spots, such as is worn by the Bacchantes, and suitable for Chloe to throw over her shoulders. Then, thinking that such gifts sufficed to make both of them his friends, he began to neglect Daphnis, but brought some fresh present to Chloe every day. Sometimes he would give her cheeses made of cow’s milk, sometimes ripe fruit, sometimes garlands of fresh flowers, or birds which he had captured in their nests. On one occasion even he presented her with a goblet, gilded at the edges, and on another with a little calf from the mountains.

She, simple and unsuspecting, being totally unaware that all these gifts were but a lover’s baits, accepted them willingly, and allowed it to be seen that she was greatly pleased with them; but her pleasure consisted less in possessing them than in being able to share them with Daphnis.

Now, one day Daphnis — it was written that he also should experience the torments of love — quarrelled with Dorcon. They disputed as to which of them was the better-looking of the two, and it was agreed that Chloe, who was present, should judge between them, a kiss from her to be the victor’s prize.

Dorcon was the first to speak.

"I," he said, "am taller than Daphnis. I keep oxen, whilst he keeps goats; and just as an ox is more valuable than a goat, so is a herdsman, like myself, superior to a goat-herd. My skin is as white as milk, my hair as golden as ripe wheat; I am as fresh as the leaves in spring. And no wonder, for it was my own mother, not an animal, that suckled me when I was a babe. Daphnis is short and puny, with no more beard than a woman, whilst his body is as tawny as a wolf's skin. By living, too, among his goats, he has contracted a goatish smell. And, besides, he is a mere goat-herd, so poor that he has not even enough means to keep a dog of his own. It is said — and I really believe it — that he was suckled by a goat; and, being a goat's suckling, it is no marvel if he has a goatish look."

Thus spake Dorcon, and Daphnis replied: "Yes, like great Jove, I was suckled by a goat, and I keep goats; and my goats are more healthful than this man's oxen will ever be. I lead my goats to pasture, but I have not their smell about me; nor does Pan smell like a goat though there be more of the goat in his nature than aught else. For sustenance I am content with milk, cheese, hard bread, and light wine, the usual food of such rustics as we are; and whilst I share it with you, Chloe, I have no thought as to what the rich man may eat. I have no beard, it is true, nor, for the matter of that has Bacchus any beard. I am dark, too, but so is the hyacinth. And Bacchus is superior to the Satyrs, and the hyacinth is preferred to the lily. This man is red-haired like a fox, white-skinned like a town-wench, and he will soon be as bearded as a he-goat. If it be I whom you kiss, Chloe, you will kiss my lips, but if it be he, you will kiss those bristles which are sprouting about his mouth. Remember, shepherdess, that an ewe suckled you with her milk, and yet you are none the less fair."

On hearing this last word Chloe could restrain herself no longer. Partly to acknowledge the pleasure which she felt on hearing herself thus praised, and partly because she had long desired to kiss Daphnis, she tripped to her feet, and, in a pretty, simple way, gave him the prize. Hers was truly an artless, unsophisticated kiss, and yet it was well calculated to inflame a stripling's heart.

Dorcon, finding himself vanquished, fled into the woods to hide his shame and displeasure, and to devise some other means of succeeding in his love affairs. As for Daphnis it was as if he had been stung, not kissed, by Chloe. He became sad; he sighed and shivered, and his heart beat more quickly. He turned pale when he looked at Chloe, and then suddenly a flush suffused his face. For the first time he now admired the fairness of her hair, the softness of her eyes, and the freshness of her complexion, which was whiter even than the cream-cheese made with the milk of her ewes. It might have been supposed that he was now for the first time endowed with sight, and that he had formerly been blind. From that day forth he merely tasted his food, and only just moistened his lips with drink. He, who had been merrier even than the grasshoppers, became thoughtful and silent; he who had been accustomed to

skip about like his kids, remained seated and motionless. His herd was forgotten; his pipe lay uncared for on the ground; his head was bowed like a flower that droops over its stalk; he was consumed by inward fire, parched like the grass in the hot weather; he knew joy no longer, and no more gaily prattled, unless, indeed, he were speaking to Chloe or about her.

Sometimes when he was alone, he walked along, saying to himself: "Ah! What strange effects I feel from that kiss which Chloe gave me! Her lips are more tender than rose-buds, her mouth is sweeter than the honeycomb, and yet that kiss has left a sting sharper than the sting of a bee! I have frequently kissed my kids; I have kissed her newly-dropped lambs, and the little calf which Dorcon gave her, but that kiss of Chloe's is something new and wonderful! My breath is gone — my heart pants — my spirit sinks within me and dies away; and yet I long to kiss her in return. O fatal victory! O strange disease, which I know not how to name! Could Chloe have tasted some poison before she kissed me? If so, how is it that she survives? How sweetly the swallows twitter, whilst my pipe is mute! How gaily the kids skip and play, whilst I sink into listless repose! How beautifully the flowers shoot forth, but I am not weaving garlands! The violets and the lilies of the valley are blooming, but Daphnis droops and fades away. Dorcon will soon appear more comely than myself!"

Such were the sensations of poor Daphnis, and thus he vented his feelings; like one within whose heart the sparks of love have for the first time been kindled.

In the meantime Dorcon, the herdsman, who also entertained a passion for Chloe, was watching for an opportunity to address Dryas on the subject; he knew him already, having met him when he was tending cattle in the fields; and, now, finding him one day employed in staking a vine, he ventured to approach him, taking with him some fine cheeses made from cow's milk. First of all he begged Dryas to accept the cheeses as a present; then he reverted to their old acquaintance as fellow-herdsmen, and finally he informed him of the affection which he felt for his daughter, Chloe. He promised that, if he were so happy as to obtain her as his wife, he was prepared to offer him the handsomest gifts which a herdsman could bestow — a yoke of oxen fit for the plough, four hives of bees, fifty young apple trees for planting, the hide of an ox already tanned as well as a weaned calf annually.

Dryas was almost tempted by this display of friendship and these splendid promises to give his assent to the marriage; but on the other hand he reflected that the girl seemed destined for a higher connection, and he feared that he might find himself in an irremediable difficulty should the maiden ever be identified and her parents learn that he had married her to a man of such low condition, merely for the sake of some presents. For this reason he refused his assent and declined all the gifts, at the same time entreating Dorcon not to be offended.

Dorcon, being thus disappointed for the second time and having given his

cheeses away to no purpose, conceived a plan of carrying off Chloe by force, whenever he might find her alone; and having observed that she and Daphnis alternately conducted the flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme which would naturally strike the invention of a herdsman. One of his bulls, fighting in defence of the herd, had killed a large wolf with his horns; and Dorcon threw this wolf's skin over his back, so that it completely covered him, and adjusted it in such a manner that the skins of the fore legs concealed his arms and hands, while those of the hind legs hung down to his very heels. The animal's head with its widely-extended jaws cased his own as completely as a soldier's helmet.

Having thus "be-wolfed" himself as well as he was able he repaired to the spring, where the sheep and goats usually drank as they returned from pasture. This spring was in a dell, and the furze, brambles, junipers and thistles around it were so thick, that a real wolf might easily have chosen the spot as a lurking place. Here Dorcon concealed himself and anxiously waited for the arrival of the thirsty flocks; hoping that Chloe would be so startled and terrified by his wolfish appearance that he would be able to seize her and effect his purpose.

He had not remained there long when Chloe came to the spring with the sheep and the goats, leaving Daphnis engaged in cutting some green leaves as fodder for the kids in the evening. The dogs (the guardians of the sheep and goats) accompanied Chloe, and scenting about in their usual manner they discovered Dorcon who was in the act of rising up to seize their mistress. Taking him for a wolf they set up a full cry, rushed upon him and began to bite before he could recover from his astonishment. The wolf-skin for a time protected him from their teeth, and the shame of a discovery operated so strongly that he remained in the thicket without calling out; but when Chloe, alarmed on seeing a wolf's head among the brambles, summoned Daphnis to her aid, and when the skin was torn off by the herdsman's assailants, who began to bite Dorcon's person, he shrieked aloud, entreating the assistance of the damsel and of Daphnis, who had now arrived at the spot. The dogs were easily appeased by the well-known voices of their master and mistress, who conveyed the lacerated Dorcon to the spring, where they washed the bites which they discovered on his legs and shoulders. Then chewing some elm-leaves they spread them as a salve on the wounds. Innocent themselves, and totally ignorant of the desperate enterprizes of lovers they imagined that Dorcon's disguise was a mere piece of rustic sport, and, far from being angry with him, they led him by the hand a part of the way home and, after condoling with him, bade him farewell.

Dorcon, having thus been rescued from the jaws of the dogs and not, as the old adage has it, from those of the wolf, went home to nurse himself; while Daphnis and Chloe were occupied until nightfall in the difficult task of collecting their sheep and goats, which being terrified by the sight of the wolfskin and the barking of the dogs had dispersed in different directions. Some had sprung upon the highest rocks, and some had fled down to the

shore. They had, indeed, been instructed to obey their keeper's call; in any alarm the pipe usually sufficed to soothe them, and if they became scattered a clapping of the hands would collect them; but terror had now made them forget their former discipline, so that Daphnis and Chloe were compelled to track them as if they had been hares; and it was only after great difficulty and trouble that they brought them back to the pens. Then they themselves retired to rest, and this was the first night, for a long time past, that they slept soundly: they found that fatigue was the best remedy for the restlessness of love. But with the morning their usual sensations returned. When they met, they rejoiced; when they parted, they felt sad. They pined with grief and felt a longing which they could not describe. They knew this only — one of them, that he had lost his peace of mind by a kiss, — the other that her suffering dated from a bath. The season too was the season of love.

The spring was now over; the summer had begun and all things were in the height of beauty. The trees were covered with fruit; the fields with corn. Charming was the chirp of the grasshoppers, delightful was the bleating of the flocks, luxuriant the aspect of the fields. It was pleasant to breathe the balmy air; you might have fancied that the rivers were asleep so slowly and silently did they flow along, while the breezes sighed and piped as they breathed through the branches of the pines. The apples fell to the ground as if eager to be gathered by the passing lover. Every superfluous garment was thrown aside, and the sun beamed forth as if desirous of gazing at the charms which were exposed to his rays. Daphnis, finding the warmth intolerable, plunged into the rivers; sometimes he merely bathed, sometimes he amused himself with trying to catch the fish which slipped between his fingers and glided through the water, and sometimes he drank of the stream as if he wished to extinguish the flame which he felt within him. Chloe, when she had milked her ewes, and sometimes Daphnis' goats as well, had great difficulty in making the milk curdle, for the gnats were very troublesome and if she flapped them away they stung her. However, after her work was done she washed her face, crowned herself with a garland of pine-leaves, put the fawn-skin about her waist and filled a bowl with wine and milk as a beverage for herself and Daphnis.

When noontide drew nigh they felt more ardently in love than ever; Chloe pined and languished at the sight of Daphnis's comeliness which seemed to be without flaw or blemish, and when Daphnis beheld Chloe in her fawn-skin and with the garland of pine-leaves about her brow holding out the bowl to him, he fancied that he beheld one of the Nymphs of the grotto, and drawing near he took the garland from her head and placed it on his own. Then she, while he was bathing, took his dress and donned it after kissing it lovingly. Sometimes they sportively began to pelt each other with apples, and on other occasions they amused themselves with adorning each other's hair, which they braided in various forms. Chloe compared the black hair of Daphnis to myrtle-berries; while he likened her cheeks to apples where the white is

suffused with red. At other times he taught her to play on the pipe, and as she began to breathe into it he snatched it from her, pressed the reeds to his lips and made them sound, under pretence of teaching her and rectifying her errors; but in reality his purpose was to kiss those parts of the instrument which her lips had touched, and thus the pipe became a conductor for his kisses.

While he was thus amusing her in the noon-day heat, with their flocks around them reposing in the shade, Chloe imperceptibly fell asleep. Daphnis, perceiving it, laid down his pipe and while he gazed on her, charms he thus sighed to himself: "What eyes are those which are now closed in sleep! What a mouth is that which breathes so sweetly! Neither apples nor wild-flowers have so sweet a scent! Ah! But I fear to kiss it! Her lips sting me to the heart, and like new honey drive me mad! Besides, a kiss would awaken her! O chattering grasshoppers, if you chirp so loudly you will disturb my Chloe! Those vexatious goats are fighting noisily with their horns: surely the wolves are grown more timid than foxes that they do not come and seize them!"

At this moment his soliloquy was interrupted by a grasshopper, which, in springing from a swallow that pursued it, fell into Chloe's bosom. As the swallow hovered over her and brushed her cheek with its fluttering wings, the damsel started and screamed; but, seeing the swallow still fluttering near her and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, her fear vanished and she rubbed her eyes which were yet heavy with sleep. The grasshopper chirped from her bosom, as if in gratitude for its deliverance, and Chloe on hearing it screamed again; whereupon Daphnis laughed, and took the little chatterer from its hiding-place. It still kept chirping in his hand. Chloe was pleased at seeing the innocent cause of her alarm, and having kissed it, she put it in her bosom again, where it resumed its song.

On another occasion they delighted themselves with listening to a ring-dove cooing in the neighbouring wood, and upon Chloe inquiring what the bird meant by its note, Daphnis told her the well-known fable which is related to all who ask that question.

"Long ago, my dear," he said, "there was a maid who, like yourself, was beautiful and in the flower of youth. She tended cattle and she sang so sweetly that the herds were delighted with her song, and she needed neither the crook nor the goad to manage them; they obeyed her voice, and gazed at and listened to the maid as she sat under the shade of a pine tree, crowned with a garland of its leaves and singing the loves of Pan and Pitys the Nymph. A youth, who pastured his herds at a little distance and who was handsome and fond of melody, vied with her in singing: as he was a man his voice was deeper, but as he was young it was also very sweet. He sang, and his song allured eight of her best cows to his own pastures. The maid was mortified at the loss of her cattle, and at being so much excelled in song; and, in her despair, she prayed the Gods to convert her into a bird before she reached her home. The Gods assented to her prayer, and transformed her into a bird: in

which shape, as in her former one, she abides in the mountains, and delights in singing. Her notes bespeak her misfortune, for she is calling her wandering cows."

Such were the delights which summer brought them, but when the autumn came, and the black grapes were covered with a thick bloom, some pirates of Tyre, who had put to sea in a Carian bark, so that they might not be taken for foreigners, approached the coast, and landed, armed with swords and bucklers. They plundered everything that fell in their way. They carried off fragrant wine, corn in great plenty, hives full of honey, and even some of Dorcon's cattle. As they were scouring the country, here and there, it happened that they met Daphnis, who was musing in a melancholy mood and rambling by the sea-shore, quite alone. Chloe, for fear of some rude rustics, did not venture forth so early: it was only when the sun was already high that she drove Dryas's flock to pasture. When the pirates saw the handsome youth, who, they knew, would be a prize of greater value than all the plunder they could find in the fields, they ceased to pursue the goats or to search for other spoil, and dragged him to their vessel, while he wept in despair, and called loudly on his Chloe.

They had put him on board, slipped their cable, and were rowing from the shore when Chloe came up, carrying in her hand a new pipe as a present for Daphnis. But when she saw the goats running about in confusion, and heard Daphnis calling out to her each moment in a louder voice, she quitted her sheep, threw down the pipe, and ran towards Dorcon's pasturage, beseeching him to assist her. She found him lying on the ground: the pirates had hacked him with their swords and he could scarcely breathe, for the blood was flowing from him in streams. But at the sight of Chloe the memory of his love momentarily revived him, and he exclaimed: "I shall shortly be no more, my dear Chloe; I fought in defence of my cattle, and those wicked robbers, the pirates, have reduced me to this state. But you, Chloe, must save Daphnis and avenge me by destroying them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of this pipe, and to obey its call, even if they be grazing at the greatest distance. Take this pipe; play upon it the notes in which I once instructed Daphnis, and in which Daphnis instructed you. Do this, and you will see the consequences. I give you this pipe with which I obtained the prize in contending with many a shepherd and many a herdsman; give me in return for this gift but one kiss, while yet I live. When I am dead, bewail me: and when you see another tending my flocks, remember Dorcon."

As Dorcon ceased speaking, Chloe gave him a farewell kiss, and with this kiss upon his lips he resigned his breath. Then Chloe raised the pipe to her lips and blew with all her strength, and the cows hearing the pipe and recognising the notes began to low and all at once leaped into the sea. As they all plunged from the same side the vessel was upset, the waves closed over it and it sank. The crew and Daphnis fell into the sea and came to the surface again but they had not equal chances for preservation. The pirates had their swords

at their sides and their bucklers slung behind them, while their greaves reached to the middle of their legs; whereas Daphnis, as usual when he tended his herd in the plains, had not even his sandals on, and, moreover, as the season was very warm, he was scarcely dressed. All of them swam for a little time, but the weight of their equipments soon drew the pirates to the bottom, whereas Daphnis kept afloat having easily thrown off the few garments that encumbered him. Still as he had been accustomed to swim merely in rivers he only buoyed himself up with difficulty, and his distress was great when fortunately necessity taught him what course he should adopt; he darted forward between two of the cows, grasped a horn of each of them and was then carried along as securely and naturally as if he had been riding in his own wain. For cattle, it should be said, can swim much better and for a much longer time than men; and no living creatures surpass them in this respect unless it be the aquatic birds and the fish. And indeed no bullock nor cow would ever be in danger of drowning if it were not that the horn of their hoofs becomes softened by the water. To this fact many channels of the sea testify, such as that which even now is called the Bosphorus, meaning the oxen's ford.

Thus was Daphnis delivered from two perils — from the pirates and from drowning, and in a manner beyond all expectation. When he reached the shore where he found Chloe smiling through her tears, he fell on her bosom and inquired what had led her to play those particular notes. She then related everything that had occurred, her running to Dorcon, his ordering her to pipe those notes which his cows were accustomed to obey, and finally his dying at her feet. She only forgot or purposely omitted to mention the kiss that she had given him.

They now determined to pay the last honours to their benefactor, and accordingly they came with the neighbours and relatives of the deceased and buried him. They threw up over his grave a large pile of earth, round which they planted several trees, and upon these they hung the first-fruits of their autumnal labours. Then they poured upon the grave libations of milk and juice pressed from the grapes, and broke many pastoral pipes. The cattle were heard lowing most lamentably, several of them were seen wandering and running about in disorder and the shepherds believed that these were lamentations and marks of sorrow for their departed master.

When the funeral was over Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs where she assisted him in his ablutions, and then for the first time in his presence she washed her own white polished form which needed no bath, however, to enhance its loveliness. Then they gathered some of the flowers of the season, crowned the statues with garlands and hung up Dorcon's pipe as a votive offering to the Nymphs. This being accomplished they returned to their sheep and goats which they found lying on the ground neither browsing nor bleating but worried, as it were, by the absence of their keepers. However, as soon as Daphnis and Chloe came in view of the animals and called to them in

their usual manner and sounded their pipes, the sheep sprang up and began to browse, while the goats skipped about as if exulting in the return of their herdsman.

But Daphnis was unable to tune his soul to joy since he had seen Chloe bathing. He felt a gnawing pain at his heart as if some venom were secretly at work there. Now he panted as if he were flying from some pressing pursuer; and now his breath was quite gone as if he were exhausted with running and had no strength left him. The bath which Chloe had taken was apparently more fraught with peril than the sea from which he had escaped. As for himself he attributed his feelings to being in fancy still among the pirates. The rustic youth was as yet ignorant of the wiles of love.

Book 2

It was now the middle of autumn — the vintage season was at hand, and everyone was busy in the fields. One prepared the wine presses, another cleansed the jars, and another twisted the osiers into baskets. Each had a separate employ — in sharpening the pruning hooks, in suspending the mill-stone for pounding the grapes, after they had been trodden underfoot, or in preparing dry osiers, stripped of their bark, which were to serve as torches, so that the must might be drawn off during the night. Daphnis and Chloe neglected their flocks for a time to share in the labours of the vintage. He carried the grapes in baskets, threw them into the wine-press, trod them, and then helped to draw off the wine into the jars; while she prepared food for the grape-gatherers, and brought them some wine of the previous year so that they might quench their thirst. Sometimes she also employed herself in plucking the lower bunches of grapes; and indeed almost all the vines in Lesbos grew low. Instead of shooting upwards, or twining around trees, they spread their branches downwards, and some of the branches trailed along, like ivy, so close to the ground, that an infant might have culled the fruit.

The women, who, according to the custom at this festival of Bacchus, the vintage season, were called from the neighbouring villages to lend assistance, cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and exclaimed that he was as handsome as Bacchus himself. Indeed one of the most forward of these wenches gave him a kiss, which elated Daphnis, but tormented poor Chloe.

On the other hand, the men treading in the wine-presses were loud in their praises of Chloe, and at sight of her they danced and stamped like so many Satyrs in presence of a Bacchante; exclaiming that they would gladly become sheep to be fed and tended by such a shepherdess. These compliments delighted Chloe, and tormented poor Daphnis.

Each of them thus wished the vintage at an end, so that they might return to their usual haunts and, instead of this senseless clamour, hear the sound of their pipes and the bleating of their sheep.

In a few days the vines were stripped, the grapes were trodden, and the wine was poured into the jars, so that fewer hands were wanted, and they were at liberty to drive their flocks to the fields. In the fervour of their joy they went to pay their adoration to the Nymphs, carrying vine-branches laden with clusters of grapes, as first-fruit offerings of the vintage. Indeed, they had never passed the grotto without leaving some token of respect. In the morning when they led their flocks to pasture, and again in the evening ere they started home, they paid worship to the Deities, and presented either a flower, a green bough, some fruit, or a libation of milk, as an offering; and this piety, as we shall see presently, had its reward. But now their gratitude and joy were extravagant; they sprang about, like young dogs just let loose from their kennels; they piped, they sang; and they wrestled together in imitation of their

goats and rams.

While they were thus disporting and enjoying themselves, an old man, clothed in a coarse garment of goatskin, with shabby shoes on his feet, and with a wallet (and that wallet a very old one) at his back, came up to them, seated himself near them, and addressed them as follows:

“I, my children, am old Philetas. I have often sung the praises of the Nymphs of yonder grotto, I have often piped in honour of Pan, and I was wont to guide my herds by the music of my voice. If I have come to you here, it is to acquaint you with what I have seen and to relate to you what I have heard. I have a garden which I cultivate with my own hands, and in which I have never ceased to work since I have been too old to attend my herds. In this garden I obtain every product of nature in due season; in the spring it abounds with roses, lilies, hyacinths, and violets of the deepest bloom; in the summer with poppies, pears, and apples of every kind; and now in autumn, with grapes, figs, pomegranates and green myrtles. A variety of birds fly into my garden every morning, some in search of food, and some to warble in the shade, for the boughs grow very thick, and three fountains water the cool retreat. So thickly is it planted with trees that if it were not enclosed with a wall, it might be taken for a natural wood.

“As I entered it to-day about noon, I espied a little boy among my pomegranates and myrtles, some of which he had gathered; and he was holding them in his hands. His complexion was as white as milk, his hair ruddy like flames, while his countenance shone as if it had just been washed. He was naked and alone, and was amusing himself with plucking my fruit with as much freedom as if it had been his own garden. Being apprehensive lest he might commit more mischief and break my plants, I sprang forward to seize him, but the little rogue skipt lightly from me, sometimes gliding between the rose-trees, and sometimes hiding himself like a young partridge under the poppies.

“I formerly exerted myself to good purpose in running after my sucking kids, or in catching my newly-dropt calves as they skipped around their mothers, but this urchin was so nimble, that it was utterly impossible to lay hold of him. Old as I am I soon became weary of the pursuit; so, leaning on my staff to support myself, and keeping my eyes on him that he might not escape, I asked him what neighbour he belonged to, and what he meant by trespassing in another person’s garden.

“He made no reply, but approaching near me, he smiled sweetly in my face, and pelted me with myrtle-berries, and (I know not how) so won upon me, that I could not be angry. Then I entreated him to come to me, and assured him that he need not be afraid, for I swore by the myrtles, that if he only gave me one kiss I would give him apples and pomegranates in plenty, and that ever afterwards he should have liberty to gather as much fruit and as many flowers as he pleased.

“Upon hearing me thus address him, he burst into a loud laugh; and

gracefully, in a voice sweeter than that of the nightingale, the swallow, or the swan — were the latter even as old as I am — he replied, ‘It would not pain me to kiss you, Philetas, for I am as willing to kiss, as you can be to grow young again; but consider whether the gift would suit your age: for if I gave you but one kiss, old though you are, you could not stay from pursuing me; and yet there is no hawk, or eagle, or any other bird, swift as may be his flight, that can overtake me. I am not the child you take me to be. I look like a child; but I am older than Saturn, aye, older than Time himself. I knew you well, Philetas, when you were in the flower of your youth, and when you tended your wide-spread herds in yonder marsh. I was near you, when you sat beneath those beech-trees, and piped and sang the praises of your sweetheart Amaryllis: I was close to the damsel, but you could not discern me. I gave her to you, and some brave boys, who are now excellent husbandmen and herdsmen, are the pledges of your love. At the present time I have taken charge of Daphnis and Chloe; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I retire to your garden: here I amuse myself with your flowers and plants, and here I bathe in your fountain. Through me it is that your flowers and shrubs thrive so charmingly, for the waters, which have bathed me, refresh them. Look now, if any of your plants be broken down! See if any of your fruit be plucked! Examine whether the stalk of any flower be crushed, or the clearness of your fountain disturbed! Rejoice rather, old man, that you are the first, who at your age ever won the good will of this little boy.’

“With these words he sprang like a young nightingale among the myrtles, and climbing from bough to bough ascended through the foliage to the summit of a tree. I observed wings upon his shoulders, and between them a bow and arrows, but to my great astonishment, a moment afterwards I could see neither him nor them. Now, if I have not grown grey in vain, if I have not grown foolish, whilst growing old, you may rely on me, when I tell you, that you are consecrated to Love, and that Love has adopted you as his own.”

Daphnis and Chloe were delighted, but they regarded what they heard as a fable rather than as fact; and they inquired of Philetas, who and what this Love could be? Whether he was a boy or a bird? And what powers he could exert?

“My young friends,” replied Philetas, “Love is a God, young, beautiful, and ever on the wing. He, therefore, rejoices in the company of youth, he is ever in search of beauty, and gives wings to the souls of his favourites. His power far exceeds that of Jove. He commands the elements: he rules the stars: he governs the world: and even the Gods themselves are more obedient to him than your flocks are to you. All these flowers are the works of Love: these plants and shrubs are his offspring. — Through him these rivers flow, and these zephyrs breathe. Whoever is smitten by him is struck, as it were, with madness. I have seen the bull swayed by love, lowing as if the dunfly had stung him; I have seen the young he-goat in love with the she-goat, and following her everywhere. I myself was young and felt Love’s influence. I

loved Amaryllis. I forgot to eat or to drink; and I could take no rest, for sleep was banished from my eyelids. My soul was sad, my heart beat quick, my limbs felt a deadly chill. Now I wept and cried aloud, as if I had been beaten, now I was as silent as if I were dead, and now I plunged into the rivers, as if to extinguish the flame which consumed me. I called upon Pan to assist me, as he also had suffered in his love for Pitys. I poured forth praises to the Nymph Echo for repeating the name of Amaryllis. I broke my pipes because, although they brought my herds to me, they could not allure Amaryllis: for there is no remedy for the passion, no beverage, no charm, no song, no words that can ease the lover; nothing is of any avail save kisses and the closest embraces."

Philetas, having given them this and further information, bade them farewell, but before they permitted him to depart, they presented him with a cheese, and a kid whose horns were just beginning to sprout. Then, being left to themselves, they mused in silence upon the name of Love, which they had just heard for the first time. Their distress was now greater than before, and on returning home, they spent the night in comparing their own sensations with what they had heard from Philetas.

"Philetas said that they who are smitten by Love, become sad; so are we sad: — that they care neither for food nor drink; nor do we: — that they cannot sleep; nor can we: — that they burn; and we feel a fire within us: — that they are always desirous of each other's company; and all we long for is that daylight may soon return. So our disorder must be Love, and we have learnt to love each other without being conscious of it. But if this be love, surely we are loved; so what else can it be that we long for? Why are we so sad and restless? Why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas told us is true. The boy, whom he saw in the garden, is he who appeared to our parents in the dream, and commanded that we should be devoted to a pastoral life. How is it possible to catch the urchin? He is little, and will flee from us. At the same time, who can flee from him? He has wings, and will pursue us. Ought we to implore the assistance of the Nymphs? But then Pan did not help Philetas when he loved Amaryllis. He told us that our only remedy would be in kissing and embracing one another."

Such was their conversation as they walked homeward in the evening. On the morrow at daybreak, when they led their flocks to pasture, they kissed each other as soon as they met — which they had never done before — and opening their arms exchanged an embrace. Further than that they durst not go. To do exactly as Philetas had told them appeared too bold to a young shepherdess like Chloe, aye, even to a young goatherd like Daphnis. Again did they pass a sleepless night, their minds busy in thinking of what they had done; and they reflected:

"We kissed, yet it was of no avail, we embraced, yet we found no relief. The sole remedy for love must consist in reposing side by side. Surely there must be something more efficacious than kissing."

Their dreams, as might be expected after such thoughts, were dreams of

love and kisses. When they arose on the morrow they were more than ever inflamed with passion, and whilst urging on their flocks they longed to meet again so that they might renew their kisses. As soon as they espied one another they hastened forward with smiling faces, kissed and embraced. The other remedy, however, was still left untried. Daphnis was unwilling to mention it, and Chloe durst not take the initiative. But chance led them to it in this wise. They were seated side by side under an oak, and, having once tasted of the pleasure of kissing, were unable to cease their endearments. To kiss the closer they embraced one another, and as Daphnis strained Chloe to his bosom, she fell upon her side and he with her. For a long time they remained thus locked in one another's arms, without thought of aught else, for they imagined that love had nothing further to bestow. The evening found them in the same embrace, and then, cursing the approach of night, they parted and drove their flocks homeward. They might perchance have soon become enlightened as to the mysteries of love had not a great tumult arose in the surrounding country.

Some rich young men of Methymna, having formed a pleasure-party for the vintage-season, had embarked in a small vessel, employing their servants as rowers and shaping their course towards the fields of Mitylene, which lie near the sea-shore. They knew that there was here an excellent harbour for them, and that this part of the coast was well adapted for bathing, and decked moreover with handsome edifices, gardens, and groves, some the productions of nature, and some the productions of art.

Here the party arrived, journeying slowly along the coast, touching here and there as their fancy prompted them, and amusing themselves in various ways, without annoyance to any one. Sometimes with rod and line they would angle the fish which swim among the rocks; sometimes with their dogs and nets they would catch the hares which had fled from the vineyards, terrified by the noise of the grape gatherers. Part of their amusement also was to set snares for birds in favourable spots, and they often caught wild ducks, wild geese, bustards, and such other feathered game as frequents the lowlands; and in addition to the pleasure of the sport they thus, in a great measure, supplied their table. Whatever else they might require was easily procured from the labourers in the fields, who were paid more than the value for every thing which they supplied. The young men were mostly inconvenienced by the lack of bread and wine, and good lodging at night time, for as it was late in autumn, they did not think it safe to sleep on board their boat, but in apprehension of the storms, usual at this season, drew the craft on shore.

Now, it happened that a countryman had broken the old rope, by which the stone was suspended for crushing his grapes after they had been trodden in the wine-press, and being in want of another to supply its place, he had come at night time to the sea-shore, when, finding that the boat had been left without any one to watch it, he had taken the cable by which it was moored, and conveyed it home to supply his need. In the morning the young

Methymnaeans made inquiries after their rope, but no one confessed the theft, and after venting their reproaches at this breach of hospitality, they launched their boat and proceeded along the coast. After voyaging rather more than a league they landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe dwelt; this appearing to them to be a favourable spot for hare-hunting. Having no cable to moor their bark they twisted some green osiers, the longest they could find, into the form of a rope, and by this means secured the prow of the boat to the shore. Then they let their dogs loose to scent about for game, and fixed their nets. But the dogs in barking and running about hither and thither frightened the goats, who speedily fled from the slopes to the shore, where some of the boldest of them, finding no pasture on the sands, drew nigh to the boat and gnawed the osier-withe which served as a mooring.

A breeze blowing from the hills caused the waters to swell, and the boat as soon as its moorings parted, was carried off by the waves and borne out to sea. The Methymnaeans perceived the accident, and some of them ran hastily down to the shore, whilst others hurriedly called the dogs together: and all of them cried out so loudly for assistance that the country folk, shepherds, vintagers and labourers came to the spot. But no assistance could avail them, for the wind increased and drove the boat before it with such violence that it was soon out of sight. When the Methymnaeans found themselves thus deprived of their bark, and of all the property which it contained, they inquired for the goatherd, and finding him to be Daphnis, they began to strip him and beat him. One of them even took a dog-leash, and bending Daphnis's arms behind his back, prepared to bind him. Poor Daphnis, smarting with his beating, cried out for assistance; calling upon all his neighbours, and upon Lamon and Dryas in particular. These old men heard his call and hastened to the spot. They were still vigorous, with hands hardened by the toils of husbandry, and they stoutly took the young man's part against the Methymnaeans, demanding an inquiry in accordance with the rules of justice. The neighbours who had reached the spot, seconded this demand, to which the Methymnaeans consented, and Philetas, the herdsman, was appointed umpire in the business. He was the oldest man present, and was celebrated among the villagers for the equity of his decisions. Forthwith the Methymnaeans preferred their charge in plain and concise language, suited to the rustic judge before whom they appeared.

"We came here," they said, "to hunt, and having fastened our boat to the shore with a withfe of osiers, we roamed about with our dogs in search of game. In the meantime this young man's goats came to the shore and ate the osiers that secured our boat, whereby it was lost. You yourself saw it borne out to sea: and what valuables think you it contained? Why, a great store of raiment and dog-gear, and more money than would suffice to purchase all these fields around us? As some compensation for what we have lost, we have surely a right to carry off this heedless goatherd, who understands his calling so badly that he pastures his goats on the sea-shore."

Thus spoke the Methymnaeans. Daphnis was in a sorry plight from the blows he had received, but seeing Chloe among the crowd, he bore his pain without complaint, and answered as follows:

“I am, and always have been very careful of my goats, and no one in the village can say that a goat of mine ever browsed in his garden, or devoured any of his sprouting vines. These sportsmen are themselves to blame, for their dogs are so badly broken that they ran about here and there barking so loudly that they alarmed my goats, and like so many wolves drove them from the slopes towards the shore. No wonder that the poor animals ate the osiers, could they find grass, or shrubs, or thyme upon the sands? The sea and the winds destroyed the boat: let the storm bear the blame and not my goats. They say that they had left their clothes and money on board; but who, in his senses, can believe that a boat freighted with so much wealth had but a withe of osiers as its cable?”

Daphnis ceased speaking and burst into tears, whereat all his countrymen were moved with compassion, and Philetas, the judge, having to render his sentence, swore by Pan and the Nymphs, that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in fault, that only the sea and the winds could be accused, and that they were not under his jurisdiction. But this decision failed to content the Methymnaeans, who, in a great fury, seized Daphnis and would have bound him, had not the villagers, irritated at such behaviour, sprung upon them as thick as starlings and rescued the young goatherd, who, on his side, began to fight in his own defence. With stones and sticks the villagers soon put the Methymnaeans to flight, and did not desist from the pursuit, till they had driven them from that part of the island.

While the country folk were engaged in the pursuit, Chloe led Daphnis gently by the hand to the Grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed away the blood from his face and nostrils. Then taking some bread and cheese from her scrip she entreated him to eat, and, to comfort him the more efficaciously, pressed her tender lips to his, and gave him a kiss as sweet as honey.

Thus did Daphnis escape from the danger which had threatened him; but the affair did not end there. The Methymnaeans reached their own city with great difficulty and in sore distress; for instead of sailing in a fine boat, they had to travel afoot, and in place of luxury and convenience they had but bruises and wounds for their comfort. Immediately upon their arrival at home they called an assembly of their fellow townsmen, and entreated them to take up arms to avenge the treatment they had received; concealing the real truth of the matter for fear of being laughed at for having been so soundly beaten by a few shepherds. They accused the Mitylenaeans of seizing their boat, as if it had belonged to an enemy, and of plundering it of all its contents.

Their wounds, which they displayed, gained them belief among their countrymen, who resolved to avenge their cause, the more particularly, as they belonged to the first families in the place. Accordingly they resolved to begin the war without the usual forms of proclamation, and instructed their naval

commander to launch ten galleys immediately, and ravage the coasts of the enemy. As the winter was near at hand they did not think it safe to hazard a larger fleet.

Their commander put to sea early the next day; he employed his soldiers as rowers, and directed his course to the shores of Mitylene where he seized numbers of cattle, a great quantity of corn and wine — the vintage being but lately ended — together with the men who were at work in the fields. Thus plundering as they went, the soldiers landed at last on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe pastured their goats and sheep, and carried off whatever spoil they could find. Daphnis, who quitting his goats had betaken himself to the woods to cut some green branches as winter-fodder for his kids, looked down from among the trees and witnessing the ravages promptly hid himself in the hollow of a decayed tree. Meanwhile Chloe, who had remained in charge of the herds, fled in affright to the Grotto of the Nymphs, and thither the invaders pursued her. Here she entreated them, if they had any respect for the Deities of the place, to spare her and her flocks: but her prayers were of no avail: for the Methymnaeans, after insulting the statues of the Nymphs, drove off the flocks together with Chloe, whom they hurried on before them, whipping her with switches, as if she had been one of her own goats or sheep.

Their vessels being now full of plunder, the Methymnaeans deemed it advisable not to prosecute their voyage any farther, the more especially as they were apprehensive of the winter-storms, and of an attack on the part of the inhabitants. Accordingly they turned their prows homeward; but, as there was no wind, they had to use their oars, and made way but slowly.

Daphnis (when all was quiet) came down to the plain where the flocks were wont to pasture, but not a goat nor a sheep was to be seen, nor was Chloe herself there. When he beheld the whole place deserted and found Chloe's pipe on the ground, he burst into loud and bitter lamentations and ran to the beech tree, beneath which they usually sat, and then to the shore, to try if he could see her. Then he searched for her in the grotto, whither she had fled, and whence she had been dragged away. Here, he threw himself on the ground in despair, before the statues of the Nymphs whom he charged with having deserted Chloe:

"Chloe has been carried away from you, O Nymphs, and could you endure to see it, she who has woven so many garlands for you, who has offered you so many libations of new milk, she who suspended here that pipe — which I see — as an offering? Never did wolf rob me of a single one of my goats, but now marauders have carried away my entire herd, and the shepherdess, my companion, with them. My goats will be flayed, the sheep will be sacrificed, and Chloe will henceforth be confined in some city far away! How shall I dare to return to my father and mother? It will appear as if I had deserted my charge. I have no flocks left to tend, so here will I lie, till death take me, or other enemies come to carry me away. Ah! Chloe, are you also suffering, do you still remember these plains, the Nymphs and me, or do

the goats and sheep, your fellow captives, serve to console you in your sorrow?"

Thus did Daphnis vent his grief, till at last weary with weeping and lamenting he fell into a deep sleep. Whilst he was slumbering the three Nymphs appeared before him; they were tall and beautiful, half-naked and without sandals; their hair fell loosely over their shoulders, and in every respect they resembled the statues in the grotto. They began by evincing pity for Daphnis, and, presently, the eldest of them addressed him in the following consolatory manner:

"Do not complain of us, Daphnis; we take more interest in Chloe than you yourself do. We took compassion on her when she was an infant: when she was exposed in this grotto we adopted her and saw to her bringing up. She is no more the daughter of Dryas than you are the son of Lamon. We are even now watching over her, and the Methymnaeans shall not make her a slave, nor treat her as part of their spoil. We have entreated Pan (whose statue stands beneath yonder pine, and whom you have never honoured even with a bunch of flowers) to succour Chloe, for he is more used to warfare than we are, and has often quitted his groves to join in the fray. Pan is now on Chloe's side, and the Methymnaeans will find him no trifling enemy. Be not distressed or perplexed, but arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who have thrown themselves on the earth in despair, under the idea that you also have been carried off by the enemy. Tomorrow Chloe will return with the flocks, which you will again tend together, playing on your pipes. Leave your future fates to the care of Love."

Having beheld this vision and heard these words Daphnis sprang up, and, with his eyes full of tears, partly of grief and partly of delight, he paid his adorations to the Nymphs, and vowed that upon Chloe's safe return he would sacrifice the best she-goat of his herd to the protecting Deities. Then leaving the grotto he ran to the pine beneath the shade of which Pan's statue stood. The rural God had the legs and hoofs of a goat, and horns sprouted from his forehead. In one hand he held a pipe, whilst with the other he grasped a bounding goat. Daphnis paid his adorations to Pan, to whom he prayed in behalf of Chloe, promising that he would sacrifice a he-goat to the God in return for her safety. Scarcely did he cease from his tears and entreaties until the setting of the sun, when taking up the green fodder which he had cut in the woods, he returned home, where his presence dispelled the grief of Lamon and Myrtale, and filled them with joy. After eating a morsel Daphnis retired to rest; but his sleep was not void of tears. In his slumber he prayed to the Nymphs to bless him with another vision, and sighed for the return of day, when according to the promise of the goddesses, his Chloe was to be restored to him. Never had night seemed to him so long before. Whilst it lasted this is what took place:

When the Methymnaean commander had proceeded rather more than a league, he found his men very weary with the rowing, and wished to afford

them some rest. Espying a promontory, which projected into the sea in the form of a crescent, affording as secure a harbour as any regular port, he here dropped anchor, near to a high rock, keeping his vessels at some distance from the shore so that his men might indulge themselves at their ease, without fear of attack from the inhabitants of the coast. The crews, having plenty of provisions among their plunder, ate and drank and gave themselves up to rejoicing, as if they had been celebrating a festival of victory. But when the day closed in, and the night put an end to their banquet, it suddenly seemed to them that all the earth was in a blaze; and from the open came a sound of splashing oars, as if a great fleet were approaching. They called upon their commander to prepare for defence; they shouted to one another, and all was confusion; some fancied themselves already wounded, others that they could see the corpses of the slain lying before them. There was as much tumult as in an engagement by night, yet no enemy was visible.

Terrible as was the night, the day that followed filled them with yet greater fright, for they beheld Daphnis's goats, with branches of ivy, thick with berries, on their horns; and they heard Chloe's rams and ewes howling like wolves instead of bleating. Their mistress was seen to have a garland of pine-leaves on her head. Still stranger sights appeared on the sea. The anchors of the vessels stuck so fast in the mud that they could not be drawn up: the oars as soon as dipped were shattered in pieces. Dolphins leaped from the sea around the vessels, and broke many planks with their tails. From the summit of the rock near which the fleet was anchored, the sound of a shepherd's pipe was heard; but instead of delighting the ear with soft music, it terrified one like a war — like trumpet blast. The men of Methymna were confounded; they ran to arms, and called out that the enemy was coming, though no enemy could be seen. Then they prayed for the return of night, thinking that might bring some relief from their terrors.

To all those among them who were capable of reflection, it was evident that these phantasms and sounds proceeded from Pan, who must have some cause of anger against them: but what that cause could be, they were at a loss to conjecture, inasmuch as they had not plundered anything that was sacred to the God. Towards noontide their commander (by the express intervention of the Deity), fell into a deep sleep, in which Pan in person appeared to him and addressed him in these words:

"O most wicked and impious of men, to what lengths has your madness driven you! You have filled the fields, which are dear to me, with the tumult of war: you have taken as plunder the herds and flocks, which were my peculiar care. You have dragged from the altar a virgin whom Cupid had reserved to adorn a tale of love. You scorned both the Nymphs, who beheld your deeds, and me the mighty Pan. Never shall you reach Methymna with these spoils, nor shall you escape the terrors of the pipe which has thus confounded you. I will submerge you in the sea and give you as food to the fishes unless you immediately restore Chloe to the Nymphs, together with the

herds and flocks. So arise forthwith, set Chloe on shore with all that I have spoken of, and then I will guide you homeward by sea and her by land.”

At these words Bryaxis — thus was the commander named — awoke with a troubled start from his dream, and immediately ordered the captain of each galley to search among his captives for Chloe, a young shepherdess. They soon found her, for her garland of pine-leaves made her conspicuous, and brought her before him. Bryaxis regarded the ornament on her head as a proof and confirmation of what he had seen and heard in the vision, and without delay took her on board his own vessel, the flagship, and conveyed her safely to shore. Scarcely had she set foot on the ground, than the pipe was again heard sounding from the rock: but the sound was no longer dreadful like the blast of the war trumpet: it was sweet as the strains that shepherds play when leading their flocks to pasture. The sheep without stumbling descended the plank, which was placed as a gangway to the shore; and the goats, accustomed to steep places, skipped yet more boldly along. Upon reaching the land they all formed in a ring around Chloe, like a chorus of dancers, skipping and bleating and exhibiting every symptom of joy; whereas the flocks of other shepherds remained quiet in the holds of the ships, as if aware that the pipe which sounded was not summoning them. At this the spectators were struck with astonishment, and confessed the power of Pan.

Meanwhile still stranger sights appeared by sea and land. Before the crews had time to heave their anchors, the ships of themselves made sail, and a dolphin, leaping and sporting on the waves, swam before the commander's ship as a guide; whilst on shore Chloe's goats and sheep were led along by the sweet music of the pipe, which continued sounding deliciously, though the player was still invisible. The animals seemingly listened with delight to the melody as they browsed and paced gently onward.

It was the time of evening-pasture when Daphnis from the summit of a rock espied his Chloe and her flocks. “O Nymphs! O Pan!” he shouted in rapture, and hurrying down to the plain he threw himself into Chloe's arms, so full of delight that he fell fainting to the ground. Chloe's kisses and embraces at length restored him to his senses; whereupon they both repaired to their favourite beech-tree, under the shade of which they sat down, Daphnis inquiring of Chloe how she had escaped from so many enemies. She related every thing that had happened — her abduction in the grotto, her departure on board ship, the appearance of the ivy on the goats' horns, and of the pine garland on her own brow, the wolfish howling of the sheep, the blaze of fire on shore, the strange noise at sea, the alternately warlike and peaceful notes of the pipe, the terrors of the night — and finally how the melody had guided her thither, through fields and over plains to which she was a stranger.

On hearing this, Daphnis recalled his vision of the Nymphs, and recognised the influence of Pan; and, in his turn, he gave Chloe an account of all that he had seen and heard. He informed her how, whilst dying of love and regret, he had been preserved by the intervention of the Nymphs. He then sent Chloe to

summon Dryas and Lamon with their servants, and to request them to bring everything requisite for a sacrifice, whilst, in the meantime, he took the fattest of his she-goats, crowned it with ivy (just as it had appeared to the enemy on board ship), poured a libation of milk between its horns, and slew it as a sacrifice to the Nymphs. Then having hung it up he flayed it, suspended the skin to the rock and consecrated it to the Goddesses.

When Chloe arrived with Lamon and the servants a fire was immediately kindled and part of the goat's flesh was boiled and part of it roasted. First offerings were presented to the Nymphs to whom Daphnis poured a libation of new unfermented wine. Then, having piled some leaves and green branches together in the form of couches for all who were present, he reclined at his ease upon one of them and gave himself up to good cheer and to mirth: albeit at the same time he kept a watchful eye on the flocks for fear lest a wolf should surprise them. When they had all regaled themselves they began to sing songs in praise of the Nymphs — songs that had been composed by the shepherds of former times. They all slept in the field that night, and in the morning bethought themselves of Pan. The buck goat that usually led the herd was selected as a sacrifice, and with a chaplet of pine-leaves bound round his horns was led to the statue of the God beneath the pine. Here libations were poured upon his horns, the blessing of the God was invoked in fitting language and the victim was sacrificed, suspended and flayed. The flesh, part of which was roasted and part boiled, was spread out on some leaves in the meadow whilst the skin together with the horns was hung upon the tree nigh to the statue of the God — a pastoral offering to a pastoral deity. Neither did they neglect to present a first offering of cooked flesh to Pan or to pour to him the wonted libations from the largest goblet. Chloe sang while Daphnis piped.

The rites had been accomplished and they were reclining on the grass and feasting when Philetas the herdsman came there by chance, bringing with him, as offerings to Pan, some garlands of flowers and leafy vine-branches from which bunches of grapes were suspended. Tityrus, his youngest son, a golden-haired, blue-eyed, fair and sportive lad tripped lightly behind him like a young kid. At the sight of Philetas, Daphnis and Chloe sprang from their grassy couch, assisted in crowning Pan and in suspending the vine-branches to the tree, and then made Philetas seat himself beside them and partake of the banquet. When the old men were moistened with the wine they began to talk of their youthful adventures, of the flocks which they had tended and of the marauders and pirates from whom they had escaped. One prided himself on having slain a wolf, whilst another boasted that in piping he had formerly yielded but to Pan alone. This was the boast of Philetas.

Daphnis and Chloe thereupon urgently entreated him to display his proficiency in honour of Pan, to whom they had been sacrificing, and who delighted in the melody of the pipe. The old herdsman complained that age had weakened his breath, still he consented to comply with their request, and took up Daphnis's pipe. But this was a pipe only fit for boys, too small to

admit of any great display of skill and art; and accordingly Philetas sent Tityrus to bring his own pipe from his cottage, which was about half-a-league distant. The boy threw aside his cloak, and darted off like a young roe, whilst Lamon entertained the others by relating the legend of Syrinx, the pipe, as he had heard it from a Sicilian shepherd, to whom he had given a he-goat and a pipe as the price of his tale.

“Syrinx,” he said, “was not always a pipe. Syrinx was once a virgin of beautiful form, and melodious voice. She fed her flocks, and sported with the Nymphs; and the sound of her voice was sweet as it is now. One day when Pan beheld her sporting, singing and tending her flocks, he approached her and endeavoured to entice her, promising her as an inducement that all her she-goats should bear two kids at each birth. But the maiden laughed at his suit, and replied that she could never think of taking as her lover, one who was neither man nor goat, but half of each. Then, as Pan prepared to offer violence, she fled from him, till growing weary with running, she darted among the reeds of a lake and vanished from sight. In his fury her pursuer cut down the reeds; and finding no damsel among them he realised what had happened. She had indeed turned herself into a reed. In memory of her, Pan formed this instrument. By means of wax he joined together reeds of unequal sizes as symbolical of the inequality of their love; and thus she, who had been a beautiful maiden, is now this musical pipe: her name remaining to the instrument.”

While Philetas was commending Lamon’s fable, which, he said, was more pleasing than any song, Tityrus appeared with his father’s pipe, a large instrument formed of the largest reeds, and ornamented with brass over the wax fixtures. One might have imagined it to be the very pipe whose reeds had been compacted by Pan. Philetas now rose to a sitting posture on his couch, and began to try in turn each reed of his instrument to see whether it was clear. The air passed freely through one and all; and then, with as much energy as if he had still been in the prime of youth, he blew so loud and full a note that it seemed as if a band of pipers were playing together in concert. By degrees he blew with less force and played a softer strain, running indeed through all the variations of pastoral melody. He played the tune which the oxen obey; the tune which attracts the goats, and that in which the sheep delight. The notes for the latter were sweet, those for the oxen were deep and sonorous, and those for the goats were shrill. In short, his pipe could express the tones of every pipe that is played.

Those present reposed, listening in silent ecstasy; when Dryas arose and requested Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian strain. Philetas complied, and Dryas began the vintage dance, in which he represented the plucking of the bunches, the bringing of the baskets, the treading of the grapes, the filling of the jars, and the drinking of the new-made wine. So natural was his mimicry that those present could fancy that the wine, the press, and the jars were actually before them, and that Dryas was really drinking.

Thus did the third of the old men gain his share of praise. In his delight he gave Daphnis and Chloe a kiss, and they immediately sprang from their seats, and began a dance representative of Lamon's legend. Daphnis assumed the character of Pan, and Chloe that of the beautiful Syrinx. Whilst he endeavoured to entice her to his embraces, she smiled in scorn at his attempts. He pursued her, running upon tiptoe, in imitation of the cloven feet of the God; whilst she feigned exhaustion as she ran, and at last hid herself in the wood, which served as a substitute for the reedy lake. Upon losing sight of her, Daphnis seized Philetas's large pipe and breathed into it first the mournful strain of a despairing lover, then a passionate pleading strain, and finally a strain that appealed for the return of her whom he had lost.

So well did Daphnis pipe that Philetas himself was astonished, and ran and embraced the youth, and kissed him. Then, with a prayer that Daphnis might transmit the pipe to as worthy a successor, he desired him to accept it as a gift. The youth hung up his own little pipe as an offering to Pan, kissed Chloe with as much rapture as if she had really been lost and found again, and then, as night was now coming on, led his goats home to the strains of his new instrument. Chloe also conducted her sheep homeward to the music of her pipe; and the goats kept close to the sheep, as Daphnis kept close to Chloe. Thus did they enjoy each other's company, till the night closed in; and on parting they agreed to meet at the pasture as early as possible the next morning. Indeed, as soon as the day dawned, they were in the fields. They first paid their adorations to the Nymphs, and afterwards to Pan, and then retired to their wonted seat under the beech-tree, where they played upon their pipes, and kissed and embraced each other. They lay down side by side till they bethought themselves of their meal, at which they both drank wine and milk, mixed in the same bowl.

Heated and emboldened by the juice of the grape they now engaged in an amorous strife, and swore perpetual affection and fidelity to one another. Advancing to the sacred pine, Daphnis called Pan to witness, that he would never live apart from his Chloe — no — not for the space of a single day. Then Chloe hastened to the grotto, and swore by the Nymphs that she would live and die with Daphnis. After that, in the simplicity of her heart, she required that Daphnis should bind himself by a second oath.

"Pan," said she, "by whom you swore, is a fickle lover, on whom one can place no reliance. He loved Pitys, he loved Syrinx, he never ceases from pursuing the Epimelian Nymphs, he is always pestering the Dryads with his addresses. He who breaks his own vows will but laugh if you betray your faith to me, even should you attach yourself to more damsels than there are reeds in this pipe. Come, my dear Daphnis, you must swear by this herd and by the she-goat who suckled you, that, whilst Chloe is faithful to you, you will never desert her; and that, if she should ever fail in what she has sworn to you and the Nymphs, you will fly from her, detest her, kill her, as you would kill a wolf."

Thereupon Daphnis, delighted at her jealous mistrust, which testified to the warmth of her affection, placed himself in the midst of his herd, and taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, he swore that he would be true to Chloe, whilst she was true to him, and that if she should ever prefer another, he would slay not her but himself.

Thereat Chloe felt happy, for she believed in this oath with all the simplicity of a girl and shepherdess, who considers that sheep and goats are the fitting and peculiar deities of those that tend them.

Book 3

On the inhabitants of Mitylene hearing of the descent made by the ten galleys from Methymna, and being informed by some of the country folk how the invaders had ravaged their land and pillaged their property, they deemed such injuries insufferable, and forthwith raised a force of three thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry. This they placed under the command of one Hippasus, who had orders to proceed by land instead of embarking on board ship, on account of the danger that attended a voyage in the winter season.

The general set out with his men, but he did not ravage the country of the Methymnaeans, nor did he plunder the possessions of the husbandmen and shepherds, for he deemed such petty warfare better suited to a captain of banditti, than to the leader of an army. He hastened his march towards the city itself, hoping to find the gates open and the inhabitants off their guard. But when his troops were within eleven miles of Methymna, a herald came out to them with proposals for a truce. The Methymnaeans had discovered from the prisoners they had taken that the citizens of Mitylene were ignorant of the origin of the affray, and that their own young men had given the first provocation by their insolence. Accordingly they regretted having acted so precipitately, and were desirous of restoring all their plunder, and of renewing friendly intercourse by sea and land. Although Hippasus was entrusted with full powers to act as he thought proper, he ordered the herald to proceed to Mitylene, and meanwhile pitched his camp about a mile from the enemy's city, to wait for the answer of his fellow-citizens. In two days a messenger arrived with orders that he was to refrain from any act of hostility, to receive the restored spoil, and to return home. Having the choice between peace and war, the people of Mitylene had deemed peace to be preferable. Thus did the war between the two cities begin and end in an equally abrupt manner.

About that time the winter set in, whereat Daphnis and Chloe experienced greater concern than on account of the war. The snow fell heavily, blocking up the roads and shutting all the cottagers within doors. Torrents rushed impetuously from the mountains, the ice thickened, the trees seemed dead, and the whole face of the earth disappeared except on the brinks of fountains and margins of rivers.

No one led his flocks to pasture, or even ventured to stir from home; but, lighting their fires as soon as the cocks crowed in the morning, some employed themselves in twisting hemp, some in weaving goats' hair, and some in making nets and snares to catch birds. At the same time they took care to supply the oxen in their stalls with straw, the goats and the sheep in their cotes with leaves, and the hogs in their styes with holm-berries and acorns.

Being confined within doors by the severity of the weather, many of the labourers and shepherds regarded this season as an interval of rest, and

immediately after their morning meal they would lie down and sleep. In this wise the winter appeared to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or even the spring. Daphnis and Chloe, however, cherished in their memory the pleasures of which they were now deprived, — their kisses, embraces, and happy meals together. They passed many a sleepless, sorrowing night, and looked forward to the return of spring as to a resurrection from death. They felt pained whenever chance threw in their way a scrip from which they had eaten, or some pitcher from which they had drunk, or whenever they happened to cast their eyes on a pipe, now thrown aside with neglect, but which had once been bestowed and received as a token of love. Frequently did they pray to the Nymphs and to Pan, to deliver them from their troubles, and once more to let the sun shine upon them and their flocks; and meantime they sought to devise some scheme by which they might obtain a sight of one another. Chloe unaided could contrive no plan, nor contriving one could carry it to success, for her reputed mother was always seated near her, teaching her to card wool and to turn the spindle, and talking to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, had a more inventive mind and more leisure than the maid, and devised the following scheme for procuring an interview.

Two lofty myrtle trees and an ivy grew in front of Dryas's cottage, close to the wall of the courtyard. The ivy grew between the myrtles, spreading its sprays out like a vine, and forming an arbour by intermingling its leaves with those of the two trees. The berries hung down in thick clusters and were as large as grapes. For lack of food elsewhere, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, wood-pigeons, larks, and a variety of other birds that live on berries came hither in search of sustenance, and sheltered themselves in the arbour. Now, Daphnis, under pretence of going to catch some of these birds, quitted his home — filling his scrip with honeyed cakes and carrying plenty of birdlime and snares, to remove all suspicion of his real design. The distance was little more than a mile, but the frost and the snow, which had not yet melted, would have rendered the road impassable, were it not that Love traverses all distances and passes through fire and water, and even Scythian snows. Thus Daphnis soon arrived at the cottage, shook the snow from his feet, set his snares, spread some birdlime, and seated himself in the arbour watching the birds, but thinking of Chloe. So many birds were soon caught that he was fully employed in collecting, killing and plucking them. Meantime, not a man, not a damsel, not even a fowl came out of the cottage; the whole family were snugly shut up, gathered around the fire. Daphnis then began to think that he had come at an unlucky time, and that he would not see anyone, unless he found some pretext for knocking at the door.

“But what excuse,” he soliloquised, “can I possibly make? What pretext would appear most probable? If I say I want a light to kindle our fire, they will tell me that I have nearer neighbours. If I ask for something to eat, they will reply, ‘Your scrip is full of victuals.’ If I ask for some wine they will say, ‘You but lately got in the vintage.’ Suppose I assert that a wolf has been

pursuing me? But where are the traces of his paws? If I say that I came to snare birds they may reply, 'Then why not return home if you have caught enough? 'Shall I confess that I came to see Chloe? Ah! Who can venture to make so bold an avowal to a father and mother? There is not one of my excuses that is not open to suspicion. So it is best to retire in silence. Since it seems decreed by the Fates that I shall not see my Chloe this winter, I must wait patiently till the spring.'

Having indulged in these thoughts he took up his game, and was preparing to depart, when, as if Love took compassion on him, the following occurrence came to pass.

Dryas and his family had spread their table, the portions of meat were distributed, a slice of bread was laid for each, and the goblet was mixed, when one of the sheep-dogs, having watched his opportunity, and finding that no one was observing him, seized a piece of the meat, and escaped out of the house. The stolen meat was the portion of Dryas himself, who forthwith snatched up a club, and pursued the thief, as the dog himself would have pursued a hare. Daphnis had already thrown the birds over his shoulder, and was hurrying away, when Dryas espied him. At the sight of Daphnis he forgot both the meat and the dog, and calling out, "God keep thee, my son!" he ran to the youth, embraced him, took him by the hand, and led him into the house. When the lovers saw each other, they were very near sinking to the ground. They contrived, however, to support themselves, whilst they saluted and clung together: indeed this embrace served them as a stay and prevented them from falling.

Having thus, contrary to expectation, both seen and kissed his Chloe, Daphnis drew near to the fire, and sat down. Then taking the woodpigeons and thrushes from his shoulder he threw them upon the table, and told the family that weary of so long and tedious a confinement at home, he had eagerly set out in pursuit of sport, and had caught the birds with snares and bird-lime, when they came in search of the myrtle and ivy berries. The family praised his activity, declaring that he was a second Apollo, whose aim nothing could escape, and they urged him to eat some of the meat, which the dog had not stolen; at the same time desiring Chloe to pour them out some wine. She gladly complied, and handed the goblet to all the others before presenting it to Daphnis, with whom she pretended to be vexed, inasmuch that after coming to the arbour he had purposed returning home without asking to see her. However, before she held the goblet out to him, she sipped a little from it; and then when she presented it to the youth, he, although extremely thirsty, drank very slowly in order to prolong his pleasure.

The table having been soon cleared of the fragments of bread and meat, the whole company drew close to the fire, and began to inquire after Myrtale and Lamon, who were deemed fortunate in having such an excellent staff for their old age. Daphnis was delighted at hearing these commendations bestowed upon him in the presence of Chloe, and when her parents insisted upon his

remaining with them till the next day, when they intended to sacrifice to Bacchus, he could have adored them in place of the deity. He produced the cakes from his scrip and gave them with the birds, which he had caught, that they might be prepared for supper. A second goblet was mixed; and fresh firing was laid on. Night soon fell and they sat down to another hearty meal, after which they again closed around the fireside, and told tales, and sang songs until retiring to rest. Chloe slept with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe's one thought during the night was that she should see Daphnis the next morning; and Daphnis experienced a vain satisfaction at sleeping with Chloe's father, whom he more than once kissed and embraced, imagining in his dreams that he was embracing the maiden herself.

When the day broke, the cold was intense, and the sharp north wind was parching everything. Dryas and his family arose and, having sacrificed a yearling ram to Bacchus, lighted a large fire to boil the meat. Whilst Nape made the bread, and Dryas attended to the meat, Daphnis and Chloe retired to the arbour, where they fixed snares and spread birdlime, and again caught a number of birds whilst exchanging kisses and delightful converse.

"Naught but the hope of seeing you brought me here, my Chloe," said the youth. "I know it, my dear Daphnis." "It is solely on your account that these poor birds perish. What place have I in your affections? Perhaps you had forgotten me."

"No! my Daphnis, I still cherish the remembrance of you. I swear it by the Nymphs whom I invoked in the grotto whither we will again repair together as soon as the snow shall have melted."

"Ah, Chloe! The snow lies so thick, I fear I shall melt away before it is gone."

"Do not despair, Daphnis, the sun is very warm."

"Oh that it were as warm as the fire which burns my heart!"

"You are in jest; you are deceiving me, Daphnis."

"No! I swear it by the goats, whom I invoked at your bidding."

Whilst Chloe was replying, like an echo, to what Daphnis said, Nape called them, and they ran into the house with even a larger number of birds than Daphnis had caught the day before. After first pouring from the goblet a libation to Bacchus, they sat down to their banquet with chaplets of ivy on their heads. They feasted and then sang the praises of the God; and when it was time for Daphnis to depart, Dryas and his wife filled his bag with meat and bread, and insisted upon his carrying the wood-pigeons and thrushes home to Lamon and Myrtale; for, as they said, they would be able to catch as many as they pleased for their own use as long as the winter lasted and there were berries left on the ivy. At length Daphnis bade them farewell, and gave each of them a kiss; saluting Chloe last of all, that her kiss might remain pure and unalloyed upon his lips.

After this he frequently contrived pretences for renewing his visits to Dryas's abode; so that the winter did not pass without some taste of the sweets

of love.

As the spring drew nigh the snow melted, the earth displayed itself, and the grass began to grow. Then the shepherds and herdsmen again led their flocks to pasture, and Daphnis and Chloe were earlier than all others, for they themselves were guided by the mightiest of shepherds, Love. The first place to which they hastened was the Grotto of the Nymphs: next they ran to the pine beneath which stood the statue of Pan, and then to the oak under which they had so often sat, watching their feeding flocks and kissing and embracing. So that they might crown the statues of the deities they sought for flowers: these were but just beginning to bud under the influence of the Zephyrs and the warmth of the sun; however they found the violet, the narcissus, and the pimpernel, indeed all the first flowers of the year; and with these they crowned the statues, pouring out libations of new milk, which they drew from the ewes and the she-goats. These rites performed, they tuned their pastoral pipes, as if challenging the nightingales to renew their song: and soon the nightingales answered them from the thickets, at first faintly warbling their lament (?) for Itys and gradually perfecting their strains which they recalled but slowly after so long a silence.

Then too the sheep began to bleat, while the lambs frisked on the sward, or stooped under their mothers to suck. And the he-goats contended for their mates, jealously guarding the one they selected from the approaches of any rival.

The sight of all these things would have kindled love even among the aged and greatly did it inflame this young couple, already warmed by desire and longing for some other remedy, to love beyond a kiss and an embrace. Especially was this the case with Daphnis, who, having passed the winter at home in inactivity, was more impetuous and pressing than ever in the caresses he bestowed on Chloe. He besought her to grant his desires, proposing that they should follow the one course, indicated by Philetas, that remained untried. But Chloe in all simplicity demurred, asking him, moreover, what there could possibly be beyond kisses and embraces; and he, unacquainted with the mysteries of love, shed tears at his own ignorance. (Check the Greek!!!)

Now, in the neighbourhood, there lived an old man named Chromis who farmed some land of his own. His wife, who was young and good-looking, came from the city and was superior in manners to the rustics of these parts. She was called Lycaenium. Every day she saw Daphnis drive his goats past her house, taking them to pasture in the morning, and home again at night; and being desirous of enticing him to love, she began to watch him and at last surprised him when he was alone. She then gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a scrip of deer skin, but she dared not speak her mind, for she suspected that he loved Chloe since he was always in the latter's company. Still she knew nothing for certain, having as yet only seen them exchanging smiles and signs. One morning soon afterwards, pretending to Chromis that she was

going to visit a neighbour who had been brought to bed, she followed the young couple to the fields; and hiding herself in a thicket, that she herself might not be seen, she saw and heard all that passed between them, especially noting why it was that Daphnis wept. Being herself in love with him, she forthwith resolved to enlighten his ignorance, and with that object contrived the following ruse.

On the morrow, after again pretending that she was going to visit her neighbour, she repaired to the oak beneath which Daphnis and Chloe were seated, and feigning great alarm, exclaimed:

“Assist me, I entreat you, Daphnis. An eagle has carried off the finest of my twenty geese, but his spoil being too heavy for him he has been unable to carry it to yonder high rock, where he has his nest, and has alighted with it in the wood, in the valley. I am afraid to go alone, so in the name of Pan and the Nymphs, Daphnis, come there with me and help me to recover my goose. I am unwilling to lose it; and besides, you may perchance kill the eagle, in which case your kids and lambs would no longer be in danger. Meanwhile Chloe can guard both flocks: your goats know her as well as they know you, for you are always together.”

Daphnis, who had no suspicion of the truth, at once arose and followed Lycaenium, who led him far away from Chloe, into the depths of the wood, near a spring. Then, after telling him to sit down beside her, she said:

“You are in love, Daphnis. The Nymphs informed me of it last night. They came to me whilst I was asleep, told me of the tears that you shed yesterday, and commanded me to enlighten you as to the mysteries of love. If therefore you desire to be freed from your pains, you must do as I bid you and out of regard for the Nymphs I myself will obey their command.”

So great was the delight of Daphnis that, like the simple-minded shepherd he was, he threw himself at Lycaenium’s feet, entreating her to reveal the secret and promising to give her in return a kid, some cheeses, new milk, and even a she-goat. The liberality of his offers showed her that he was yet more simple than she had imagined. As soon as she had tutored him, he would have hastened back to Chloe to impart to her the knowledge he had gained, but Lycaenium detained him and warned him of the danger that might result to Chloe. Then she proceeded to another part of the wood as if she were still in search of the lost goose, and Daphnis, reflecting on what she had told him, resolved that he would but kiss and embrace Chloe in his wonted manner.

Upon his return he found her weaving a chaplet of violets; and after pretending that he had delivered Lycaenium’s goose from the talons of the eagle, he kissed and embraced her. In that at least, thought he, there could be no harm. In return, Chloe placed the chaplet she had made upon his brow and kissed his hair, which to her mind had a sweeter perfume even than the violets. Then she gave him some dry figs and bread from her scrip, and whilst he was partaking of this fare she oft-time snatched a morsel from his mouth and ate it, as though she had been a nestling taking food from its mother’s

beak.

Whilst they were at their meal, more intent on kissing than on eating, they descried a fishing boat proceeding along the coast. Not a breath of air was stirring: the calm was perfect, and plying their oars, the crew rowed vigorously towards the city whither they were carrying some newly caught fish for a wealthy citizen. They dipped and raised their oars in rhythmical fashion; and, as is the wont of seamen, to beguile their toil one of them sang a song, in the chorus of which the others joined at intervals. While they were in the open sea, the sound of their voices was lost in space, but when after rounding a headland they reached a hollow crescent-shaped bay, the splashing of their oars was heard distinctly and their song resounded along the shore, where a deep valley skirting the water received each note that was uttered, and like an instrument of music repeated it with perfect imitation. The splashing of the oars and the voices of the sailors could be distinguished separately, and delightful sounds they were. According to the varying distance of the boat from the valley, there was a shorter or longer interval between the sound of the singing on board and the echo which repeated it.

Daphnis, who understood the nature of the echo, turned his attention solely to the sea, gazing delightedly at the boat as it glided past, quicker than a bird could fly. At the same time he endeavoured to fix the strains in his memory that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who, till then, had never heard an echo, looked first at the sea and listened to the boatmen as they sang, and then turned round to the woods in expectation of seeing the other men who, as she imagined, were responding to the chorus.

At length the rowers passed out of sight, and all became silent: not a sound was to be heard from the sea or from the valley: whereupon Chloe inquired of Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the hill, and another boat, whose crew sang the same strain, and ceased singing at the same time. Daphnis gave her a sweet smile and a yet sweeter kiss, and, putting the garland of violets on her head, said that he would tell her the story of the Nymph Echo, if she would promise to give him ten kisses for his pains.

“There are various classes of Nymphs, my girl,” he said, “the Melians, who dwell among the ash-groves, the Dryads, who preside over the oaks, and the Eloeian Nymphs, who are guardians of the lakes. Echo was the daughter of one of these Nymphs: as her mother was beautiful so was she, but as her father was a mortal, she was the same. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and the Muses taught her to play upon the pipe, the flute, the lyre, and the harp, in fact, to excel in every kind of music. When she reached the flower of her youth, she danced with the Nymphs, and sang with the Muses. Desirous of remaining a maiden she shunned the sight of all males, whether they were men or gods. This roused the indignation of Pan, who, jealous of her skill in music, and irritated by her refusal of his addresses, inspired the shepherds and herdsmen with such madness, that they rushed upon her like so many hounds or wolves, tore her in pieces, and scattered her mangled limbs, which were yet

replete with harmony, in every direction. Then Earth, who was desirous of gaining favour with the Nymphs, collected Echo's remains, preserving her gift of song and, by the will of the Muses, imitating all sounds as did the maiden while she was alive: both the sounds of instruments and animals, the voices of gods and men, and even that of Pan. He, while he is playing on his pipe, and hears his notes repeated, springs in amazement from his seat, and rushes over the mountains, not in pursuit of the maiden, for he does not know that it is her voice responding to him, but to find out who is his hidden pupil."

When Daphnis had finished his tale, Chloe kissed him, not ten times as he had asked her, but a thousand, and Echo repeated every kiss, as if to testify that Daphnis had not included in his story of her anything that was contrary to truth.

The heat of the weather increased daily as the spring was departing and the summer approaching. The new delights that this season brings returned once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, and Chloe bathed in the springs; he piped, vying with the zephyrs that breathed through the pines, whilst she sang, emulating the nightingales with her melody: they amused themselves in chasing and catching noisy locusts and chattering grasshoppers, in gathering posies, and in shaking fruit from the trees, and eating it. At times also they would repose side by side under a goatskin. Daphnis now often prevented Chloe from displaying her charms, for he remembered what Lycaenium had told him, and feared lest he should be unable to restrain himself. She in her innocence was astonished; however, she made no remark.

During the summer Chloe had many suitors, who came to Dryas and begged his daughter in marriage. Some brought presents to add weight to their suit, and some made great promises. Nape was elated and advised her husband to marry off Chloe immediately, and not to keep a girl of her age any longer at home, observing that some artful shepherd might entice her whilst she was tending her flocks, and that the best course was to secure a good match for her, and to keep the presents of her suitors for the infant son that had lately been born to them.

Dryas sometimes felt inclined to follow this advice, for the gifts brought by each of Chloe's suitors were far beyond what a mere shepherdess was entitled to expect; but on the other hand he reflected, that the maiden deserved a better husband than a mere rustic, and that, if ever her real parents were discovered, they might make Nape and himself rich for life.

These considerations had such weight with him, that he declined to give a positive answer, and postponed the matter from time to time, in the meanwhile receiving many presents of considerable value. Chloe, as soon as she knew of what was passing, was overcome with grief; but she concealed the cause from Daphnis lest she might give him pain. Daphnis, however, was so eager in his inquiries as to the cause of her sadness, that she realised he would be more miserable if the truth were concealed from him than if he knew it; accordingly she acquainted him with every circumstance — with the applications of

numerous wealthy suitors, with Nape's arguments in favour of immediate matrimony, and with the hesitation of Dryas, who had refused to give his consent until the next vintage season should begin.

On hearing this, Daphnis, almost beside himself, sat down and wept bitterly, exclaiming that he should die if he were deprived of Chloe as a companion in the pastures; and that her sheep also would die of grief at the loss of such a mistress. After this explosion of sorrow, he became more collected, and resolved to take courage. It occurred to him that he might endeavour to persuade Chloe's father to receive him as her suitor, flattering himself that he was far superior to her other admirers. But there was one obstacle which gave him no little uneasiness: — Lamon, his own father, was not rich; and on remembering this, his chances of success seemed very slender. Nevertheless he determined to put in his claim, and Chloe approved of his doing so.

Daphnis did not dare to declare his intentions straightway to Lamon, but with Myrtale he was bolder, and he told her of his love and of his desire to marry Chloe. At night time Myrtale spoke of the matter to her husband; but Lamon highly disapproved of the plan, and chided his wife for thinking of marrying, to a common shepherd's daughter, a youth who, by the tokens found with him, seemed destined to a much higher fortune, and who, should he ever find his true relatives, would not only procure the freedom of his foster-father and mother, but also make them master and mistress of a larger estate than even that on which they now worked as servants.

Myrtale, who was afraid to tell Daphnis how averse her husband was to the marriage, lest the youth should be driven in despair to attempt his life, gave him a very different reason for Lamon's opposition:

"We are poor, my son, and we require a girl who will bring a large portion with her: they on their side are rich, and expect rich suitors. However, go and persuade Chloe to induce her father not to look for a large settlement, but to let you have her as a wife. The girl, I am convinced, loves you dearly, and would certainly prefer a handsome man like yourself, however poor, to an ugly ape, however rich."

Myrtale was convinced in her own mind that as Dryas had to deal with so many rich suitors, he would never consent to Chloe marrying Daphnis"; and considered that she had devised the best expedient possible for disposing of the subject of the marriage.

Daphnis could not find fault with her advice, but being quite destitute of the means which might insure success to his suit, he burst into tears, as most poor lovers usually do; and then he again invoked the assistance of the Nymphs.

Whilst he was asleep that night, three of them appeared to him in the same dress and form as they had appeared before, and the eldest of them addressed him in these words:

"Chloe's marriage is in the care of another deity: as for yourself, however,

we will furnish you with means to soften Dryas, and gain his consent. The boat belonging to the young men of Methymna, whose withe of osiers was eaten by your goats, was carried far out to sea by the violence of the gale, but at night the wind shifted and blew towards the shore, when the boat was driven against some sharp rocks and wrecked, everything on board it being lost. A purse of three thousand drachmas, however, was cast ashore, and now lies covered with seaweed near a dead dolphin, the stench of which is so offensive, that all who pass that way hasten by it as fast as they can. Go, take this money, and offer it to Dryas. It will suffice for the present that you should not appear absolutely poor; the time will come when you will be very rich." Having thus instructed Daphnis, the Nymphs disappeared and with them the darkness of the night.

The day broke, and Daphnis leaped from his bed with delight, and drove his goats to pasture with boisterous eagerness. After kissing Chloe, and paying his adorations in the grotto, he went down to the sea, pretending that he intended to bathe, and walked along the sands close to the surf looking for the money. The search required little labour, for the putrid dolphin exhaled a strong smell which served to guide him on his way. He approached it, and upon removing some sea-weed he found the purse full of silver, and put it in his scrip. But before leaving the spot he invoked blessings on the Nymphs and on the ocean; for albeit a shepherd, he now thought the sea more delightful than the land, since it contributed to promote his marriage with Chloe.

Having obtained possession of the three thousand drachmas, he thought himself not merely richer than his neighbours, but the richest man upon earth, and immediately hastened to Chloe, related his dream to her, showed her the purse, and desired her to tend the herds till he came back. Then with a quick pace and stout heart he hurried away to Dryas, whom he found with Nape beating out corn on the threshing floor. He at once boldly addressed them upon the subject of the marriage.

"I am come to ask Chloe of you as a wife," he said, "I can play well on the pipe, I can prune vines, I can dig, I can plant, I can plough, and I can winnow. Chloe can bear witness to my skill as a herdsman; fifty she-goats were given to my charge, and their number is now fully doubled. We used formerly to send our she-goats to a neighbour's males; but I have now reared several large handsome he-goats of our own. I am young; and, as I have been your neighbour, you know my character. A goat, moreover, suckled me, as an ewe suckled Chloe. On these grounds, alone, I think I may claim a preference to other suitors, and none of their gifts shall exceed mine. They may offer goats and sheep, or a yoke of wretched oxen, or corn that is even not fit food for fowls; but I will give you three thousand drachmas — only let no one know what I have offered — not even Lamon my father!" With these words Daphnis presented the money and threw his arms around Dryas's neck.

Dryas and Nape were surprised at the sight of so much money, and not only promised to give Chloe in marriage, but also undertook to go and procure

Lamon's consent to the match. Nape stayed with Daphnis and, driving the oxen round the floor, separated the grains from the stalks by means of the corn drag. Dryas, in the meantime, carefully stowed away the money in the place where Chloe's tokens were kept, and hastened to Lamon's house upon his somewhat novel errand; for it is not usual for a parent to go in pursuit of a husband for his daughter. He found Lamon and Myrtales measuring some barley which had just been winnowed, and sorely annoyed at finding that it amounted to little more than the seed which had been sown. Dryas endeavoured to console them by assuring them that the complaint was general that season; and he then asked that Daphnis might marry Chloe.

Others," said he, "would willingly make me handsome presents, but I will accept nothing from you. On the contrary, I will give you of my own substance. The young folks have been brought up together, they have pastured their flocks in company, they have contracted a mutual fondness for each other that cannot easily be dispelled, and they are now of an age to be married."

These and many more arguments he urged with all the eloquence of a pleader who has received three thousand drachmas for his fee. Lamon was unable to urge his poverty, as Dryas had waived all objections on that score; nor could he say that Daphnis was too young, for he was now grown to be a man: yet he still refrained from explaining the real motive of his unwillingness, which was that such a match did not accord with the apparent destiny of Daphnis. After reflecting for some time in silence he replied as follows:

"You act justly, Dryas, in preferring your neighbours to strangers, and in not deeming wealth to be superior to honest poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for this! I myself am eager for the marriage: I am already past middle age, and begin to feel the want of assistance in my work, so I should indeed be crazy if I were to refuse a connection with your family. The connection itself is desirable, and Chloe's beauty, youth, and goodness make it doubly so. At the same time you must consider that I am only a serf on this estate: that I am owner of nothing here. It is necessary therefore, that my master should be made acquainted with the business, and that we should have his consent. Suppose then that we defer the marriage till the autumn. Some travellers from the city have informed me that my master intends coming hither at that season. The young folks shall then be made man and wife; for the present let them love each other like brother and sister. I will say nothing further, friend Dryas, save that the youth you seek as son-in-law, is superior to us all."

He said no more, but embraced Dryas and handed him the goblet, for it was mid-day and very hot; and wishing to show him every mark of kindness he accompanied him part of his way home.

Lamon's last words had not been lost upon Dryas who as he walked along reflected:

“Who can Daphnis be? He was suckled by a goat: the Gods themselves must have provided for him: — he is very handsome, and bears no resemblance to Lamon, whose nose is flat, or to Myrtale whose head is growing bald. He gave me three thousand drachmas — few goat-herds have as many nuts of their own! Was he exposed like Chloe? Was he found, as I found her, with tokens about his person? O Pan, O Nymphs, grant that it may be so. Peradventure the finding of his own parents may conduce to the discovery of those of Chloe.”

Whilst revolving these thoughts in his mind, as in a dream, he reached the threshing-floor, where he found Daphnis eager to hear what answer he had brought. By addressing the young man as son-in-law, Dryas at once dispelled his anxiety; he informed him that the nuptials would take place in the autumn, and gave him his right hand in confirmation of his promise that Chloe should wed no other suitor.

Quicker than thought, without stopping to eat or drink, as he was entreated, Daphnis ran to Chloe. He found her making some cheese of the milk she had drawn from her ewes and he told her the good news. From that time forward he kissed her openly, as if she were already his wife, and not by stealth as he had been wont to do, and he assisted her in all her work, milking her ewes for her, setting her cheese on the racks, and placing her lambs under their dams, as he did with his own kids. Then, when the work was finished, they would bathe, eat and drink, and go in search of ripe fruit, of which there was then great abundance. There were pears of every description, quantities of medlars, and all sorts of apples and quinces, some of which were lying on the ground, whilst some were still on the branches of the trees. Those upon the ground smelt the sweeter, those upon the boughs were fresher; the former were as fragrant as new wine, the latter shone like gold. One apple-tree had been stripped; its branches were bare, every leaf was torn off, and all the fruit had been gathered except a single apple, which grew upon the top of the highest branch. This apple was very large and beautiful, and its fragrance alone excelled the united fragrance of many others. The person who had plucked the other fruit had either been afraid of climbing to the top of the tree, or had not cared to knock this apple down; or maybe this beautiful apple had been purposely preserved for some love-sick shepherd. Scarcely had Daphnis espied it, however, when he began to climb the tree. Chloe endeavoured to prevent him, but he paid no heed to her, and finding herself disregarded, she ran off pettishly to her sheep, whilst Daphnis, climbing the tree, reached the apple and plucked it. Then hastening after Chloe, whom he found in an angry mood, he presented it to her saying, “This fruit, maiden, was produced and cherished by the Hours; Phoebus matured it with his beams, and Fortune has preserved it. I must needs have been blind not to have seen it; and having once seen it I should have been a fool had I left it on the tree that it might fall to the ground, where the cattle might have trodden on it whilst grazing, and the snakes have crept over it, and defiled it. And had it

been left on the tree it might have been spoilt by time. Venus received an apple as the prize of beauty; and the same prize I now give to you. You are both possessed of the same beauty, and your judges are of equal standing; for Paris was a shepherd and I am a goatherd.”

With these words he laid the apple in Chloe’s lap, and she, when he drew near to her, gave him a kiss; so that Daphnis did not repent of having climbed so high; for the kiss that he received was to his mind worth even more than the golden apples of the Hesperides.

Book 4

It happened that one of Lamon's neighbours and fellow serfs, who had been to Mitylene, came to him on his return, and informed him that their master intended coming just before the vintage to see if the Methymnaeans had done any damage to his estate during their late incursion. The summer was now closing, and the great heat had passed, so that Lamon immediately began to put his house and garden in order, that everything might please his master's eye. He cleansed the fountains, that the water might be clear and pure; carried the manure out of the yard for fear lest the smell might prove offensive; and trimmed his orchard that it might appear in all its beauty.

His orchard was indeed a beautiful one, laid out in a princely style. It was situated on high ground, and was five hundred feet in length, comprising in all four acres. The apple, the myrtle, the pear, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive, and indeed every kind of tree grew here in perfection. Here and there were lofty vines, thickly laden with clusters and climbing up the pear and apple trees, whose own fruit ripened beside the black grapes; vine and tree alike seemingly vying in fecundity. Such were the cultivated trees; but the place abounded also with others, which were the natural growth of the soil, such as the cypress, the laurel, the plane and the pine, over which in lieu of a vine an ivy stretched out her branches, covered with berries as large and as black as grapes.

The fruit trees occupied a central position, as being the more precious, whilst those that bore no fruit were ranged around like a fence, and the whole was inclosed by a slight hedge. All were distributed and placed in due order, each tree was set at an equal distance from its neighbour, but at a certain height the branches closed over, and intermingled their leaves with a regularity which, although due to nature, appeared to be the effect of art. There were also beds of various flowers, some of which were cultivated plants, and others the spontaneous production of the soil. The rose trees, hyacinths, and lilies had been planted by man, but the violets, the narcissus, and the pimpernel were the growth of nature. There was shade for the summer, flowers for the spring, fruits for the autumn, and indeed enjoyment for every season of the year.

The spot commanded a fine view of the plains, with the herds and flocks that grazed upon them. The sea, also, and the passing ships were plainly visible, so that the prospect formed no small part of the beauty of the place. In the very centre of the grounds there was a temple and an altar sacred to Bacchus. An ivy encircled the altar, and a vine overspread the temple, inside of which, on the walls, the various events of the God's history were depicted — the delivery of Semele, Ariadne sleeping, Lycurgus bound, Pentheus torn in pieces, the victories over the Indians, and the metamorphosis of the Tyrrhenian sailors. On all sides were Satyrs gaily vintaging and treading the

grapes, and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan for — gotten: he was depicted seated upon a rock and playing upon his pipe, with which he seemed to be regulating both the motions of the Satyrs as they trod the grapes, and the attitudes of the Bacchantes who were dancing.

Such was the garden which Lamon was busy setting in order for his master's reception, cutting away all the dead-wood from the trees, and raising all the trailing vine branches. Every day he crowned the statue of Bacchus with a fresh garland, and conveyed water from the spring to the flower beds. For there was here a spring which Daphnis had discovered and which was called Daphnis's Fountain. Its water was used exclusively for the flowers. As for the young man, Lamon had charged him to get his goats into as good condition as was possible, since their master would undoubtedly desire to inspect them after his long absence from the farm.

Daphnis, however, was under no apprehension on this head, but felt confident of praise, for the herd, which he had received in charge, was now increased two-fold; not one of the goats had ever been captured by a wolf, and all of them were already fatter than sheep. However, being desirous of inclining his master favourably in regard to his marriage, Daphnis displayed every care and great activity, driving his goats to the fields very early and only returning late, leading them to the water twice every day and selecting the richest pastures. He also provided new bowls, a number of new milk pails and larger cheese racks; and such care did he bestow on his goats that he even oiled their horns and combed their hair. They might have been mistaken for the sacred herd of Pan. Chloe shared in all Daphnis's toil, and neglected her own flock that she might be of greater assistance to him. To this Daphnis attributed the beauty of his herd.

Whilst they were occupied in this manner, a second messenger came from the city with orders that they were to proceed with the vintage as speedily as possible. He announced, also, that he would remain with them till they had made the new wine, after which he would return to Mitylene and bring their master, who did not propose coming until the vintage was over. This messenger was called Eudromus, which signifies "the runner," and indeed his employment consisted in running wheresoever he was ordered. He received a hearty welcome from Lamon and his family, and they at once began to strip the vines, to press the grapes, and to place the must in the jars, leaving, however, some of the finest clusters on the vines that those who came from the city might form some idea of the vintage and its delights.

Before Eudromus departed Daphnis gave him several presents, such as it is in the power of a goatherd to bestow, some fine cheeses, a little kid and a white shaggy goat-skin, which he might wear whenever he ran on errands in the winter. Eudromus was greatly pleased thereat and embraced Daphnis, promising to speak favourably of him to his master. Then, thus well disposed towards him, he set out leaving Daphnis with Chloe in a state of dire anxiety. She had many fears on her lover's account, reflecting that so far he had only

been accustomed to seeing his goats, the mountains, his fellow-labourers in the fields and herself, and yet now he was soon to appear for the first time before his master, whom he had hitherto known only by name. She was anxious as to how he would conduct himself, and was agitated in regard to their marriage, fearing that all their expected happiness might prove but a dream. Frequently did she and Daphnis kiss, and frequently and closely did they embrace, but sadness and fear entered into their caresses, as if their master were already there and could behold them.

Whilst they were thus perturbed there came an addition to their troubles. A certain Lampis, a herdsman of a domineering and artful disposition, had asked Dryas for Chloe in marriage, and had presented the former with many handsome gifts in view of promoting his suit. He was aware, however, that if the master of the estate should give his consent, Daphnis would secure the maiden as his bride, and so he resolved to devise some scheme for setting Lamon's family and the master at variance. Knowing how fond the master was of his garden, he determined to ravage it as far as lay in his power. He could not venture to cut down the trees, as the noise might betray him; so he resolved to vent his spite upon the flowers; and having waited till it was dark, he then climbed over the hedge, and like a boar, rooted up many of the flowers, broke others and trampled upon all alike. This done he stealthily effected his retreat without being observed.

In the morning when Lamon came to water his flowers with the streams that he conducted from the fountain, and saw the whole place laid waste and the damage, which appeared to be the work rather of some determined enemy than of a thief, however spiteful, he rent his clothes, and called so loudly upon the Gods that Myrtale threw down what she had in her hands and ran out; whilst Daphnis who was driving his herds to pasture hastened back; and when they beheld the ravage they gave vent to a loud shriek and burst into tears.

It was vain to lament the loss of the flowers, but they dreaded their master's anger, and could not stifle their sorrow. Had any stranger passed by he would have wept also; for the whole flower garden was wrecked; naught remained but trampled mould and remnants of plants, with here and there some solitary flower that had escaped being crushed to pieces, and which with its colours yet gay and bright looked still beautiful, though fallen. The bees swarmed over the prostrate plants, and by their incessant buzzing seemed to be lamenting their fate, whilst Lamon, in despair cried out:

"Alas! My rose trees, how are they broken! Alas! My violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! My narcissus and hyacinths, they are rooted up! Some bad and wicked man must have thus wrecked them. The spring will return, but they will not put forth their buds! The summer will come, and there will be naught to deck this spot! The autumn will arrive, but there will not even be the wherewithal for a garland! And you, my protector, Bacchus, did not you deign to pity the flowers which grew so near to your abode, and with which I have so often crowned your brows? How can I show this garden to

my master? When he sees it, what will he say? Will he not hang his old servant like a second Marsyas on one of those pines? Aye, he will do so, and perchance he will hang Daphnis also, thinking that his goats caused this destruction.”

Their grief now increased; they ceased to weep for the flowers, and wept for themselves. At the idea of Daphnis being hanged Chloe shed bitter tears and prayed that their master might never come. Long and painful were the days that followed, for in imagination she fancied that she could behold Daphnis suffering under the scourge.

It was nearly evening when Eudromus returned, and informed them that their master would only arrive in three days’ time, but that his son would be with them the very next morning. They then began to consult one another as to what course they should follow with regard to the misfortune which had happened. Eudromus was informed of it, and his advice was requested. He, feeling a sincere friendship for Daphnis, advised them to relate the whole affair to their young master, as soon as the latter should arrive. Their young master, said he, was his foster-brother, on which account he enjoyed his favour, and he promised to speak to him on their behalf.

On the morrow they did as Eudromus had recommended. Astylus, their master’s son, arrived on horse-back, and a fawning parasite, who always accompanied him, rode by his side. The beard of the former was but just beginning to grow, but Gnatho’s chin had long since felt the razor. Lamon with Myrtale and Daphnis came out to meet them, and Lamon, falling at his young master’s feet, besought him to avert his father’s anger and to take pity on an unfortunate old man, who had not been to blame in any respect. Astylus listened with great commiseration, and when he came to the garden and saw the havoc that had been wrought, he promised to plead their excuse with his father by laying the fault on his own horses, which, he could assert had been tethered in the garden, and growing restive, had broken loose, trampling and destroying the flowers.

In return for his compassion Lamon and Myrtale called upon the Gods to shower blessings upon him, whilst Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, vine-branches covered with grapes, and apples still hanging from boughs. Among Daphnis’s other gifts was some fragrant Lesbian wine of exquisite flavour.

Astylus expressed himself well-pleased with what Daphnis presented to him, and pending the arrival of his father, he engaged in hare hunting, as became a young man of wealth who merely visited the country for a change of amusement.

Now Gnatho was a glutton whose whole science consisted in eating to excess, drinking till he was inebriated, and satisfying his evil vices after he had indulged in the cup. He was indeed all palate and all belly. He had remarked Daphnis whilst the latter was offering his presents, and being naturally vicious, and never before having seen so handsome a youth even in

the city, he determined to insinuate himself into his good graces; thinking that he could easily gain over a mere goatherd. Having conceived this project he refused to go hunting with Astylus, and proceeded in the direction of the shore, to the spot where Daphnis was tending his herd. He gave as his pretext a desire to see the goats, but in reality he wished to gaze upon the goatherd. To gain the latter's goodwill he began by praising the animals, and then begged Daphnis to play some pastoral strain upon his pipe, promising that he would soon obtain his freedom for him, since he had great influence and credit with his master. Then, in the evening as Daphnis was leading his herd home, Gnatho, who thought that he had disposed the young man favourably began to make offensive proposals to him. For some time Daphnis failed to understand, but when he did he dealt Gnatho so rough a blow that the parasite, who was in liquor and scarce able to stand, fell prostrate to the ground, where he lay in sore need of someone to pick him up. From that time forward Daphnis, bent on holding no communication with him, constantly changed from one pasturage to another, avoiding Gnatho as sedulously as he sought Chloe. And on his side, Gnatho, having discovered that Daphnis was not merely a handsome but also a stalwart youth, refrained from pursuing him; though he sought for a favourable opportunity to speak of him to Astylus, flattering himself that he might obtain him as a gift from the latter, who was wont to grant him all his requests.

For the time, however, he was unable to carry out his plans, for Dionysophanes, the master of the estate, now arrived with his wife Clearista; and great was the stir occasioned by their horses, varlets and maids. Pending the time when he might find Astylus alone, Gnatho busied himself in preparing a fine discourse in regard to the young goatherd.

Dionysophanes' hair was already turning grey, but he was tall and handsome, and could compare favourably with many young men. In wealth he had but few equals, and in virtues he had none. On the day of his arrival he sacrificed to the rural deities, to Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and caused one common bowl to be prepared for all present. On the morrow he visited the estate that was in Lamon's charge, and when he saw the well-ploughed fields, the carefully tended vines, and the beauty of the garden — for Astylus had taken the blame about the flowers on himself — he was highly delighted, and bestowed praises upon Lamon, and promised to give him his freedom. After inspecting the farm he went to see the goats and their young herdsman; and on his approach Chloe fled to the woods, ashamed and frightened to appear before so many strangers. Daphnis, however, stood still: a shaggy goatskin served him as a coat, a new scrip was suspended from his shoulder, in one hand he carried some fine cheeses that had just been made, whilst with the other he held two sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the herds of Laomedon, he must have appeared as Daphnis appeared now. The youth did not speak a word, but with a flush suffusing his face, bowed his head and presented his offerings.

“This, master,” said Lamon, “is the young man who tends your goats. Fifty she-goats, and two he-goats were the number I received from you: this youth has increased the former to a hundred, and the latter to ten. Observe what fine sound horns they have; and how fat and long-haired they are in body. Moreover, he has taught them to understand music, and all their movements are regulated by the pipe.”

Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, expressed a wish for some proof of this assertion and desired Daphnis to pipe to his goats in his usual manner, promising him for his pains a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of sandals. Then Daphnis, standing under the shade of a beech-tree with all the company disposed in a semi-circle around him, took his pipe from his scrip and breathed into it very softly. The goats stood still, merely raising their heads. Then he piped to pasture and forthwith they all lowered their heads and began to graze. Next he piped some sweeter notes and all the herd lay down; whilst when he suddenly changed to a sharper key, they scampered off to the wood as if a wolf had been in sight. After a short interval the youth piped a recall, and then darting from their covert the animals ran to his feet. Few servants obey their masters so well as the goats obeyed Daphnis’s pipe. The whole company were surprised at the youth’s skill, and Clearista, who was particularly astonished, vowed that she would keep the promise she had made to the handsome goatherd who played so skilfully. The party then returned to the farm for dinner, and sent Daphnis some dainties from their own table.

These he shared with Chloe, delighted at partaking of viands prepared according to city cookery; and he now felt sanguine of obtaining his master’s consent to his marriage.

Gnatho had been greatly struck by Daphnis’s display of skill, and was now more desirous than ever of inducing Astylus to make him a present of the young goat-herd. Accordingly, on finding Astylus alone in the garden, he accosted him, and leading him into the temple of Bacchus began to kiss his hands and feet. Astylus forthwith inquired why he did this, and urged him to speak out; whereupon Gnatho made known his request in very pressing terms. Astylus was moved by his entreaties, and promised, as a first step, that under pretence of requiring Daphnis as a slave, he would ask his father to take the youth to the city. Gnatho thereupon renewed his entreaties, and Astylus engaged to take an early opportunity of mentioning the subject to Dionysophanes.

It happened, however, that the conversation in the temple was overheard by Eudromus, the runner, who was greatly attached to the young goatherd on account of his amiable disposition. Unable to support the idea that one of so much comeliness and worth should be handed over to a sot like Gnatho, Eudromus gave information of what he had heard both to Daphnis and Lamon. The former was so much alarmed at the tidings that he resolved either to fly the country with Chloe, or else to destroy both himself and the young shepherdess at the same time. Lamon, on his side, at once called Myrtale out

of the house, and addressed her in these words:

"We are undone, my dear wife! It is time for us to reveal what we have so long concealed. Whatever may become of our herds and all that belongs to us, though I myself be left without employment, like an old ox in the stall (as the saying is), I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will no longer keep the history of Daphnis a secret. I will tell how and where I found him exposed, I will explain how he was nursed, and I will show the tokens which were left with him. That vile Gnatho shall be enlightened concerning the youth whom he would fain carry away. All that I ask of you is to have the tokens ready!"

Having come to this resolution, Lamon and his wife went into the house again.

In the meantime Astylus having found his father disengaged, had begged his permission to take Daphnis home with them on their return, alleging that such a handsome youth was above his present rustic condition, and that under Gnatho's tuition he would soon be able to discharge an attendant's duties in the city. Dionysophanes willingly complied with his son's request — and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, informed them as a piece of good news, that Daphnis was no longer to remain a goatherd, but would henceforth wait upon Astylus. At the same time he promised them two goatherds to supply the young man's place. Then, whilst the servants who had gathered around were rejoicing to hear that such a handsome youth was coming among them, Lamon begged leave to speak, and thus addressed his master:

"Be pleased, master," said he, "to listen to an old man and hear the truth. I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter anything that is false. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor was Myrtale so fortunate as to be his mother. The parents of this youth, whosoever they were, exposed him in his infancy; possibly because they already had more children than they knew how to maintain. I found him lying on the ground, and one of my she-goats was suckling him. When she died, I buried her in the garden, for I was attached to her by reason of the way in which she discharged a mother's duty towards the child. I found several tokens which had been left with the infant — that I confess; and I still preserve these tokens, which prove that the child was born to a higher station than that which he now fills. I am not so presumptuous as to slight the offer that he should become an attendant upon Astylus — an excellent servant to a virtuous and excellent master — but I cannot bear that he should fall into the hands of Gnatho."

As Lamon finished his speech, he burst into tears. Gnatho, who was in a violent passion, threatened to strike him, but Dionysophanes darted a stern look at the parasite and ordered him to be silent. Then, quieting Lamon, he urged him to speak the truth and not to invent falsehoods merely in view of keeping his son at home. Lamon, however, persisted in his assertions, calling upon the Gods to be his witnesses and declaring that he was ready to submit to torture as proof that he was not speaking falsely.

Thereupon Dionysophanes and Clearista, who sat beside him, began as

follows to examine the probability of the tale: “What motive could Lamon have to tell a falsehood, when two goatherds are offered him in lieu of one? How could a common rustic possibly invent such a tale? Besides it seems improbable that this old man and that plain old woman should be the parents of such a handsome son.”

Thereupon they both decided that further conjectures were out of place, and that they must forthwith examine the tokens to see whether they bespoke an illustrious parentage.

Accordingly Myrtale went to fetch the tokens from the old bag in which they had been preserved; Dionysophanes was the first to examine them, and when he saw the purple mantle, the golden clasp, and the little knife with the ivory hilt, he exclaimed, “Lord Jupiter!” and called to his wife to come and look at them. No sooner had Clearista beheld them than, on her side, she gave a loud shriek, and cried out, “O! ye propitious Fates! Are not these the very tokens which we placed with our little one, when we sent Sophrosyne to leave him in this part of the country! They are, indeed, they are the very same. My husband! The child is ours. Daphnis is our son, and he has been tending his own father’s goats!”

Before she had ceased speaking, and whilst Dionysophanes was kissing the tokens and shedding tears of joy, Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, threw off his cloak, and ran through the garden to give him the first salute. But when Daphnis saw him approaching so swiftly, followed by a number of servants, and heard them all calling him by name, he imagined that they were coming to seize him and carry him off by violence. Accordingly he threw down his scrip and his pipe and ran towards the sea, with the determined resolution of throwing himself into it from the summit of a high rock; and (strange to relate!) perhaps his parents might only have found him to lose him at once and forever. Indeed it would have proved so, if Astylus had not realised the occasion of his alarm, and called out to him as follows:

“Stop, stop, Daphnis, I am your brother; and they who have hitherto been your masters are now your parents. Lamon has just now given us a full account of the she-goat, and has shown us all the tokens which were found with you! Look back! See how joyful and happy we are! But let me have the first kiss, brother. I swear by the Nymphs that I am not deceiving you.”

After no little hesitation, Daphnis was induced by this last solemn assertion to stop, and, waiting for Astylus, he received him with a kiss. While they were yet embracing, his father and mother came up together with Lamon and Myrtale and all the men and maid servants, and threw their arms around him, and kissed him with tears of joy. Daphnis saluted his father and mother before all the rest, and as if he had long known them, he clasped his arms around them to press them to his breast. It seemed as though he wished never to part from their embrace: thus do the ties of Nature assert themselves.

For a time even he almost forgot his Chloe. His parents led him back to the house and gave him a costly garment; and when he had put it on, he sat down

beside his real father, who spoke to the following effect :

“I married, my dear children, when I was very young; and in a short space of time I became, so I considered, a very happy father. First a son was born to us, then a daughter, and then you, my Astylus. I thought my family now large enough, and accordingly, when Daphnis was born shortly after the others, I resolved to expose him, placing with him this cloak, knife and clasp, not as tokens by which he might hereafter be identified, but rather as funereal ornaments. Fortune, however, had other plans in view. My eldest son and my daughter died of the same disease in one day; but by the providence of the Gods, you, Daphnis, have been preserved that we might have additional support in our old age. Do not bear any ill will towards me because I exposed you; it was the Gods, not I, that willed it; nor do you, Astylus, grieve that you will now have but a part of my estate instead of the whole of it; for to a wise man no wealth is equal to the possession of a brother. Love each other, and you will be able to vie with princes. Extensive estates, numerous and dexterous servants, stores of gold and silver, indeed all that the happy and prosperous possess, will I leave to you in common. Only I reserve for Daphnis this particular estate with Lamon and Myrtale and the goats which he himself has tended.”

Dionysophanes had scarcely finished speaking when Daphnis rose from his seat and said:

“Father, you have recalled my memory. I must go and lead my goats to water. They must be thirsty and are no doubt waiting to hear my pipe, whilst I sit idle here.”

All those present laughed on hearing that Daphnis, albeit now a master, was still willing to act as goatherd. One of the servants was sent to tend the goats; and Daphnis and the rest of the company after sacrificing to Jove the Preserver sat down to a banquet. Gnatho was the only person absent; for so great was his fear on account of Daphnis that he remained in the Temple of Bacchus as a suppliant throughout the day and night. The report that Dionysophanes had found his son and that Daphnis was master of the estate soon spread abroad; and early the next morning numbers of people flocked to the cottage from different parts, offering congratulations to the youth and presents to the father. Dryas, Chloe's foster-father, was among the first that arrived. Dionysophanes insisted that as they all shared in his joy, they should likewise all have a share in the entertainment that he had prepared. Wine and wheaten bread were provided in plenty, with wild fowl, sucking pigs, and sweetmeats of various kinds. Numerous victims were sacrificed to the rural deities and Daphnis collected all his pastoral equipments, and distributed them in separate offerings to the Gods. To Bacchus he presented his scrip and goatskin coat. To Pan his pipe and transverse flute. To the Nymphs his crook, and the milkpails which he had made with his own hands. But the happiness to which we have been accustomed is often dearer than unexpected good fortune, however great, and thus as Daphnis parted with each offering, he

wept, as if he were parting from some old family friend. He could not suspend his milkpails in the grotto without milking his goats into them once more; he could not part with his coat without once more putting it on; nor could he quit his pipe without once more playing on it. He kissed each offering in turn before giving it up; he talked to his goats and called them by name and he once more drank from the fountain, because he and Chloe had so often quenched their thirst with its water. Still he did not yet venture to declare his love, preferring to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

While Daphnis was engaged in these rites, this is what happened to Chloe, as she sat watching her flock, weeping and complaining: "Daphnis has forgotten me. He is dreaming of marrying some wealthy maiden. Ah! Why did I make him swear by his goats instead of by the Nymphs! He has forgotten them as he has forgotten me; he has been sacrificing to the Nymphs and to Pan, and yet he has never come to see his Chloe. Perhaps he has seen some other girl whom he deems preferable to me among his mother's maids. Farewell Daphnis! May you be happy; as for myself I cannot survive it."

Whilst she was thus giving expression to her thoughts, Lampis, the herdsman, suddenly came up with some rustics in view of carrying her off. Imagining that Daphnis would no longer think of marrying her, Lampis believed that if he once had the maiden in his power, Dryas would be well content to let him keep her as a wife. Whilst she was being borne away, crying and shrieking, someone who had witnessed this act of violence hastened to inform Nape of it. Nape thereupon informed Dryas, and Dryas communicated the tidings to Daphnis. Distracted at the intelligence, and, albeit desirous of succouring Chloe, yet afraid to explain matters to his father, the youth repaired to the outer walk of the garden and thus gave vent to the bitterness of his grief:

"What a source of sorrow has the discovery of my parents become to me! How much better would it have been for me had I continued tending my herds! How much happier I was as a slave, for then I could behold my Chloe! But now Lampis has borne her away, and perhaps this very night she will become his wife, whilst I am here drinking and feasting! Was it in vain then that I swore by Pan, by my goats, and by the Nymphs as well?"

Now, it happened that Gnatho, who was lurking in the garden, overheard this lament, and conceived that a favourable opportunity had now arrived for effecting a reconciliation with Daphnis. Accordingly he collected some of Astylus's varlets, and repairing to Dryas, desired that he would conduct them to the place where Lampis dwelt. They overtook the herdsman as he was dragging Chloe into his house, rescued her from him, and gave his companions, the rustics, a severe beating. Gnatho also wished to seize and bind Lampis, and lead him off like a prisoner of war, but the rogue was too nimble and managed to effect his escape.

After accomplishing this exploit Gnatho returned to the farm. It was already night, and Dionysophanes had retired to rest. However, Gnatho found

Daphnis still in the garden, where he was weeping and lamenting bitterly. He thereupon presented Chloe to him, and gave him an account of the whole affair, beseeching him to forget all his resentment, and to retain him in his service (in which he would prove himself of use) rather than banish him from his father's table, which would deprive him of his bread. When Daphnis saw Chloe restored to him by Gnatho, he speedily became reconciled to the latter, and began to apologise to the maiden for his apparent neglect.

They then held a consultation and Daphnis was at first minded to marry Chloe secretly, and to keep her in concealment, acquainting none save her own mother with the truth. But Dryas would not agree with this plan; he preferred to communicate everything to Daphnis's father, and undertook the task of obtaining his consent. Accordingly, on the morrow at daybreak, taking with him in his scrip the tokens that he had found with Chloe, he presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, who were sitting with Daphnis and Astylus in the garden. Then requesting their attention, he addressed them in these words:

"A necessity similar to that which influenced Lamon now urges me to publish circumstances, which hitherto have never been divulged. I am not Chloe's father, nor was she at first reared by me. Another begat her, and a ewe suckled her in yonder Grotto of the Nymphs, where she lay exposed. I saw this with my own eyes, and was astonished. Influenced by my feelings I adopted her. Her beauty confirms what I say: for she resembles neither myself nor my wife. Moreover, the tokens which I found with her, prove the truth of what I assert; for they are too valuable to belong to any shepherd. Examine them, endeavour to find the maiden's relatives, and perhaps she will prove worthy of becoming your son's wife."

These last words were not spoken undesignedly by Dryas, nor did they fail to attract the attention of Dionysophanes, who, turning his eyes upon Daphnis, and observing that he changed colour, whilst a tear stole down his cheeks, easily discovered the youth's love for Chloe. Regard for his own child rather than for the girl induced him to carefully inquire into the story that Dryas had related, and when he had viewed the tokens, the gilt sandals, the anklets, and the head-dress, he called Chloe to him, and told her not to be dispirited, for she had already found a husband, and would probably soon discover her real father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became one who was her son's intended bride. Dionysophanes in the meantime called Daphnis aside and questioned him in regard to Chloe. The youth replied that nothing had passed between them save the exchange of vows and kisses, whereat Dionysophanes was well pleased and bade them join the banquet.

It now became manifest that beauty is enhanced by adornment. Indeed Chloe, richly attired, with her hair braided and her face shining from the bath, looked far more beautiful than before, and Daphnis himself could barely recognise her. Any spectator, without even knowing her history, would have sworn that she could not be the daughter of Dryas. Nevertheless the latter was

invited to the banquet at which he and Nape together with Lamon and Myrtale reclined upon the same couch.

On the following day victims were again sacrificed to the Gods; libations were prepared, and Chloe hung her pastoral equipments, her pipe, scrip, goatskin cloak, and milkpails in the grotto. She mingled wine with the water of the fountain, beside which she had been suckled, and in which she had so often bathed; and she hung a garland on the ewe's grave, which Dryas pointed out to her. Then she piped a farewell to her flocks and prayed the Nymphs that her parents might prove worthy of her union with Daphnis.

When the party grew tired of rural festivities, they resolved to return to the city, in view of trying to discover Chloe's parents so that the marriage might not be deferred. Accordingly at break of day they prepared for their journey; and before departing Dionysophanes gave Dryas another three thousand drachmas, whilst Lamon and his wife obtained their freedom together with some winter garments, the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, and liberty to reap half the corn, and gather half the grapes annually for their own use. Then the party took the road to Mitylene, with a great train of horses and vehicles. It was night when they reached the city, so that for the time they escaped the notice of the citizens; but early the next day a multitude of men and women flocked to the abode of Dionysophanes, whom the men congratulated on having found his son, the more particularly when they saw how handsome Daphnis was. Meanwhile the women gave Clearista joy, inasmuch as she had not only discovered her son, but had found a maiden worthy to be his bride. Chloe, indeed, obtained the admiration even of her own sex, for her beauty was so perfect that it could not be surpassed. The entire city was in a bustle on account of the youth and the damsel. It was already predicted that the marriage would be a happy one, and many were the wishes that the maiden's parents might prove to be of a rank commensurate with her charms. Many of the richest matrons prayed to the Gods that she might be reputed to be their daughter.

Now it happened that Dionysophanes, fatigued with anxious thought, fell into a deep slumber, in which he beheld the following vision. It seemed to him that he saw the Nymphs requesting the god of Love to give his consent to the marriage. Cupid slackened the string of his bow, placed it by the side of his quiver, and then addressing Dionysophanes, told him to invite the chief citizens of Mitylene to a banquet, and, after filling the last goblet, to display to them the tokens which had been found with Chloe, and then to begin the hymeneal song. Accordingly, on the morrow, Dionysophanes ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, in which all the delicacies that the sea, the earth, the lakes, and the rivers could produce were to be collected together. All the chief citizens of Mitylene were his guests. When night was come and when the goblet had been filled to pour out the libation to Mercury, a slave brought forward the tokens in a silver basin, and holding them in his right hand carried them round and exhibited them to the guests.

Nobody acknowledged them, until one Megacles, who by reason of his advanced age was honoured with the highest couch, cried out in a loud voice:

“What do I behold! What has been the fate of my daughter! Is she then alive? Or did some shepherd find these things, and carry them away? Tell me, I pray you, Dionysophanes, how did you come by these tokens of my child? Now that you have found your son, do not enviously begrudge me the discovery of my daughter.”

Dionysophanes desired him first of all to give them an account of the exposure of his daughter; whereupon in the same loud and eager tone he replied:

“Formerly my means were scanty, for I had expended my fortune in fitting out galleys and equipping choruses. While I was in this situation I had a daughter born to me. Loath to bring her up to the miseries of poverty, and knowing that there are many who are willing to adopt the children of others, I arrayed her with those very ornaments and exposed her. She was carried to the Grotto of the Nymphs and committed to their protection. From that time forward wealth began to pour in upon me every day; but I had no heir to enjoy it, for fortune denied me even another daughter. The Gods, too, seemed ever bent on mocking me by sending me visions at night, which seemed to signify that a ewe would make me a father.”

Loud as had been the tone in which Megacles had spoken, yet louder was the voice in which Dionysophanes replied. Springing from his couch and leading in the richly attired Chloe, he exclaimed:

“This is the child whom you exposed. This maiden, through the providence of the Gods, was suckled by a ewe, and preserved for you; as Daphnis, indeed was reared by a goat, and saved for me. Take the tokens, and your daughter: take her, and bestow her as a bride on Daphnis. Both were exposed; both have been again found by their parents; both have been under the peculiar protection of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love.”

Megacles immediately assented, clasped Chloe to his bosom, and sent for Rhode, his wife, that she might share his joy. That night they slept in the house of Dionysophanes, for Daphnis had sworn by the Gods that he would not part with Chloe even to her own father.

The next morning they all agreed to repair once more into the country. Daphnis and Chloe proposed this course for they were already tired of the city; and, they had formed a scheme for celebrating their nuptials in a pastoral manner.

Upon their arrival at Lamon's abode, they began by introducing Dryas to Megacles and Nape to Rhode; and then, while preparations were being made for a splendid festival, Megacles led Chloe to the grotto, and again devoted her to the guardianship of the Nymphs. Amongst other things he suspended the tokens as offerings to the deities; and he increased the six thousand drachmas which Dryas now possessed to ten thousand.

As the day was beautifully serene, couches of green leaves were, by the

orders of Dionysophanes, spread in the grotto, and all the villagers were invited to the feast. Lamon and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's kinsmen, Philetas with his sons, Chromis and Lycaenium were among the guests. Even Lampis was there, having been forgiven. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character. The reaping song was sung; and all the jokes of the vintage season were repeated. Philetas played on the pipe and Lampis on the flute, whilst Lamon and Dryas danced, and Chloe and Daphnis exchanged kisses. The goats came and grazed near them, as if they also were desirous of partaking of the festival. This was not to the liking of the dainty city folks, but Daphnis summoned each of the herd by name, and gave them all some leaves, which they ate out of his hand, whilst he held them by the horns and kissed them.

And indeed, not only upon that day but during the remainder of their lives, did Daphnis and Chloe lead a pastoral life, gathering together large herds and flocks, paying especial worship to the Nymphs, to Pan, and to the God of Love, and finding no food more delicious than the fruits of autumn, and the milk of their flocks. And, moreover, they caused their first child, a boy, whom they named Philopoemen, to be suckled by a goat; and their second, a girl, whom they called Agele, to be reared by a ewe. In this wise they lived in the fields to a good old age. They adorned the Grotto of the Nymphs; erected statues; raised an altar to Cupid the Shepherd; and in place of the pine reared a temple and dedicated it to Pan the Warrior.

But all this came to pass long afterwards. On the occasion we are now speaking of, all the guests conducted them to the bridal chamber when night had fallen, some playing on pipes, some on flutes, and others carrying lighted torches; and on arriving at the door they began to sing the nuptial hymn in harsh and rugged tones, which resounded like a chorus of labourers breaking up the soil with mattocks. Meantime Daphnis and Chloe retired to rest, and, wakeful like the owls, kissed and embraced one another all night long. Then it was that Daphnis bethought himself of the teachings of Lycaenium, and that Chloe, for the first time in her life, realised that their caresses in the woods and fields had been but so much child's play.

THE END

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE: 1896 Athenian Society Translation



Anonymous Translattice, 1896

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'Daphnis and Chloe' by Marc-Charles-Gabriel Gleyre

PROËM

While hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, in the island of Lesbos, I saw the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen: a picture representing a history of love. The grove itself was pleasant to the eye, covered with trees, full of flowers, and well-watered: a single spring fed both trees and flowers. But the picture itself was even more delightful: its subject was the fortunes of love, and the art displayed in it was marvellous: so that many, even strangers, who had heard it spoken of, visited the island, to pay their devotion to the Nymphs and examine the picture, on which were portrayed women in childbirth or wrapping children in swaddling clothes, poor babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune, beasts of the flock nurturing them, shepherds taking them up in token of adoption, young people binding one another by mutual vows, pirates over-running the seas, and enemies invading the land.

Many other subjects, all of an amatory nature, were depicted, which I gazed upon with such admiration that I was seized with the desire to describe them in writing. Accordingly, I diligently sought for someone to give me an explanation of the details: and, when I had thoroughly mastered them, I composed the four following books, as an offering to Love, the Nymphs, and Pan, and also as a work that will afford pleasure to many, in the hope that it may heal the sick, console the sorrowful, refresh the memory of him who once has loved, and instruct him who has never yet felt its flame. For no one has yet escaped, or ever will escape, the attack of Love, as long as beauty exists and eyes can see. May God grant that, unharmed ourselves, we may be able to describe the lot of others!

BOOK ONE

1.1 There is in Lesbos a flourishing and beautiful city, named Mitylene. It is intersected by numerous canals, formed by the waters of the sea, which flows in upon it, and adorned with several bridges of white polished stone: to look at it, you would say that it was not a single city, but a number of islands. About two hundred stades distant from the city, a wealthy man possessed a very fine estate: mountains abounding in game, fruitful cornfields, hillocks covered with vine shoots, and ample pasturage for cattle; the sea washed a long stretch of soft sandy beach.

1.2 On this estate a goatherd named Lamon, while feeding his flock, found a child being suckled by a goat. There was a thicket of shrubs and briars, over which the ivy straggled, and beneath, a couch of soft grass, whereon the infant lay. Hither the goat often ran and wandered out of sight, and abandoning its own kid, remained by the side of the child. Lamon, pitying the neglected kid, observed the direction in which the goat went: and, one day at noon, when the sun was at its height, he followed and saw it cautiously entering the thicket and walking round the child, so as not to tread on and hurt it, while the latter sucked vigorously at its teat as if it had been its mother's breast. Astonished, as was natural, he approached closer, and found that it was a little boy, beautiful and well-grown, and wrapped in handsomer swaddling clothes than suited a child thus exposed: it had on a little purple tunic fastened with a golden clasp, and by its side was a little dagger with an ivory hilt.

1.3 At first he was minded to take up the tokens, without troubling about the child: but afterwards, feeling ashamed at the idea of being outdone by the goat in humanity, he waited till night, and took everything to his wife Myrtale, the tokens, the child, and the goat. When she expressed her astonishment that goats should bring forth little children, he told her everything: how he had found the child lying exposed, and being suckled by the goat, and how he had felt ashamed to leave it to die. His wife agreed with him, and they resolved to hide the tokens, to bring up the child as their own, and to let the goat suckle him. Further, they decided to call him Daphnis, that the name might have a more pastoral sound.

1.4 When two years had passed, a shepherd belonging to the neighbourhood, named Dryas, while feeding his flocks, made a similar discovery and saw a similar sight. In his district there was a cave sacred to the Nymphs: a large rock hollowed out within, and circular without. Inside were statues of the Nymphs, carved in stone, with feet unshod, arms bared up to the shoulders, hair falling down over the neck, a girdle around the waist, and a smile on the face: to judge from their attitude, you would have said they were dancing. The dome of the grotto was the centre of this mighty rock. Water, gushing from a fountain, formed a running stream; a beautiful meadow extended in front of the cave, the soft and abundant herbage of which was nourished by the

moisture of the stream. Within were to be seen hanging up milk-pails, flutes, pipes, and reeds, the offerings of the older shepherds.

1.5 A sheep, which had recently lambed, went so often to this grotto, that more than once she was thought to be lost. Dryas, wishing to punish her and make her stay with the flock to feed, as before, twisted a bough of pliant osier into a collar in the form of a running noose, and went up to the rock, in order to snare her. But when he drew near he beheld quite a different sight from what he had expected: he saw the sheep giving her teat, just like a human being, for a copious draught of milk, to a child, which, without a cry, eagerly shifted its clean and pretty mouth from one teat to the other, while the sheep licked its face, after it had had enough. It was a female child, and by its side also lay swaddling clothes and tokens, a cap interwoven with gold, gilded shoes, and gold-embroidered anklets.

1.6 Thinking that what he had found was sent from Heaven, and being moved to pity by the example of the sheep, he took the child up in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the Nymphs that he might be permitted to bring up their suppliant happily. Then when it was time to drive back his flock, he returned home, told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, and bade her adopt and bring up the child as her own, without telling anyone what had happened. Nape - that was his wife's name - immediately took up the child and caressed her, as if afraid of being outdone in kindness by the sheep: and, that it might be more readily believed that the child was her own, she gave it the pastoral name of Chloe.

1.7 The two children soon grew up, more beautiful than ordinary rustics. When the boy was fifteen years of age, and the girl thirteen, Lamon and Dryas both dreamed the following dream on the same night. They dreamed that the Nymphs of the grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the little girl, delivered Daphnis and Chloe into the hands of a saucy and beautiful boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrow: and that this boy touched them both with the same arrow, and bade them tend, the one goats, the other sheep.

1.8 When they saw this vision, they grieved to think that Daphnis and Chloe were destined to tend sheep and goats, since their swaddling clothes seemed to give promise of better fortune: for which reason they had brought them up more delicately than shepherds' children, had taught them to read, and given them all the instruction possible in a country place. They resolved, however, to obey the gods in regard to those who had been saved by their providence. Having communicated their dreams to each other, and offered sacrifice, in the cave of the Nymphs, to the winged boy (whose name they did not know), they sent the maiden and the lad into the fields, having instructed them in all that they had to do: how they ought to feed their flocks before midday, and when the heat had abated: when they should drive them to drink, and when drive them back to the fold: when they should use the shepherd's crook and when the voice alone. They undertook this duty as joyfully as if they had been

entrusted with some important office, and were fonder of their goats and sheep than shepherds usually are: for Chloe felt she owed her life to a ewe, while Daphnis remembered that when exposed, he had been nurtured by a goat.

1.9 It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were blooming in the woods and meadows, and on the mountains. The humming of bees, and the twittering of tuneful birds were already heard, and the new-born young were skipping through the fields: the lambs were gambolling on the mountains, the bees were buzzing through the meadows, the birds were singing in the bushes. Under the influence of this beautiful season, Daphnis and Chloe, themselves tender and youthful, imitated what they saw and heard. When they heard the birds sing, they sang: when they saw the lambs gambol, they nimbly skipped in rivalry: and, like the bees, they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, while they wove garlands of others, which they offered to the Nymphs.

1.10 They did everything in common, and tended their flocks side by side. Daphnis frequently gathered together Chloe's wandering sheep: while she often drove back his too venturesome goats from the precipices. Sometimes one of them tended the two flocks alone, while the other was intent upon some amusement. Their amusements were those of children or shepherds. Chloe would pluck some stalks of asphodel from the marsh, to weave a locust-trap, without any thought for her flock: while Daphnis, having cut some slender reeds, and perforated the intervals between joints, joined them with soft wax, and practised himself in playing upon them until nightfall. Sometimes they shared the food they had taken with them from home, their milk, or wine. In short, it would have been easier to find sheep and goats feeding apart than Daphnis separated from Chloe.

1.11 While they were thus engaged in their youthful sports, Love contrived the following trouble for them. There was a wolf in the district, which, having recently brought forth young, frequently carried off lambs from the neighbouring fields to feed them. The villagers accordingly assembled together by night, and dug some trenches, one fathom in depth and four in breadth: the greater part of the earth which they dug out they removed to a distance from the trenches: then, placing over the hole long pieces of dry wood, they covered them with the remainder of the earth, so that it looked level ground just as it had been before: this they did so cunningly that, if even a hare had run across, it would have broken the pieces of wood, which were more brittle than bits of straw; and then it would have been seen that it was not solid earth at all, but an imitation. Although they dug several similar trenches on the mountains and plains, they could not succeed in catching the wolf, which perceived the snare, but were the cause of the loss of a number of sheep and goats, and Daphnis also nearly lost his life, in the following manner.

1.12 Two goats, in a fit of jealousy, charged each other so violently that the

horn of one was broken, and, mad with pain, he took to flight bellowing, closely and hotly pursued by his victorious adversary. Daphnis, grieved at the sight of the mutilated horn, and annoyed at the insolence of the victor, seized his club and crook, and started in pursuit of the pursuer. But, while the goat was trying to make his escape, and Daphnis was in angry pursuit, they could not see clearly what was in front of them, and both fell into one of these pits - the goat first, and Daphnis after him. This saved Daphnis from injury, since he was able to hold onto the goat to break his fall. In this situation he waited in tears to see if anyone would come to pull him up again. Chloe, having seen what had happened, ran up, and, finding that he was still alive, called one of the herdsmen from the neighbouring fields to her assistance. The herdsman came up, and looked for a long rope with which to haul him out, but found none. Then Chloe unloosed the band which fastened her hair, and gave it to the herdsmen to let down. Then they stood on the edge of the pit and pulled: and Daphnis, holding on to the band as it was being hauled up, at last succeeded in reaching the summit. Then they drew up the wretched goat, whose horns were both broken - so fully was his vanquished adversary avenged - and made a present of him to the herdsman, in return for his assistance, having agreed to tell those at home that he had been carried off by a wolf, if anyone missed him. Returning to their flocks, and finding them all feeding peacefully and in good order, they sat down on the trunk of an oak, to see whether Daphnis had been wounded in any part of his body by his fall. But they found no trace of any injury or blood: only his hair and the rest of his person were covered with earth and mud. Daphnis therefore resolved to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtales found out what had happened.

1.13 He went with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, where the fountain was, and gave her his tunic and wallet. And Daphnis, standing by the spring, began to wash his hair and his whole person. His hair was dark and thick, and his body tanned by the sun; one would have thought that it was darkened by the reflection of his hair. Chloe looked at him, and he seemed to her to be very handsome; and, because she had never thought him handsome before, she imagined that he owed his beauty to his bath. She washed his back and shoulders, and, finding his skin soft and yielding beneath her hand, she more than once secretly touched herself, to see whether her own skin was more delicate. Then, as it was near sunset, they drove back their flocks to the homestead: and, from that moment, Chloe had but one thought, one desire - to see Daphnis in the bath again.

The following day, when they returned to the pasture, Daphnis sat down under his favourite oak-tree and played on his pipe, looking awhile at his goats, which, lying at his feet, seemed to be listening to his strains. Chloe, seated near him, was also looking after her sheep, but her eyes were more frequently fixed upon Daphnis. She again thought him handsome as he was playing on his pipe, and this time, imagining that he owed his beauty to the music, she took the pipe herself, to see whether she could make herself

beautiful. She persuaded him to take a bath again, saw him in the bath and touched him: then, on her way home, she again began to praise his beauty, and this praise was the beginning of love. She did not know what was the matter with her, being a young girl brought up in the country, who had never even heard anyone mention the name of Love. But her heart was a prey to langour, she no longer had control over her eyes, and she often uttered the name of Daphnis. She ate little, could not sleep at night, and neglected her flock: by turns she laughed and cried, slept and started up: her face was pale one moment, and covered with blushes the next: a cow, stung by the gadfly, was not more uneasy than Chloe. Sometimes, when she was quite alone, she talked to herself in the following strain:

1.14 "I am ill, but I do not know the nature of my illness: I feel pain, but am not wounded: I am sad, but I have lost none of my sheep. I am burning, although seated in the shade. The brambles have often torn my flesh, but I did not weep: the bees have often stung me, but I ate my food. The evil which now gnaws my heart must be sharper than all those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers: his pipe gives forth sweet notes, but so do the nightingales: but yet I care not for them. Would that I were his pipe, that I might receive his breath! Would that I were one of his goats, that I might be tended by him! O cruel water, that hast made Daphnis so beautiful, while I have washed in thee in vain! I perish, O beloved Nymphs, and you, too, refuse to save the girl who has been brought up in your midst. When I am dead, who will crown you with garlands? Who will feed my poor sheep? Who will look after the noisy grasshopper, which I took so much trouble to catch, that it might send me to sleep, chirping in front of the grotto? But now Daphnis has robbed me of sleep, and the grasshopper chirps in vain."

1.15 Such were the words she spoke in her suffering, seeking in vain for the name of Love. But Dorcon, the herdsman who had extricated Daphnis and the goat from the pit, a youth whose beard was just beginning to grow, who knew the name of Love and what it meant, had felt an affection for Chloe ever since that day, and, as time went on, his passion increased. Thinking little of Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere child, he resolved to gain his object, either by bribery or violence. He first made them presents: to Daphnis he gave a rustic pipe, the nine reeds of which were fastened together with brass instead of wax, and to Chloe a spotted fawn's skin, such as Bacchus was wont to wear. Then, thinking that he was on sufficiently friendly terms with them, he gradually began to neglect Daphnis, while every day he brought Chloe a fresh cheese, a garland of flowers, or some ripe fruit; and once he presented her with a young calf, a gilt cup, and some young birds which he had caught on the mountains. She, knowing nothing of the arts of lovers, was delighted to receive the presents, because she could pass them on to Daphnis. One day - since Daphnis also was destined to learn what Love meant - a discussion arose between him and Dorcon as to which of them was the handsomer. Chloe was appointed judge: and the victor's reward was to be a

kiss. Dorcon spoke first:

1.16 "I am taller than Daphnis: I am a cowherd, while he is only a goatherd, as much superior to him as cows are superior to goats. I am white as milk, ruddy as corn fit for the sickle: my mother reared me, not a wild beast. He is short, beardless as a woman, black as a wolf. He tends goats, and stinks like them. He is so poor that he cannot even keep a clog: and if, as is reported, a goat has suckled him, he differs little from a kid."

After Dorcon had spoken thus, Daphnis replied:

"Yes, like Zeus, I was suckled by a goat: I tend goats that are larger than his cows, and I do not smell of them, any more than Pan, who is more like a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, hard bread, and sweet wine: if he have these, a man is rich in the country. I am beardless, so was Dionysus: I am dark, so is the hyacinth: and yet Dionysus is superior to the Satyrs, the hyacinth to the lily. He is as red as a fox, bearded like a goat, white as a woman from the city. If you kiss me, you will kiss my mouth: but, if you kiss him, you will only kiss the hairs on his chin. Lastly, O maiden, remember that you were suckled by a sheep: and yet how beautiful you are!"

1.17 Chloe could wait no longer: delighted at such praise, and having long been eager to kiss Daphnis, she jumped up and kissed him, simply and artlessly, but yet her kiss had power to inflame his heart. Dorcon, deeply annoyed, hastened away, to think of some other way of satisfying his desires. Daphnis, on the other hand, seemed to have received a sting, rather than a kiss. He immediately became sad and pensive: he was seized with a chill, and was unable to restrain his palpitating heart: he wanted to look at Chloe, and, when he did so, his face was covered with blushes. Then, for the first time, he admired her fair hair, her eyes as large as those of a heifer, her face whiter than goats' milk: it seemed as if he then began for the first time to see, and had hitherto been blind. He merely tasted his food, and hardly moistened his lips with drink. He who was once more noisy than the locusts, remained silent: he who was formerly more active than his goats, sat idle: his flock was neglected, his pipe lay on the ground, his face was paler than the grass in summer. He could only speak of Chloe: and, whenever he was away from her he would rave to himself like this.

1.18 "What on earth has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth is sweeter than a honeycomb, but her kiss is sharper than the sting of a bee. I have often kissed my kids: I have often kissed newly-born puppies, and the little calf which Dorcon gave me: but this kiss is something new. My pulse beats high: my heart leaps: my soul melts: and yet I wish to kiss again. O bitter victory! O strange disease, the name of which I cannot even tell! Can Chloe have tasted poison before she kissed me? why then did she not die? How sweetly sing the nightingales; but my pipe is silent! How wantonly leap the kids, but I sit still! How sweetly bloom the flowers, but I weave no garlands! The violets and hyacinths bloom, but Daphnis fades. Shall even Dorcon appear more beautiful than Daphnis?"

1.19 Such were the passionate outbursts of the worthy Daphnis, who then for the first time felt the influence of love. But Dorcon, the herdsman, the lover of Chloe, seizing the opportunity when Dryas was planting a tree near a vine-shoot, went up to him with some cheeses and pipes. He gave him the cheeses, since he had been an old friend of his, at the time when he himself pastured his flock. Then he began to speak of marriage with Chloe, and promised him a number of valuable presents, if he should gain her hand: a yoke of oxen for ploughing, four swarms of bees, fifty young apple trees, an ox-hide for making shoes, and, every year, a calf that had been weaned. Allured by the prospect of such presents, Dryas was on the point of giving his consent. But afterwards, thinking that the maiden deserved to make a better marriage, and being afraid that, if he were found out, he might be punished and even put to death, he refused his consent, at the same time asking Dorcon not to be offended.

1.20 Dorcon, thus for the second time cheated of his hopes, and having lost his fat cheeses for nothing, determined to lay violent hands on Chloe when he found her alone. Having observed that Daphnis and Chloe took it in turns to drive their flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme worthy of a shepherd. He took the skin of a large wolf, which one of his oxen, fighting in defence of the kine, had killed with his horns, and flung it over his shoulders, whence it hung down to his feet, so that the forefeet covered his hands, and the hinder his legs down to his heels, while the head with its gaping mouth enclosed his head like a soldier's helmet. Having thus transformed himself into a wild beast as best he could, he proceeded to the spring where the goats and sheep used to drink after they came from pasture. This fountain was in a hollow valley, and the whole spot around was full of wild brambles and thorns, low growing juniper bushes and thistles, so that even a real wolf could easily have concealed himself there. Here Dorcon hid himself, waiting for the time when the animals came to drink, hoping to frighten Chloe under the guise of a wolf, and so easily lay hands upon her.

1.21 After he had waited a little while, Chloe came driving the flocks to the spring, having left Daphnis cutting fresh foliage for the kids to eat after pasture. The dogs who assisted them to guard the sheep and goats followed her: and, with the natural curiosity of keen-scented animals, they tracked and discovered Dorcon preparing to attack the maiden. With a loud bark, they rushed upon him as if he had been a wolf, surrounded him, before he was able in his astonishment to rise upon his feet, and bit at him furiously. At first, afraid of being recognised, and being for some time protected by the skin which covered him, he lay in the thicket without uttering a word: but when Chloe, terrified at the first sight of the supposed animal, shouted for Daphnis to help her, and the dogs, having torn off the skin, began to fix their teeth in his body, he cried out loudly and implored Chloe and Daphnis, who had just come up, to assist him.

They quickly calmed the dogs with their familiar shout; then taking

Dorcon, who had been bitten in the legs and shoulders, to the fountain, they washed his wounds, where the dogs' teeth had entered the flesh, and chewed the green bark of an elm-tree and spread it over them. In their ignorance of the audacity prompted by love, they thought that Dorcon had merely put on the wolf's skin for a joke: wherefore they felt no anger against him, but tried to console him, and, having helped him along a little distance, sent him on his way.

1.22 Dorcon, having been in such deadly peril, after he had made good his escape from the mouth of a dog (not, as the proverb goes, of a wolf), devoted his attention to his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe, however, found considerable difficulty in getting together their goats and sheep, which, alarmed by the sight of the wolf's skin, and thrown into confusion by the barking of the dogs, had fled to the tops of the mountains or down to the seashore. Although they had been trained to obey their masters' voice and to be soothed by the sound of the pipe, and to gather together when they merely clapped their hands, fear had caused them to forget everything; and they could only get them back to the fold with difficulty, after tracking them like hares. During that night alone they slept soundly, and weariness was a remedy for their amorous uneasiness: but, as soon as day came again, they felt the same passion as before. They were glad when they saw each other, and sorrowful when they parted: they suffered, they wanted something, but they did not know what they wanted. They only knew, the one that he had been undone by a kiss, the other that she had been destroyed by a bath.

1.23 In addition to this, the season of the year still further inflamed their passion. It was the end of spring and the commencement of summer: all Nature was in full vigour: the trees were full of fruit, the fields of corn. The chirp of the grasshopper was sweet to hear, the fruit sweet to smell, and the bleating of the sheep pleasant to the ear. The gently flowing rivers seemed to be singing a song: the winds, blowing softly through the pine branches, sounded like the notes of the pipe: even the apples seemed to fall to the ground smitten with love, stripped off by the sun that was enamoured of their beauty. Daphnis, heated by all these surroundings, plunged into the river, sometimes to bathe, at other times to snare the fish that sported in the eddies of the stream: and he often drank, as if he could thereby quench the fire that consumed him. Chloe, after having milked her sheep and most of Daphnis's goats, was for a long time busied in curdling the milk: for the flies annoyed her terribly and stung her, when she endeavoured to drive them away. After this, she washed her face, and crowned with branches of pine, and girt with the skin of a fawn, filled a pail with wine and milk to share with Daphnis.

1.24 When noon came on, they were more enamoured than ever. For Chloe, having seen Daphnis quite naked, was struck by the bloom of his beauty, and her heart melted with love, for his whole person was too perfect for criticism: while Daphnis, seeing Chloe with her fawn skin and garland of pine, holding out the milk-pail for him to drink, thought that he was gazing upon one of the

Nymphs of the grotto. He snatched the garland from her head, kissed it, and placed it on his own: and Chloe took his clothes when he had stripped to bathe, kissed them, and in like manner put them on. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and parted and decked each other's hair. Chloe declared that Daphnis's hair, being dark, was like myrtle berries: while Daphnis compared Chloe's face to an apple, because it was fair and ruddy. He also taught her to play on the pipe: and, when she began to blow, he snatched it away and ran over the reeds with his lips: and, while he thus pretended to show her where she was wrong, he speciously kissed the pipe in the places where her mouth had been.

1.25 While he was piping in the noonday heat, and the flocks were resting in the shade, Chloe unwittingly fell asleep. When Daphnis perceived this, he put down his pipe, and gazed at her all over with greedy eyes, without any feeling of shame, and at the same time gently whispered to himself: "How lovely are her eyes in sleep! How sweet the perfume from her mouth, sweeter than that of apples or the hawthorn! Yet I dare not kiss it: her kiss pricks me to the heart, and maddens me like fresh honey. Besides, if I kiss her, I am afraid of waking her. O chattering grasshoppers! You will prevent her from sleeping, if you chirp so loudly! And on the other side, the he goats are butting each other with their horns: O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, why do you not carry them off?"

1.26 While he was thus talking to himself, a grasshopper, pursued by a swallow, fell into Chloe's bosom: the swallow followed, but could not catch it: but, being unable to check its flight, touched Chloe's cheek with its wing. Not knowing what the matter was, she cried out loudly, and woke up with a start: but, when she saw the swallow flying close to her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, she was reassured, and rubbed her still drowsy eyes. The grasshopper, as if in gratitude for its safety, chirped its thanks from her bosom. Then Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed: and, seizing the opportunity, thrust his hand into her breast, and pulled out the grateful insect, which continued its song, even while held a prisoner in his hand. Chloe was delighted, and having kissed the insect, took it and put it, still chirping, into her bosom.

1.27 Another time, they were listening with delight to the cooing of a wood pigeon. When Chloe asked what was the meaning of its song, Daphnis told her the popular story: "Once upon a time, dear maiden, there was a maiden, beautiful and blooming as you. She tended cattle and sang beautifully: her cows were so enchanted by the music of her voice, that she never needed to strike them with her crook or to touch them with her goad: but, seated beneath a pine-tree, her head crowned with a garland, she sang of Pan and Pinus, and the cows stood near, enchanted by her song. There was a young man who tended his flocks hard by, beautiful and a good singer himself, as she was, who entered into a rivalry of song with her: his voice was more powerful, since he was a man, and yet gentle, since he was but a youth. He sang so

sweetly that he charmed eight of her best cows and enticed them over to his own herd, and drove them away. The maiden, grieved at the loss of her cattle, and at having been vanquished in singing, begged the Gods to transform her into a bird before she returned home. The Gods listened to her prayer, and transformed her into a mountain bird, which loves to sing as she did. Even now it tells in plaintive tones of her misadventure, and how that she is still seeking the cows that strayed away.

1.28 Such were the enjoyments which the summer afforded them. But, in mid-autumn, when the grapes grew ripe, some Tyrian pirates, having embarked on a light Carian vessel, that they might not be suspected of being barbarians, landed on the coast: and, armed with swords and corslets, carried off everything that came into their hands, fragrant wine, a great quantity of wheat, and honey in the honeycomb, besides some cows belonging to Dorcon. They also seized Daphnis as he was wandering on the shore: for Chloe, being a simple girl, for fear of the insolence of the shepherds, did not drive out the flocks of Dryas so early. When the robbers beheld the tall and handsome youth, a more valuable booty than any they could find in the fields, they paid no heed to the goats or the other fields, but carried him off to their ship, weeping and in great distress what to do, and calling the while for Chloe in a loud voice. No sooner had they loosed the cable, and begun to ply their oars, and put out to sea, than Chloe drove down her flock, bringing with her a new pipe as a present to Daphnis. But, seeing the goats scattered hither and thither, and hearing Daphnis calling to her ever louder and louder, thinking no more about her sheep, she flung away the pipe, and ran to Dorcon, to implore his aid.

1.29 She found him lying prostrate on the ground, hacked by the swords of the robbers, and almost dead from loss of blood. But, when he saw Chloe, revived by the smouldering fire of his former passion, he said: "Chloe, dear, I am at the point of death: when I tried to defend my cattle, the accursed brigands hewed me to pieces like an ox. But do you save Daphnis for yourself: avenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe, and to come when they hear it, however far off they may be feeding. Come, take this pipe, and play the same strain upon it which I once taught Daphnis, and he in turn taught you. Leave the rest to my pipe and my cows that are on yonder ship. I also make you a present of the pipe, with which I have gained the victory over many herdsmen and shepherds. Kiss me once in return, and lament for me when I am dead: and, when you see another tending my cattle, then think of me."

1.30 When Dorcon had thus spoken, and had kissed her for the last time, he breathed his last as he spoke and kissed her. Chloe took the pipe, put it to her lips, and blew with all her might. And the cows heard it, and, recognising the strain, began to low, and all with a bound sprang into the sea. As they had leaped from the same side of the vessel, and caused the sea to part, it upset and sank under the waves that closed over it. Those on board were flung into

the sea, but with unequal prospect of safety. For the pirates were encumbered with swords, and clad in scaly coats of mail, and greaves reaching halfway down the leg. But Daphnis, who had been tending his flocks, was unshod, and only half clothed, owing to the burning heat. The pirates had only swum a little way, when the weight of their armour dragged them down into the depths: Daphnis easily threw off the clothes he had on, yet it cost him some effort to swim, since he had hitherto only swum in rivers: but soon, under the impulse of necessity, he reached the cows by an effort, and, while with each hand he grasped one by the horns, he was carried along between them without difficulty, or danger, as if he had been driving a cart: for an ox swims far better than any man: it is only inferior to the water-fowl and fishes. An ox would never sink, were it not that the horn falls off his hoofs when it gets wet through. The truth of what I say is borne out by many places on the coast which are still found bearing the name of "Ox fords."

1.31 Thus Daphnis, against all expectation, was saved from the double danger of the robbers and shipwreck. When he came to land, and found Chloe weeping and smiling through her tears, he threw himself into her arms, and asked her what she had meant by playing on the pipe. And she told him everything, how she had run to Dorcon for help, how his cows had been trained to obey the sound of the pipe, what strain she had been bidden to play, and how Dorcon had died: only, from a feeling of modesty, she said nothing about the kiss she had given him. Then both resolved to honour the memory of their benefactor, and went with his relatives to bury the unhappy Dorcon. They heaped earth over him in abundance, and planted a number of cultivated trees round about, and hung up as an offering to the deceased the first fruits of their labours: they poured libations of milk over his grave, crushed grapes, and broke several shepherds' pipes. His cows lowed piteously, wandering hither and thither the while: and to the herdsmen and shepherds it seemed that they were mourning for the death of their master.

1.32 After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him, and then she herself, for the first time in Daphnis's presence, also washed her own fair and beautiful person, which needed no bath to set off its beauty: then, plucking the flowers that were in season, they crowned the statues of the Nymphs, and hung up Dorcon's pipe against the rock as an offering. After this, they went to look after their sheep and goats, which were all lying on the ground, neither feeding nor bleating, but, I believe, pining for the absent Daphnis and Chloe. But, as soon as they came in sight, and began to shout and pipe as usual, they jumped up and began to feed: the goats skipped wantonly, as if delighted at the safe return of their master. Daphnis however could not bring himself to feel happy: for, since he had seen Chloe naked, in all her beauty formerly hidden and then revealed, he felt a pain in his heart, as if it was consumed by poison. His breath now came rapidly, as if someone was pursuing him: and now failed him, as if exhausted in previous attacks. Chloe's bath seemed to him more

terrible than the sea. He thought that his soul was still amongst the pirates, for he was merely a young rustic and as yet knew nothing of the thievish tricks of Love.

BOOK TWO

2.1 It was now the middle of autumn, and the vintage was close at hand; everyone was in the fields, busily intent upon his work. Some were repairing the wine-presses, others cleaning out the jars: some were weaving baskets of osier, and others sharpening short sickles for cutting the grapes: some were preparing stones to crush those full of wine, others preparing dry twigs which had been well beaten, to be used as torches to light the drawing off of the new wine by night. Daphnis and Chloe, having abandoned the care of their flocks, assisted each other in these tasks. Daphnis carried bunches of grapes in baskets, threw them into the press and trod them, and drew off the juice into jars: while Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and poured some of the older wine for them to drink, while at the same time she picked some of the lowest bunches from the trees. For all the vines in Lesbos grow low, and are not trained to trees: their branches hang down to the ground, spreading like ivy, so that even a child that is, so to speak, only just out of its swaddling clothes, could reach the grapes.

2.2 As is customary at the festival of Bacchus, on the birthday of the wine, women had been summoned from the neighbouring fields to assist; and they cast amorous eyes on Daphnis, and extolled him as vying with Bacchus in beauty. One of them, bolder than the rest, kissed him, which excited Daphnis, but annoyed Chloe. On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine presses made all kinds of advances to Chloe, and leaped furiously, like Satyrs who had seen some Bacchante, declaring that they wished they were sheep, to be tended by her: this, again, pleased Chloe, while Daphnis felt annoyed. Each wished that the vintage was over, and that they could return to the familiar fields, and, instead of uncouth shouts, hear the sound of the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

In a few days the grapes were gathered in, the casks were full of new wine, and there was no need of so many hands: then they again began to drive their flocks down to the plain, and joyfully paid homage to the Nymphs, offering them grapes still hanging on the branches, the first fruits of the vintage. Even before that they had never neglected them as they passed by, but when they drove their flocks to pasture, as well as on their return, they reverently saluted them; never omitting to bring them a flower, some fruit, some green foliage, or a libation of milk. And they afterwards reaped the reward of this piety from the Gods. Then they gambolled like dogs loosed from their bonds, piped, sang to the goats, and wrestled sportively with the sheep.

2.3 While they were thus amusing themselves, an old man appeared before them, clad in a goatskin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and carrying a wallet, a very old one, round his neck. Seating himself close by them, he addressed them as follows: "My children, I am old Philetas: I have sung many songs to these Nymphs, I have often played the pipe to Pan

yonder, and guided a whole herd of oxen by my voice alone. I am come to tell you what I have seen, and to declare to you what I have heard.

“I have a garden, which I have planted and cultivated myself, ever since I became too old to tend my flocks. You will always find there everything that grows, in its proper season: in spring, roses, lilies, hyacinths, single and double violets: in summer, poppies, wild pears, and all kinds of apples: and, in the present autumn season, grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. Every morning flocks of birds assemble in the garden, some to seek food, others to sing: for it is thickly shaded by trees, and watered by three fountains. If you were to remove the wall that surrounds it you would think it was a native forest.

2.4 “When I went into my garden yesterday about mid-day, I saw a lad under the myrtles and pomegranate-trees, with some of their produce in his hands: he was white as milk and ruddy as fire, and his body shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and he was amusing himself with plucking the fruit as if the garden had belonged to him. I rushed at him to seize him, being afraid that, in his wantonness, he might break my trees: but he nimbly and easily escaped my hand, now running under the rose-bushes, now hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge. I have often had trouble in chasing young kids, and tired myself with running after newly-born calves: but this was a wily creature, and could not be caught. Being an old man, and obliged to support myself with a stick, I soon became tired: and, being afraid that he might escape, I asked him to which of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by plucking the fruit in a stranger’s garden. He made no answer, but, coming close to me, laughed quietly, flung some myrtle berries at me, and, somehow or other, appeased my anger. I asked him to come to me without fear, and I swore by my myrtles, and, in addition, by my apples and pomegranates, that I would let him pluck the fruits of my trees and cull my flowers whenever he pleased, if he would only give me one kiss.

2.5 “Then, laughing loudly, he began to speak in a voice sweeter than that of a swallow, or nightingale, or swan as old in years as myself: ‘It would be easy for me to kiss you, Philetas: for my wish to be kissed is stronger than your desire to become young again: but look to it whether the gift is suitable to your age. For, when you have once kissed me, your years will not exempt you from a desire to pursue me: but neither the hawk, nor eagle, nor other bird that is swift on the wing can catch me. I am not a child, even though I seem to be: I am older than Kronos, more ancient than all time. I knew you in the bloom of your first youth, when you tended your numerous flock in yonder marsh, and I was by your side when you played upon your pipe under the beech trees, when you were in love with Amaryllis, but you did not see me; and yet I was very close to her. I gave her to you, and the fruit of your union has been stalwart sons, good herdsmen and labourers. But now Daphnis and Chloe are my care: and, when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden, to enjoy the sight of the plants and flowers, and to bathe in this

spring. This is why all the produce of your garden is fair to see, since it is watered by my bath. Look whether any branch is broken, whether any fruit is plucked, whether any flower is trodden upon, or your springs disturbed. Think yourself happy that you are the only man who has seen this child in your old age.'

2.6 With these words, he sprang up, like a young nightingale, upon the myrtles, and, mounting from branch to branch, at length reached the top. Then I saw that he had wings on his shoulders, and a bow and arrows between the wings and his shoulders, and after that I saw him no more. But, unless my grey hairs count for nothing, unless I have grown more foolish with age, you are consecrated to Love, my children, and Love watches over you."

2.7 Daphnis and Chloe were as delighted as if they had heard some fable, and not a true story, and asked what Love was; whether it was a bird or a child, and what it could do. Philetas replied: "My children, Love is a winged God, young and beautiful. Wherefore he takes delight in youth, pursues beauty, and furnishes the soul with wings: his power is greater than that of Zeus. He has power over the elements and over the stars: and has greater control over the other Gods that are his equals than you have over your sheep and goats. The flowers are all the work of Love; the plants are his creation. He makes the rivers to run, and the winds to blow. I have seen a bull smitten with love, and it bellowed as if stung by a gadfly: I have seen a he-goat kissing its mate, and following it everywhere. I myself have been young, and was in love with Amaryllis: then I thought neither of eating nor drinking, and I took no rest. My soul was troubled, my heart beat, my body was chilled: I shouted as if I were being beaten, I was as silent as a dead man, I plunged into the rivers as if I were consumed by fire: I called upon Pan, himself enamoured of Pitys, to help me: I thanked Echo, who repeated the name of Amaryllis after me: I broke my pipes, which, though they charmed my kine, could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy for Love, that can be eaten or drunk, or uttered in song, save kissing and embracing, and lying naked side by side."

2.8 Philetas, having thus instructed them, departed, taking away with him a present of some cheeses and a horned goat. When they were left alone, having then for the first time heard the name of Love, they were greatly distressed, and, on their return to their home at night, compared their feelings with what they had heard from the old man. "Lovers suffer: so do we. They neglect their work: we have done the same. They cannot sleep: it is the same with us. They seem on fire: we are consumed by fire. They are eager to see each other: it is for this that we wish the day to dawn more quickly. This must be Love, and we are in love with each other without knowing it. If this be not love, and I am not beloved, why are we so distressed? Why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. It was that boy in the garden who once appeared to our parents in a dream, and bade us tend the flocks. How can we catch him? He is small and will escape. And how can we escape him? He has wings and will overtake us. We must appeal to the Nymphs for help. But

Pan could not help Philetas, when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us, therefore, try the remedies of which he told us: let us kiss and embrace each other, and lie naked on the ground. It is cold: but we will endure it, after the example of Philetas.”

2.9 This was their nightly lesson. At daybreak they drove out their flocks, kissed each other as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and embraced: but they were afraid to try the third remedy, to undress and lie down together: for it would have been too bold an act for a young shepherdess, even for a goatherd. Then again they passed sleepless nights, thinking of what they had done, and regretting what they had left undone. “We have kissed each other,” they complained, “but it has profited us nothing. We have embraced, but nothing has come of it. The only remaining remedy is to lie down together: let us try it: surely there must be something in it more efficacious than in a kiss.”

2.10 With such thoughts as these their dreams were naturally of love and kisses and embraces: what they had not done in the day, they did in a dream: they lay naked together. The next morning, they got up more inflamed with love than ever, and drove their flocks to pasture, whistling loudly, and hurried to embrace each other: and, when they saw each other from a distance, they ran up with a smile, kissed, and embraced: but the third remedy was slow to come: for Daphnis did not venture to speak of it, and Chloe was unwilling to lead the way, until chance brought them to it.

2.11 They were sitting side by side on the trunk of an oak: and, having tasted the delights of kissing, they could not have enough: in their close embrace their lips met closely. While Daphnis pulled Chloe somewhat roughly towards him, she somehow fell on her side, and Daphnis, following up his kiss, fell also on his side: then, recognising the likeness of the dream, they lay for a long time as if they had been bound together. But, not knowing what to do next, and thinking that this was the consummation of love, they spent the greater part of the day in these idle embraces; then, cursing the night when it came on, they separated, and drove their flocks home. Perhaps they would have found out the truth, had not a sudden disturbance occupied the attention of the whole district.

2.12 Some wealthy young Methymnaeans, wishing to amuse themselves away from home during the vintage, launched a small vessel, manned with their servants as oarsmen, and coasted along the shore of Mitylene, which affords good harbourage, and is adorned with splendid houses, baths, parks, and groves, some natural, others artificial, but all pleasant to dwell in. Coasting along and putting in to land from time to time, they did no damage, but amused themselves in various ways. They fastened hooks to the end of a fine line attached to the end of a reed, and caught fish from a rock that jutted out into the sea: or, with dogs and nets, captured the hares which were scared by the noise of the labourers in the vineyard; or again, they set snares for ducks, wild geese, and bustards, which, besides affording them sport,

provided them with an addition to their repast. If they wanted anything else, they bought it from the villagers, at a higher price than it was worth. They only needed bread, wine, and lodging, for, as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it was safe to pass the night on the water: they accordingly drew up the ship on land, being afraid of a storm by night.

2.13 It chanced that a peasant, being in need of a rope to lift up the stone that was used for crushing the grapes after they had been trodden (his own [rope] being broken), went secretly down to the sea-shore, and, finding the ship unguarded, unfastened the cable, took it home, and used it for what he wanted. In the morning the young Methymnaeans looked everywhere for the rope, and, as no one admitted the theft, after abusing their hosts, they put out to sea again. Having sailed on about thirty stades, they put in at that part of the coast where was the estate on which Daphnis and Chloe dwelt: since it seemed to them to be a good country for coursing. But, as they had no rope with which to moor their vessel, they twisted some long green osiers into a cable, and with them fastened it to land: then, having let loose their dogs to scent the game in the most likely spots, they spread their nets. The dogs, running in all directions and barking, frightened the goats, which left the hills and fled hastily in the direction of the sea. There, finding nothing to eat in the sand on the shore, some of them, bolder than the rest, went up to the boat, and gnawed off the osiers with which it was fastened.

2.14 It so happened that the sea was rather rough, as there was a breeze blowing from the mountains: and, as soon as the boat was unfastened, the tide carried it away into the open sea. When the young Methymnaeans saw what had occurred, some of them ran down to the shore, and others called their dogs together: and all raised such a shout that all the labourers hurried up from the neighbouring fields. But it was all in vain: for, as the breeze freshened, it bore away the vessel down the current with irresistible force.

Then the Methymnaeans, having thus sustained a considerable loss, looked for the keeper of the goats, and, having found Daphnis, flogged him and stripped him of his clothes. One of them, taking up a dog-leash, twisted Daphnis's hands behind his back, intending to bind him. He shouted loudly as he was being beaten, and implored the countrymen to help him, above all Lamon and Dryas. They, being vigorous old men, whose hands were hardened by their labours in the fields, assisted him stoutly, and demanded that a fair inquiry should be held into what had taken place.

2.15 As the others who had come up pressed the same demand, the herdsman Philetas was chosen as umpire: for he was the oldest of those present, and he had the reputation amongst his fellow villagers of being perfectly impartial. First the young Methymnaeans briefly and clearly made their complaint:

"We came to these fields to hunt. We had fastened our boat to the shore with a green osier withy, and left it there: after which, we set out with our dogs to look for game. Meanwhile, this man's goats went down to the shore, ate the osiers, and set loose the boat. You yourself saw it being carried away

out to sea: what do you think was the value of the property with which it was loaded? of the clothes and dog trappings, besides money enough to purchase this estate? Wherefore, by way of recompense, we claim that we have a right to carry away this rascally goatherd, who pastures his flock at the sea-shore as if he were a sailor.”

2.16 Such was the charge brought by the Methymnaeans. Daphnis, although suffering terribly from the blows which he had received, seeing Chloe amongst those present, made light of the pain, and spoke as follows:

“I tend my goats properly. No one in the village has ever complained of a goat of mine browsing in his garden or breaking down his sprouting vines. It is the fault of these sportsmen, who have dogs so badly broken that they keep running about and barking so loudly that, like so many wolves, they have driven my goats from the hills and plains to the seashore. But they have eaten the osiers: could they find any grass, or wild arbutus, or thyme to eat on the sand? Again, their boat had been destroyed by the winds and waves: the storm, not my goats, is to blame for this. Again, there was a large store of clothes and money on board: who would be so foolish as to believe that a boat, carrying so valuable a freight, would have been fastened with nothing but a rope made of osier-withies?”

2.17 Having thus spoken, Daphnis began to weep, and moved the villagers to great compassion: so that Philetas, who had to pronounce the verdict, swore by Pan and the Nymphs that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in the wrong, but the sea and the wind, which were under the jurisdiction of others. However, Philetas could not convince the Methymnaeans, who, in the impulse of their rage, again seized Daphnis, and would have bound him, had not the villagers, roused at this, rushed upon them like a flock of starlings, or jackdaws, and speedily rescued Daphnis, who also was stoutly defending himself. Then, with vigorous blows of their clubs, they routed the Methymnaeans, and did not cease from pursuing them, until they had driven them out of their territory.

2.18 While they were thus engaged in the pursuit of the Methymnaeans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed his face which was smeared with the blood from his nostrils; then, taking a slice of bread and some cheese from her wallet, she gave him to eat, and - what comforted him most of all - she imprinted upon his mouth a kiss sweeter than honey with her tender lips.

2.19 Thus Daphnis had a narrow escape, but the matter did not rest there: for the Methymnaeans, having reached their home with great difficulty on foot, whereas they had come in a ship, full of wounds instead of in the enjoyment of luxury, called an assembly of their fellow citizens, and, holding out olive branches in sign of supplication, besought them to deign to avenge them: they did not, however, utter a word of truth, for fear that they might be laughed at, for having allowed themselves to be so maltreated by a few shepherds: but they accused the Mitylenaeans of having plundered them and seized their

vessel and its contents, as if they had been at open war.

The Methymnaeans believed what they said when they saw their wounds, and, thinking it their duty to avenge their wrongs, since the young men belonged to the highest families in the place they immediately decided to make war without the usual formalities, and ordered their chief captain to put to sea with ten galleys and ravage their coast: for, as the winter was close at hand, it was not safe to entrust a larger fleet to the mercy of the waves.

2.20 On the following day, the captain put out to sea, using his soldiers as oarsmen, and directed his course towards the coastland of Mitylene. He carried off a large number of cattle, and a quantity of corn and wine, since the vintage was only just over, and also took prisoner a considerable number of those who were working in the fields. He at last landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe were tending their flocks, and carried off everything that he could find. At the time Daphnis was not with his flock: for he had gone up to the wood to cut some green branches to serve as fodder for the kids during the winter. Seeing the inroad from a distance, he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a dry beech-tree. Chloe, who was with her flocks, being pursued, fled to the grotto of the Nymphs as a suppliant, and besought her pursuers to spare herself and her flocks, out of respect for the goddesses. But it was all in vain: the Methymnaeans insulted the statues and drove off the flocks, and Chloe with them, as if she had been a sheep or a goat, whipping her with switches.

2.21 Their ships being now loaded with all kinds of booty, they made up their minds to sail no further, but directed their course homewards, being afraid of the wintry season and hostile attacks. Accordingly they rowed away as hard as they could, but they made slow progress, as there was no wind. Daphnis, when all was quiet, went down to the plain where their flocks had been in the habit of feeding, and finding neither goats nor sheep nor Chloe, but everywhere desolation, and Chloe's pipe, with which she used to amuse herself, lying on the ground, he cried aloud and lamented piteously, now running to the beech under which they used to sit, and now to the seashore, to look for her, and then to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was being carried off. There he flung himself on the ground and reproached the Nymphs with having abandoned her:

2.22 "Chloe has been carried off from you, O Nymphs, and you have had the heart to see and endure it - she who used to weave for you chaplets of flowers and offer you libations of fresh milk, whose pipe hangs suspended yonder as an offering to you. No wolf has ever carried off a single goat of mine, but an enemy has carried off the flock and she who tended it with me. They will flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will have to dwell in some distant city. How shall I dare to return to my father and mother without my goats and without Chloe, as if I had proved false to my charge? For I have no longer anything to tend.

"Here I will lie and await death, or some other attack. Are you suffering like myself, Chloe? Do you still remember these fields, these Nymphs, and

me? Or do you find some consolation in the sheep and goats that are your fellow prisoners?"

2.23 While he was thus lamenting, a deep sleep overcame him in the midst of his grief and tears. The Nymphs appeared to him, three tall and beautiful women, half-naked, without sandals, with their hair floating down their backs, just like their statues. At first they seemed to feel compassion for Daphnis: then the eldest addressed him in the following words of comfort:

"Do not reproach us, Daphnis: Chloe is more our care than yours. We took pity on her when she was but a child, and adopted her when she was exposed in this cave and brought her up. She has no more to do with the sheep and fields than you have to do with the goats of Lamon. Besides, we have already thought of her future: she shall neither be carried off as a slave to Methymna, nor become part of the enemy's spoil. We have begged the God Pan, whose statue is under yonder pine, to whom you have never offered so much as a chaplet of flowers in token of respect, to go to the assistance of Chloe: for he is more used to the ways of camps than we are, and he has often left the country to take part in battle. He will set out, and the Methymnaeans will find him no contemptible foe. Be not troubled: arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who, like yourself, lie prostrate with sorrow, thinking that you also have been carried off. Tomorrow Chloe will return with the sheep and goats; you shall tend them and play on the pipe together; leave the rest to the care of Love."

2.24 At this sight and at these words Daphnis started up from sleep. Weeping both for joy and grief, he did obeisance to the statues of the Nymphs and promised, if Chloe should be saved, that he would sacrifice to them the finest of his goats. He next ran to the pine tree, beneath which stood the statue of Pan, with the legs of a goat, his head surmounted by horns, in one hand holding his pipe, in the other a bounding goat. He did obeisance to him also, begged his assistance on behalf of Chloe, and promised to sacrifice a goat to him. The sun was almost set before he ceased from his tears and entreaties; then, taking up the green branches which he had cut, he returned home, where his reappearance comforted Lamon and Myrtale and filled them with joy. Having taken a little food, he went to bed: but even then his rest was disturbed by tears. He prayed that the Nymphs might appear to him again in a dream, and prayed for the speedy coming of the day, on which they had promised him that Chloe should return. Never had a night seemed so long to him. Meanwhile, the following events had taken place.

2.25 The Methymnaean captain, when he had proceeded about ten stades, was desirous of giving his men some rest, as they were greatly fatigued with rowing. Accordingly, having reached a promontory which jutted out into the sea in the shape of a crescent, the bay of which afforded a quieter port than any harbour, he cast anchor, but at some distance from the shore, for fear that the inhabitants might annoy him; then he allowed his crew to enjoy themselves undisturbed. Since they were abundantly supplied with everything,

they drank and made merry, as if they had been celebrating a feast in honour of a victory. But, when night began to fall and put an end to their enjoyment, suddenly the whole earth appeared in flames: the splash of oars was heard upon the waters, as if a numerous fleet were approaching. They called upon the general to arm himself: they shouted to each other: some thought they were already wounded, others lay as if they were dead. One would have thought that they were engaged in a battle by night, although there was no enemy.

2.26 After a night thus spent, a day followed even more terrible to them than the night. They saw Daphnis's goats with ivy-branches, loaded with berries, on their horns: while Chloe's rams and ewes were heard howling like wolves: Chloe herself appeared, crowned with a garland of pine. Many marvellous things also happened on the sea. When they attempted to raise the anchors, they remained fast to the bottom: when the oars were dipped into the water to row, they snapped. Dolphins, leaping from the waves, lashed the ships with their tails, and loosened the fastenings. From the top of the steep rock overhanging the promontory was heard the sound of a pipe: but the sound did not soothe the hearers, but terrified them, like the blast of a trumpet. Then, smitten with affright they ran to arms, and called upon their invisible enemies to appear: after which, they prayed for the return of night, hoping that it might afford them some relief. All who possessed any intelligence clearly understood that all the marvellous things that they had seen and heard were the work of God Pan, who was angry with them for some offence they had committed against him: but they could not guess the cause of it, for they had not plundered any spot that was sacred to him. At last, however, at mid-day, when their general had fallen asleep, not without the intervention of the Gods, Pan himself appeared to him and spoke as follows:

2.27 "O most impious and sacrilegious of men! What has driven your frenzied minds to such audacity? You have filled with war the country that I love, and have carried off the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to my care: you have dragged away from my altars a young girl whom Love has reserved for himself, to adorn a tale. Nay, you did not even respect the presence of the Nymphs, nor me, the great God Pan. Wherefore you shall never again see Methymna with such booty on board, nor shall you escape this pipe, which has so smitten you with alarm: I will swamp you in the waves and give you as food to the fishes, unless you speedily restore Chloe and her flocks, sheep and goats, to the Nymphs. Arise then, put ashore the young girl with all that I have mentioned: and then I will guide your course by sea, and Chloe's by land."

2.28 Alarmed at this vision, Bryaxis - that was the captain's name - started up, summoned the commanders of the ships, and ordered them to search for Chloe with all speed amongst the captives. They soon found her and brought her before him: for she was sitting down, with a pine garland on her head. Recognising by this that it was she to whom his vision referred, he put her on

board his own vessel, and conveyed her to land. As soon as she had gone ashore, the sound of the pipe again made itself heard from the summit of the rock, not martial and awe-inspiring, as before, but playing a pastoral air such as shepherds play when driving out their flocks to feed. Then immediately the sheep hurried down the gangway, without stumbling: while the goats descended with even greater confidence, being accustomed to climb steep places.

2.29 Then the sheep and the goats danced, skipped, and bleated around Chloe, as if they rejoiced with her: but the herds and flocks of the other shepherds remained where they were in the hollow ship, as if the sound of the pipe had not summoned them. While all were lost in admiration at this, and were singing the praises of Pan, stranger sights were seen on both elements. For the vessels of the Methymnaeans unmoored themselves of their own accord, before the anchors were pulled up, and a dolphin, leaping out of the sea, piloted the commander's ship: on land the sweet sounds of a pipe guided the goats and sheep, although no one could be seen playing upon it. Thus the two flocks went on, feeding the while, delighted to hear such strains.

2.30 It was about the time when the flocks were being driven to the plains after mid-day, when Daphnis, perceiving from a lofty hill the approach of Chloe and the herds, with a loud cry of "O Nymphs! O Pan!" hastened down, ran towards Chloe, and, after embracing her, fainted from excess of joy. Even the hot kisses of Chloe, as she clasped him in her arms, scarcely revived him; but at last, having regained consciousness, he made his way to the well-known beech, and, sitting on its trunk, inquired of her how she had managed to escape her numerous foes. Then she told him everything: the ivy that grew on the horns of her goats, the roaring of the sheep, the garland of pine-leaves that sprouted upon her head, the fire that blazed forth upon the land, the noise of oars upon the sea, the two different sounds of the pipe, the martial and the peaceful, the horrors of the night, and how she had been guided on the road which she did not know by the sound of sweet music.

Then Daphnis, recognising the vision of the Nymphs and the influence of Pan, told her in turn all that he had seen and heard, and how that, when he was on the point of death, his life had been restored by the Nymphs. Then he sent her to fetch Dryas and Lamon, and all that was necessary for sacrifice: and, taking the choicest of his goats, he crowned it with ivy, just as the enemy had seen them, poured a libation of milk between its horns, sacrificed it to the Nymphs, hung up and flayed it, and consecrated its skin to them as a votive offering.

2.31 When Chloe had returned, together with Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, after having offered the firstlings to the Nymphs, and poured a libation from a full bowl of sweet wine. Then, having spread couches of leaves on the ground for the use of the guests, he enjoyed himself eating and drinking; but at the same time he kept an eye upon his flocks, for fear that a wolf might attack them. After this they

sang some hymns in honour of the Nymphs, composed by some ancient shepherds. When night came on, they lay down in the fields, and on the following day bethought them of Pan. They crowned the goat that led the flock with branches of pine, and led him to the tree under which stood the image of the God: then, having poured a libation of wine over him, they sang praises to Pan, sacrificed, hung up, and flayed the goat. They roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, and set it down close by in the meadow on green leaves. The skin with the horns was hung up on the pine tree near the statue, an offering of shepherds to the shepherds' God. They also gave him of the firstlings, and poured libations in his honour from a larger bowl, while Chloe sang, and Daphnis played the flute.

2.32 After this they sat down and refreshed themselves. While they were thus engaged, by chance the herdsman Philetas came up, bringing some garlands of flowers to Pan, and some vine-branches full of bunches of grapes. He was accompanied by his youngest son Tityrus, a fair and impudent lad, with reddish hair and grey eyes, who ran and skipped along like a kid. When they saw Philetas and his son, the others, jumping up, went with them to place the garlands on the statue of Pan, and hung the vine shoots on the branches of the pine: then, making Philetas sit down with them, they invited him to share their feast. After the manner of old men who are somewhat heated with wine, they began to tell all sorts of tales: how they tended their flocks when they were young, and how they had escaped many attacks of robbers. One boasted of having slain a wolf, and another (this was Philetas) of being inferior in his skill on the pipe to Pan alone.

2.33 Daphnis and Chloe begged him to give them a specimen of his skill, and to play on his pipe at a feast in honour of the God who delighted in such music. Philetas consented, although complaining that his years had left him but little breath, and took Daphnis's pipe. But it was too small for the display of great skill, being only fit for a lad to play upon. Philetas therefore sent Tityrus to his cottage, which was about ten stades distant, to fetch his own pipe. The lad, throwing off his smock, ran off as swiftly as a fawn: meanwhile, Lamon offered to tell them the story of the pipe, which a Sicilian goatherd had related to him in return for the present of a goat and a pipe.

2.34 "This pipe in former times was not a musical instrument, but a beautiful maiden, who had a melodious voice. She tended goats, sported with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, who saw her tending her goats, sporting, and singing, tried to persuade her to yield to his advances, promising that her goats should always bring forth twins. But she scoffed at his love, and declared that she would never have anything to do with a lover who was neither a goat nor a perfect man. Thereupon Pan was proceeding to violence, but Syrinx fled, until at last, weary of running, she flung herself into a swamp and disappeared amongst the reeds. Pan, enraged, cut down the reeds, and, not finding the maiden, understood what had happened. Then, cutting some reeds of unequal length, in token of an unequal love, he joined them together with

wax and fashioned this instrument. Thus she who was once a beautiful maiden is now an instrument of music-the pipe.”

2.35 Lamon had scarcely finished his story,- which was highly praised by Philetas, who declared that it was sweeter than any song - when Tityrus returned with his father’s pipe, which was very large and made of larger reeds than usual, while the waxen fastenings were overlaid with brass. One would have said that it was the very pipe which Pan had first made. Then Philetas sat upright, tried all the reeds to see if there was a free current of air, and, finding that his breath passed through unchecked, blew so loud and lustily, that it seemed as if several pipes were being played at once: then, gradually blowing more gently, he changed his tune to a more pleasant strain, and, displaying to them the most perfect skill in pastoral music, he showed them what strains were best for a herd of oxen, or a flock of goats or sheep - sweet and gentle for sheep, loud and deep for oxen, sharp and clear for goats: and all these notes he imitated on a single pipe.

2.36 While all, quietly reclining on the ground, listened in silence, charmed by the music, Dryas got up, begged Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian air and then began the vintage dance. He seemed in turns to be plucking the fruit, carrying the baskets, treading the grapes, filling the jars, and drinking the new wine: so perfect was the imitation, and so naturally did the dance represent the vines, the wine-press, the jars, and Dryas drinking, to the life.

2.37 The third old man, having thus danced amid the applause of all, embraced Daphnis and Chloe, who quickly started up and began to represent in the dance the story told by Lamon. Daphnis took the part of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. He tried to persuade her with his entreaties, while she rejected his advances with a smile. He pursued her, and ran on tiptoe, to represent the goat’s cloven feet: while Chloe pretended to be weary in her flight and at last hid herself in the forest which served as a swamp. Then Daphnis took Philetas’s large pipe, drew from it a mournful strain, like the lamentations of a lover, then a passionate air, to touch her heart, and, lastly, a strain of recall, as if he had lost and was seeking her. So well did he play that Philetas, overcome by admiration, jumped up and embraced him, and made him a present of his pipe, with a prayer that Daphnis in his turn might leave it to a successor like himself.

2.38 Daphnis dedicated to the God Pan the small flute which he had hitherto used, embraced Chloe as if he had really lost and found her again, and drove back his flock, playing on his pipe the while.

As night was close at hand, Chloe also drove back her sheep to the sound of the same pipe: the goats went side by side with the sheep, while Daphnis walked close to Chloe. Thus they enjoyed each other’s society until nightfall, when they separated, after promising to drive their flocks to pasture earlier than usual on the following day, which they did. At daybreak, they were in the fields. Having first saluted the Nymphs, and next, the God Pan, they sat down beneath the oak, where they played upon the pipe, kissed and embraced each

other, and lay down side by side, but that was all. Then they got up and bethought themselves of food, and drank wine, mingled with milk.

2.39 Warmed and further emboldened by what they had drunk, they commenced an amorous contest, and at last swore mutual fidelity. Daphnis swore by Pan beneath the pine tree that he could not live without Chloe, even for a single day: while Chloe, having entered the grotto, swore by the Nymphs to live and die with Daphnis. So simple and innocent was she that, when she came out of the grotto, she demanded that Daphnis should take a second oath.

“Daphnis,” said she, “Pan is an amorous and inconstant God: he was enamoured of Pitys and Syrinx, he never ceases to annoy the Dryads and the Epimelian Nymphs with his solicitations. Wherefore, even if you forget the oath that you have sworn by him, he will forget to punish you, even though you should have more mistresses than there are reeds in your pipe. Do you therefore swear by this herd of goats and by the she-goat that reared you, that you will never desert Chloe as long as she remains true to you: but if she breaks her vows to you and the Nymphs, flee from her, loathe her, and kill her like a wolf.”

Daphnis, pleased at being thus mistrusted, stood upright in the midst of his flock, and, taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, swore to love Chloe as long as she loved him: and that, if she ever preferred another, he would kill himself instead of her. Then Chloe was delighted, and no longer had any doubts: for she was young and a simple shepherdess, and saw in the sheep and goats the Gods of shepherds and goatherds.

BOOK THREE

3.1 When the Mitylenaeans heard of the descent of the ten vessels, and were informed by certain persons who came from the country of the plundering of their territory, they considered such outrages on the part of the Methymnaeans unbearable, and resolved to take up arms against them without delay. Collecting a force of three thousand heavy-armed infantry, and five hundred cavalry, they despatched them by land, under the command of Hippasus, being afraid of journeying by sea during the winter season.

3.2 Hippasus accordingly set out, but was careful not to plunder the territory of the Methymnaeans: he carried off neither flocks nor any kind of booty from the husbandmen and shepherds, considering such conduct to be rather the act of a brigand than of a general. He marched with all speed against the city itself, hoping to be able to attack it while the gates were left unguarded. When he was about one hundred stades distant from the city, a herald met them to propose a truce. The Methymnaeans, having learnt from the prisoners that the Mitylenaeans knew nothing of what had taken place, and that the whole affair was merely an attack of a few shepherds and labourers upon some insolent young men, regretted that they had behaved with greater violence than prudence towards a neighbouring city. They were accordingly anxious to restore all the plunder that they had taken, and to re-establish friendly relations between the two cities, both by sea and land. Hippasus sent the herald to the Mitylenaeans, although he had been appointed commander with unlimited power: at the same time he pitched his camp about ten stades from Methymna, to await instructions from his government. At the end of two days, the messenger returned with orders to the commander to receive the booty, and to return home without committing any act of hostility. Having the choice between peace and war, they were of opinion that peace would be more advantageous.

3.3 Thus ended the war between Methymna and Mitylene, as suddenly as it had commenced. Winter came on, a greater hardship than the war for Daphnis and Chloe: suddenly there was a heavy fall of snow, which blocked up all the roads and kept all the labourers indoors. Torrents rushed down with violence from the mountains, the water was frozen hard, the trees seemed buried beneath the hoar frost: the earth was completely hidden, except around the fountains and the banks of the streams. No herdsman led his flocks to pasture, or set foot outside his door: in the morning, at cockcrow, they lighted a large fire, round which they gathered, some twisting hemp, others weaving goats' hairs or making snares for birds. The only thing they had to think about was to give the oxen in the stalls straw to eat, the sheep and goats in the cotes plenty of leaves, and the pigs in the sties acorns and beech nuts.

3.4 The necessity of remaining at home gladdened the hearts of the other labourers and shepherds, who thus enjoyed some relaxation from their daily

task, and, after they had breakfasted, had a long sleep. In this respect the winter seemed to them more enjoyable than spring, summer, or autumn. But Daphnis and Chloe had always in mind the pleasant pastimes which they were now forced to abandon - their kisses, embraces, and meals shared together: they passed sad and sleepless nights, and waited for the return of spring as a resurrection. It grieved them sorely when they touched a wallet from which they had eaten, or saw a pail from which they had drunk together, or a pipe, carelessly thrown aside, that had been a gift of affection. They prayed to Pan and the Nymphs to put an end to their sorrows, and to show the sun again to them and their flocks; at the same time, they endeavoured to find some means of seeing each other. Chloe was terribly embarrassed, and did not know what to do: for her supposed mother never left her for a moment: she taught her to card wool, and turn the spindle, and talked to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, since he had more time to himself, and was cleverer than the young girl, devised the following scheme for seeing her.

3.5 In front of Dryas's cottage, close to the courtyard gate, grew two large myrtles and an ivy plant. The myrtles almost touched, and the ivy had worked its way between them in such a manner that, spreading its branches on either side like a vine, it formed a kind of arbour shaded by its intertwining foliage: berries, large as grapes, hung down from the branches, upon which settled swarms of birds, which were unable to procure food outside - blackbirds, thrushes, doves, starlings, and all the birds that are fond of feeding on ivy. Daphnis went out under pretence of catching some of these birds, taking with him a wallet full of honey-cakes, and some birdlime and snares, so as to allay all suspicion. Although the distance was ten stades at the most, the snow, which was not yet melted, caused him great inconvenience: but Love can make its way through everything, through fire, water, and the snows of Scythia.

3.6 He made all haste to the cottage, and, having shaken the snow from his feet, he set up his snares, and smeared some long sticks with birdlime: then he sat down waiting for the birds and thinking of Chloe. The birds came in great numbers, and he caught so many that he had plenty to do to pick them up, kill, and pluck them. But no one left the house, neither man, nor woman, nor fowl: for all had shut themselves up and were seated round the fire. Daphnis was utterly at a loss what to do, and cursed his unlucky star: then he thought of venturing to knock at the door, but did not know what plausible excuse to make. He discussed the matter with himself as follows: "If I say that I have come to fetch something to light a fire with, they will ask me if I have no nearer neighbours. If I ask for some bread, they will tell me that my wallet is full of food. If I say I want wine, they will answer that we have only just got in the vintage. If I say I have been chased by a wolf, they will ask where his footprints are. If I say that I came to catch birds, they will ask me why I do not return home, now that I have caught enough. And, as for declaring openly that I want to see Chloe, who would make such a confession to a girl's mother and

father? All such excuses are open to suspicion: the best thing will be to hold my tongue. I shall see Chloe again in the spring, since I am not destined to see her this winter.”

After this soliloquy he picked up his birds and was preparing to go, when, as if Love had taken compassion upon him, the following incident occurred.

3.7 Dryas was at table with his family: the meat had been cut up and distributed, the bread served, and the goblet mixed, when one of the sheep dogs, taking advantage of the moment when no one was watching him, seized a piece of meat, and ran out of doors. Dryas, greatly enraged (for the piece of meat was his own portion), snatched up a cudgel, and ran after him like another dog. In his pursuit, he passed close to the ivy, and saw Daphnis who had just flung his spoil over his shoulders, and had made up his mind to depart. Then, immediately forgetting all about the meat and the dog, he shouted, “Good day, my lad,” embraced him, and led him into the house. When Daphnis and Chloe saw each other, they nearly fainted for joy: however, they managed to keep on their feet, and greeted and saluted each other: and this helped to prevent them from falling.

3.8 Thus Daphnis, having, beyond all expectation, both seen and kissed Chloe, took a seat near the fire, and laid upon the table the doves and blackbirds with which his shoulders were burdened. He told them how, weary of being obliged to stay at home, he had set out to catch birds, and how he had trapped them with snares and birdlime, owing to their greediness for myrtle and ivy-berries. They praised his activity, and pressed him to eat some of what the dog had left. Chloe was bidden to pour out wine for them to drink, which she gladly did. She served all the rest first, reserving Daphnis for the last: for she pretended to be angry with him because, having come so far, he was on the point of going home without seeing her. However, before she offered him the cup, she dipped her lips into it and then gave it to him: and he, although very thirsty, drank the contents slowly, in order to make the pleasure last longer.

3.9 The bread and meat soon disappeared from the table: then, remaining seated, his hosts began to ask him about Myrtale and Lamon, at the same time congratulating them upon having such a support in their old age. Daphnis was delighted at their commendation, since Chloe heard them: but when they invited him to stay until the following day, when they intended to offer sacrifice to Dionysus, he was ready to fall down and worship them in place of the God. He immediately pulled out the honey-cakes from his wallet and all the birds which he had caught: and they got them ready for the evening meal. A second goblet was prepared, and the fire re-lighted: and, when it was night, they sat down to another hearty meal. After this they sang and told stories, and then went to bed. Chloe with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing Daphnis on the following day; while Daphnis satisfied himself with an idle enjoyment: he thought it happiness even to sleep with Chloe’s father, clasped him in his arms, and

kissed him again and again, dreaming that he was kissing and embracing Chloe.

3.10 At daybreak, it was bitterly cold, and a north wind was nipping everything. The family got up, and having sacrificed a year old ram to Dionysus, lighted a large fire, and made preparations for a meal. While Nape was making the bread, and Dryas cooking the meat, Daphnis and Chloe, being left to themselves, retired to the ivy bower in front of the yard, where they again set up the nets and smeared the twigs with birdlime, and caught a large number of birds. In the meantime, they continually kissed each other and held delightful converse.

“It was for your sake that I came, dear Chloe.” “I know it, Daphnis.” “It is for your sake that I am destroying these poor birds. What then am I to you? Do not forget me.” “I do not forget you, I swear by the Nymphs whom I formerly invoked as the witnesses of my oath in the grotto, whither we will soon return, as soon as the snow melts.” “It lies very deep, Chloe: I am afraid that I myself shall melt first.” “Courage, Daphnis: the sun is hot.” “Would that it were as hot as the fire which consumes my heart.” “You are laughing at me and trying to deceive me.” “No, I swear it by the goats, by which you bade me swear.”

3.11 While Chloe was thus answering Daphnis, like an echo, Nape called them. They ran into the house with their catch, which was much larger than that of the previous day. After they had poured libations to Dionysus, they ate, crowned with garlands of ivy. Then, when the time came, after they had celebrated the praises of Bacchus and chanted Evoe, Dryas and Nape sent Daphnis on his way, having first filled his wallet with bread and meat. They also gave him the wood-pigeons and thrushes to take to Lamon and Myrtale, since they knew that they would be able to catch as many as they wanted, as long as the winter and the ivy-berries lasted. Then Daphnis departed, after kissing them all - Chloe last, that her kiss might remain pure and without alloy. He afterwards found several fresh excuses for returning, so that they did not pass the winter entirely deprived of the joys of love.

3.12 With the commencement of spring the snow began to melt, the earth again became visible, and the green grass sprouted. The shepherds again drove their flocks into the fields, Daphnis and Chloe first of all, since they served a mightier shepherd. They ran first to the grotto of the Nymphs, then to the pine tree and the image of Pan, and after that to the oak, under which they sat down, watching their flocks and kissing each other. Then, to weave chaplets for the Gods, they went in search of some flowers, which were only just beginning to blossom under the fostering influence of Zephyr and the warmth of the sun: however, they found some violets, hyacinths, pimpernel, and other flowers of early spring. After they had drunk some new milk drawn from the sheep and goats, they crowned the images, and poured libations. Then they began to play upon their pipes, as if challenging to song the nightingales, which were warbling in the thickets and gradually perfecting

their lamentation for Itys, as if anxious, after long silence, to recall their strains.

3.13 The sheep began to bleat, the lambs gambolled, or stooped under their mothers' bellies to suck their teats. The rams chased the sheep which had not yet borne young, and mounted them. The he-goats also chased the she-goats with even greater heat, leaped amorously upon them, and fought for them. Each had his own mate, and jealously guarded her against the attacks of a wanton rival. At this sight even old men would have felt the fire of love rekindled within them: the more so Daphnis and Chloe, who were young and tortured by desire, and had long been in quest of the delights of love. All that they heard inflamed them, all that they saw melted them and they longed for something more than mere embraces and kisses, but especially Daphnis, who, having spent the winter in the house doing nothing, kissed Chloe fiercely, pressed her wantonly in his arms, and showed himself in every respect more curious and audacious.

3.14 He begged her to grant him all he desired, and to lie with him naked longer than they had been accustomed to do: "This," said he, "is the only one of Philetas's instructions that we have not yet followed, the only remedy that can appease Love." When Chloe asked him what else there could be besides kisses, embraces, and lying together, and what he meant to do, if they both lay naked together, he replied: "The same as the rams and the he-goats do to their mates. You see how, after this has been accomplished, the former no longer pursue the latter, nor do the latter flee from the former: but, from that moment, they feed quietly together, as if they had enjoyed the same pleasure in common. This pastime, methinks, is something sweet, which can overcome the bitterness of love." "But," answered Chloe, "do you not see that he-goats and she goats, rams and sheep, all satisfy their desire standing upright: the males leap upon the females, who receive them on their backs? You ask me to lie down with you naked: but see how much thicker their fleece is than my garments." Daphnis obeyed (!), lay down by her side, and held her for a long time clasped in his arms: but, not knowing how to do what he was burning to do, he made her get up, and embraced her behind, in imitation of the he-goats, but with even less success: then, utterly at a loss what to do, he sat down on the ground and began to weep at the idea of being more ignorant of the mysteries of love than the rams.

3.15 In the neighbourhood there dwelt a labourer named Chromis, already advanced in years, who farmed his own estate. He had a wife whom he had brought from the city, young, beautiful, and more refined than the countrywomen: her name was Lycaenium. Every morning she saw Daphnis driving his goats to pasture, and back again at night. She was seized with a desire of winning him for her lover by presents. Having watched until he was alone, she gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a deerskin wallet, but she was afraid to say anything, suspecting his love for Chloe. For she had observed that he was devoted to the girl, although hitherto she had only guessed his

affection from having seen them exchange nods and smiles. One day, in the morning, making the excuse to Chromis that she was going to visit a neighbour who had been brought to bed, she followed them, concealed herself in a thicket to avoid being seen, and heard all they said, and saw all they did. Even Daphnis's tears did not escape her. Pitying the poor young couple, and thinking that she had a two-fold opportunity - of getting them out of their trouble and, at the same time, satisfying her own desires - she had recourse to the following stratagem.

3.16 The next day, having gone out again on pretence of visiting her sick neighbour, she proceeded straight to the oak under which Daphnis and Chloe were sitting, and, pretending to be in great distress, cried: "Help me, Daphnis: I am most unhappy. An eagle has just carried off the finest of my twenty geese: but, as the burden was a heavy one, he could not carry it up to the top of the rock, his usual refuge, but has alighted with his prey at the end of the wood. In the name of the Nymphs and Pan yonder, I beseech you, go with me into the forest, for I am afraid to go alone: save my goose, and do not leave the number of my flock imperfect. Perhaps you will also be able to slay the eagle, and he will no longer carry off your kids and lambs. Meanwhile, Chloe can look after your goats: they know her as well as you: for you always tend your flocks together."

3.17 Daphnis, suspecting nothing of what was to come, immediately got up, took his crook and followed Lycaenium. She took him as far from Chloe as possible, and, when they had come to the thickest part of the forest, she bade him sit down near a fountain, and said: "Daphnis, you are in love with Chloe: the Nymphs revealed this to me last night. They told me in a dream of the tears you shed yesterday, and bade me relieve you of your trouble by teaching you the mysteries of love. These consist not in kisses and embraces alone, or the practices of sheep and goats, but in connexion far more delightful than these: for the pleasure lasts longer. If then you wish to be freed from your troubles and to try the delights of which you are in search, come, put yourself in my hands, a delightful pupil: out of gratitude to the Nymphs, I will be your instructress."

3.18 Daphnis, at these words, could no longer contain himself for joy: but, being a simple countryman and goatherd, young and amorous, he threw himself at her feet and begged her to teach him without delay the art which would enable him to do to Chloe what he desired: and, as if it had been some profound and heaven-sent secret, he promised to give her a kid lately weaned, fresh cheeses made of new milk, and even the mother herself. Lycaenium seeing, from his generous offer, that Daphnis was more simple than she had imagined, began to instruct him in the following manner. She ordered him to sit down by her side just as he was, and to kiss her as he had been accustomed to kiss Chloe, and, while kissing, to embrace her and lie down by her side. When he had done so, Lycaenium, finding that he was ready for action and inflamed with desire, lifted him up a little, and, cleverly slipping under him,

set him on the road he had sought so long in vain: and, without more ado, Nature herself taught him the rest.

3.19 When this lesson in the mysteries of Love was finished, Daphnis, still as simple as before, would have hastened at once to Chloe, to teach her all that he had learnt, for fear of forgetting it, if he delayed. But Lycaenium stopped him, and said: "There is something else you must know, Daphnis: I am a woman, and you have not hurt me: for, long ago, another man taught me what I have just taught you, and took my maidenhead as his reward. But Chloe, when she enters upon this struggle with you for the first time, will weep and cry out, and will bleed as if she had been wounded. But you need not be afraid at the sight of the blood: when you have persuaded her to yield to your desire, bring her here, where, if she cries, no one can hear her; if she weeps, no one can see her; if she bleeds, she can wash herself in the spring. And never forget that I made you a man before Chloe."

3.20 After she had given him this advice, Lycaenium went off to another part of the wood, as if she was still looking for her goose. Daphnis, thinking over what she had said, felt his passion somewhat cooled, and hesitated to press Chloe to grant him anything more than kisses and embraces. He did not wish to make her cry out, as if she was being attacked by an enemy, or to make her weep, as if she were in pain, or to make her bleed, as if she had been wounded: for, being a novice in the art of love, he was afraid of this blood, thinking it impossible that it could proceed from anything but a wound. He accordingly left the wood, resolved to enjoy himself with her in the usual way, and, when he reached the place where she was sitting weaving a chaplet of violets, he pretended that he had rescued the goose from the eagle's claws: then he embraced and kissed her, as he had kissed Lycaenium while they toyed together: for this at least he thought was free from danger. Chloe crowned his head with the chaplet, and kissed his hair, which smelt sweeter to her than the violets: then she took out of her wallet a piece of fruit-cake and some bread and gave him to eat; and, while he was eating, she would snatch a morsel from his mouth, and eat it, just like a young bird pecking from its mother's beak.

3.21 While they were eating, and were even more busily engaged in kissing each other, a fishing-boat came in sight proceeding along the coast. There was no wind, and the sea was calm: wherefore the crew decided to use their oars, and rowed on vigorously, for they were taking some fish that they had just caught to one of the wealthy citizens. After the custom of sailors, in order to lighten their toil, one of them sang a song of the sea, which regulated the movement of the oars, while the rest, like a chorus, joined in with the singer at intervals. As long as they were in the open sea, their song was but faintly heard, since their voices were lost in the expanse of air: but when they ran under a promontory, or entered a deep crescent-shaped bay, their voices sounded louder, and the refrain of their song was heard more distinctly on the land: for the bottom of the bay terminated in a hollow valley, which received

the sound like a musical instrument, and gave back an echo which represented separately the splash of the oars and the voice of the singers, delightful to hear: for, when one sound came from the sea, the answering echo from the land took it up, and lasted longer, since it had commenced later.

3.22 Daphnis, knowing what it was, had eyes for nothing but the sea. He was delighted at the sight of the boat gliding along the coast swifter than a bird on the wing, and endeavoured to catch some of the airs that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never heard an echo before, looked first towards the sea, while the fishermen were singing, and then towards the wood, to see whose voices answered. When the boat had passed, all was silent in the valley. Then Chloe asked Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the promontory, or another boat with another crew singing the same strains, and whether they all ceased singing at once. Then Daphnis smiled pleasantly, and kissed her more tenderly; and, placing upon her head the chaplet of violets, began to tell her the story of Echo, demanding as his reward ten kisses more.

3.23 "There are several kinds of Nymphs, my dear Chloe, Nymphs of the forest, of the woods, and of the meadows: they are all beautiful, and all skilled in singing. Echo was the daughter of one of these: she was mortal, since her father was a mortal, and beautiful, being born of a beautiful mother. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the flute and pipe, the lyre and the lute, and to sing all kinds of songs: when she grew up, she danced with the Nymphs and sang with the Muses: but, jealous of her virginity, she avoided all males, both Gods and men. Pan was incensed against the maiden, being jealous of her singing, and vexed that he could not enjoy her beauty. He inspired with frenzy the shepherds and goatherds, who, like dogs or wolves, tore the maiden to pieces, and flung her limbs here and there, still quivering with song. Earth, out of respect for the Nymphs, received and hid them in her bosom, where they still preserve their gift of song, and, by the will of the Muses, speak and imitate all sounds, as the maiden did when alive - the voices of men and Gods, musical instruments, and the cries of wild beasts: they even imitate the notes of Pan when playing on his pipe. And he, when he hears it, springs up and rushes down the mountains, with the sole desire of finding out who is the pupil who thus conceals himself." When Daphnis had finished his story Chloe gave him, not ten, but ten times ten kisses: for Echo had repeated nearly all her words, as if to testify that he had spoken nothing but the truth.

3.24 The sun grew daily hotter for spring was at its close and summer was beginning, and the delights of summer returned to them once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, Chloe bathed in the springs: he played on the pipe, in rivalry with the rustling of the pines, she emulated the nightingales in her song: they chased the noisy locusts, caught the chirping grasshoppers, plucked the flowers, shook the fruit from the trees and ate it: they even sometimes lay naked together side by side under the same goatskin. Then Chloe would have soon become a woman, had not Daphnis been deterred by his horror of blood.

Often, being afraid that he might not be able to contain himself, he would not allow Chloe to remove her clothes: whereat she was astonished, but was too bashful to inquire the reason.

3.25 During this summer, a number of suitors for the hand of Chloe presented themselves, coming from all parts to ask her of Dryas in marriage. Some brought presents, others made lavish promises. Nape, her hopes being thus excited, advised him to let Chloe marry, and not keep a girl of her age at home, who might, at any moment, while tending her flocks, lose her virginity and bestow herself upon some shepherd for a present of roses or apples: it would be better, said she, to make her mistress of a home and to keep the presents they had received for their own son lately born. Sometimes Dryas felt tempted by these arguments: for each of the suitors made far handsomer offers than might have been expected in the case of a simple shepherdess; but at other times he came to the conclusion that the girl was too good for a rustic husband, and that, if she ever found her parents again, they might make him and Nape rich. He accordingly put off answering from day to day, receiving in the meantime a considerable number of presents. Chloe, seeing all this, was overcome with grief, which she for a long time concealed from Daphnis to avoid giving him pain: but at last, as he importuned her with questions, and was even more unhappy than if he knew all, she told him everything - her numerous and wealthy suitors, Nape's reasons for hastening on her marriage, and how Dryas, without absolutely refusing his consent, had deferred his answer to the next vintage.

3.26 When Daphnis heard this, he nearly went out of his mind: he sat down and began to weep, declaring that he should die if Chloe no longer came to tend her flocks in the fields; and not he alone, but her sheep also, if they lost such a shepherdess. Then, having recovered himself a little, he took courage and thought of asking her father for her hand himself. He already reckoned himself one of her suitors, and hoped to be easily preferred before the rest. One thing alone disturbed him: Lamon was not rich, and even though (?) he had been rich, he was not free: this alone made his chances slighter. Nevertheless, he decided to prefer (?) his suit, and Chloe approved his resolution. He did not, however, venture to speak directly to Lamon, but, feeling bolder with Myrtale, he told her of his love and spoke to her of his wish to marry Chloe. At night, she told Lamon, who was greatly annoyed at the proposal: he sharply rebuked her for wanting to marry, to the daughter of a simple shepherd, a youth who, to judge from the tokens found with him when he lay exposed, might look forward to a higher destiny, and who, if he found his parents again, might not only grant them their freedom, but might bestow upon them a larger estate even than the one on which they worked. Myrtale, fearing that Daphnis might do something desperate, or even take his own life, if he lost all hope of winning Chloe, gave him other reasons for Lamon's refusal. "We are poor, my son," she said to him, "we rather want a bride who will bring a dowry with her: while they [Dryas and Nape] are wealthy, and

seek wealthy suitors. But, come, persuade Chloe, and let her try and persuade her father, not to ask for a large settlement, but to allow you to marry. No doubt she loves you and would prefer for her bed fellow a handsome youth, though poor, to an ape, however wealthy.”

3.27 Myrtale, who never expected that Dryas would give his consent, since there were far wealthier suitors for the hand of Chloe, thought that she had very cleverly avoided the question of the marriage. Daphnis, for his part, could find nothing to say against this: but, finding how little chance he had of getting what he wanted, he did what poor lovers usually do - he began to weep, and again implored the assistance of the Nymphs, who appeared to him at night, while he was asleep, in the same dress and form as on the first occasion. The eldest of them again addressed him: “Chloe’s marriage is the business of another God: but we will give you some presents which will soften the heart of Dryas. The vessel which belonged to the young Methymnaeans, the osier cable of which your goats formerly ate, was carried far out to sea all that day by the winds. But, during the night, when a violent breeze blew from the sea, it was driven ashore on the rocky promontory. The vessel was shattered to pieces, and nearly all that was in it was lost: but a purse of three thousand drachmas was cast up by the waves, and it now lies upon the shore, hidden under some seaweed, close to a dead dolphin, the stench from which is so noisome that no passer-by will go near it. Go, take the purse, and give it to Dryas. It is enough for you now to show that you are not poor: but a day will come when you will be even wealthy.”

3.28 With these words, they disappeared, and night with them. At daybreak, Daphnis jumped up full of joy, and eagerly drove his goats to pasture. Having kissed Chloe and paid his respects to the Nymphs, he went down to the shore, saying he was going to bathe, and walked along the sand on the beach, looking for the three thousand drachmas. He had not to trouble himself long: for the evil smell of the dolphin, which lay rotting on the shore, soon reached his nostrils. Following the smell as a guide, he soon reached the spot, removed the seaweed, and found the purse full of money. He took it, stowed it away in his wallet, and, before departing, gave thanks to the Nymphs and the sea itself: for, although he was a goatherd, he began to think that the sea was pleasanter than the earth, since it had assisted his marriage with Chloe.

3.29 Having gained possession of the three thousand drachmas, he delayed no longer. He thought himself the richest man, not only amongst the husbandmen in the neighbourhood, but of all men living, hastened to Chloe, told her of the dream, showed her the purse, told her to mind the flocks till he returned, and then ran with all speed to Dryas, whom he found with Nape, beating some wheat on a threshing-floor. Then, quite confidently, he approached the subject of marriage: “Give Chloe to me to wife: I know how to play on the pipe, to prime vines, and to plant trees: I also know how to plough, and to winnow the corn in the breeze: how I can tend flocks, Chloe herself can testify. I had fifty goats at first, I have doubled their number. I

have reared some fine large he-goats, whereas before I was obliged to borrow those belonging to others. I am young and your neighbour, against whom no one has any complaint. I was brought up by a goat, Chloe by a sheep: and, though I am so far superior to her other suitors, I will not be outdone by them even in presents. They will give you some goats and sheep, a yoke of mangy oxen, or some corn, not enough to feed a few fowls: but I will give you these three thousand drachmas. But let no one know of this, not even my father Lamon.” With these words, he offered Dryas the money, and embraced him.

3.30 When Dryas and Nape saw so large a sum of money, they immediately promised him Chloe in marriage, and undertook to persuade Lamon to give his consent. Daphnis and Nape remained, driving the oxen round, and beating out the ears with the threshing machines. Dryas, having first stored away the money with the tokens, hastened to Lamon and Myrtale, to ask for the hand of Daphnis for their daughter, a most unusual proceeding. He found them measuring out some barley that had lately been winnowed, and greatly disheartened, because the crop was disproportionate to the seed that had been sown. He tried to console them, saying that the same complaint was to be heard everywhere: and then asked the hand of Daphnis for Chloe, saying: “Although others offer much for the honour, I will take nothing from you, but will rather give you something out of my own purse. They have been brought up together, and while tending their flocks, have become so attached to each other, that it would be hard to separate them: and they are now both of marriageable age.” This and more said Dryas, as a man who was to have 3,000 drachmas for a reward, if he persuaded Lamon and Myrtale. Lamon, being no longer able to allege his poverty as an excuse (since the parents of the girl did not reject the alliance), nor the age of Daphnis (for he was now a well-grown youth), nevertheless shrunk from stating the real reason of his hesitation, namely, that Daphnis was above such a connection. He remained silent for a while, and then said:

3.31 “You do right in preferring neighbours to strangers, and in esteeming riches above honourable poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for it. I myself am anxious for this marriage: for I should be mad, seeing that I am now an old man, and have need of more hands to help me, if I did not consider it a great honour to enter into an alliance with your family. Chloe herself is much sought after, being a good and beautiful girl. But, as I am a serf, I have nothing of which I can dispose: I must first inform my master and gain his consent. Come then, let us put off the marriage until autumn, when, according to those who have visited us from the city, he will be here. Then they shall become man and wife: in the meantime, let them love each other like brother and sister. But let me tell you this, Dryas: you are asking for the hand of a youth whose station is superior to our own.” When he had thus spoken, Lamon kissed Dryas, and offered him wine to drink, for the sun was at its height: then he accompanied him part of the way home, with every mark of affection.

3.32 Dryas, who had listened attentively to Lamon's last words, began to think, as he was walking along, who this Daphnis might be: "He was reared by a goat, as if the Gods watched over him: he is fair to look upon, and in no way resembles this snub-nosed old man or his bald-headed wife. He has been able to lay his hands upon three thousand drachmas, a larger sum than a man in his position could make out of pears. Was he exposed by some one, like Chloe? did Lamon find him, as I found her? were any tokens found with him, like those I found with Chloe? If this be so, O Pan and you, dear Nymphs, perhaps Daphnis will one day find his parents and find out the mystery attached to Chloe."

Thus reflecting and dreaming, Dryas went on until he reached the threshing floor, where he found Daphnis eagerly waiting to hear what news he had brought. He cheered him, called him his son-in-law, promised that the marriage should take place in the autumn, and pledged him his word that Chloe should never marry anyone but Daphnis.

3.33 Daphnis, then, quicker than thought, without tasting food or drink, ran straight to Chloe, whom he found milking the cows and making cheese. He told her the good news of their approaching marriage, and kissed her, openly and without concealment, as his betrothed, and assisted her in all her tasks. He drew the milk into the pails, curdled the cheeses in the crates, and put the lambs and kids under their mothers. When all this was done, they washed themselves, ate and drank, and went in search of ripe fruit, of which they found abundance, since it was the fruitful season of the year-wild and garden pears and apples, some fallen on the ground, and others still on the trees. Those on the ground were more fragrant, and smelt like wine: those on the trees were fresher, and glittered like gold. There was one apple-tree, the fruit of which had already been plucked, and which was stripped of its fruit and leaves. All its branches were bare, and only a single apple remained on the topmost bough, fine and large, more fragrant than all the rest. He who had plucked the others had not ventured to climb so high, or had forgotten to take it: or it may be that so fine an apple was reserved for a love-sick shepherd.

3.34 When Daphnis saw this apple, he was eager to climb and pluck it, and, when Chloe tried to prevent him, he paid no heed to her, and she went off to her flocks. Then Daphnis climbed the tree, reached and plucked the apple, and took it to Chloe. Seeing that she was annoyed, he said: "Dear Chloe, the beautiful seasons have made this apple to grow, a beautiful tree has nourished it, the sun has ripened it, and chance has preserved it. I should have been blind not to see it, and foolish to leave it there, to fall to the ground and be trodden under foot by a grazing herd or poisoned by some creeping serpent, or to be consumed by time, though admired by all who saw it. Aphrodite was presented with an apple as the prize of beauty: I present this to you as the meed of victory. You are as beautiful as Aphrodite: your judges are alike: Paris was a shepherd, I am a goatherd." With these words, he placed the apple in Chloe's bosom, and, when he drew near, she kissed him, so that he did not

regret that he had been bold enough to climb so high, for he was rewarded with a kiss that he valued above the golden apples of the Hesperides.

BOOK FOUR

4.1 Meanwhile, one of Lamon's fellow servants arrived from Mitylene and informed him that their master would visit his estate a little before the vintage, to see whether the inroad of the Methymnaeans had done any damage. As the summer was nearly over, and autumn was close at hand, Lamon made preparations to receive his master, and put his house and garden in order, that he might find everything pleasant to look upon. He cleaned the fountains, that the water might be bright and pure, removed the dung from the yard, that he might not be annoyed by the smell, and put the grounds in order, that they might look as pleasant as possible.

4.2 These grounds were very beautiful, like royal parks. They were about a stade in length, situated on high ground, about four plethra in breadth, so that they were rectangular in shape. All kinds of trees were to be found there, apple-trees, myrtles, pear trees, pomegranates, fig-trees, and olives: on one side was a lofty vine, which with its black grapes overspread the apple and pear trees, as if to contend with them in fruitfulness. These were the cultivated trees: but there were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which, instead of the vine, spread branches of ivy, whose large berries turning black looked like ripe grapes. The fruit trees were in the centre of the garden, as if for better protection: those that did not bear fruit stood round them like an artificial fence, and the whole was shut in by a little wall. Everything was admirably arranged and distributed: the trunks of the trees were kept apart, but, overhead, the branches were so intertwined that what was due to Nature seemed to be the work of art. There were also beds of flowers, some growing wild, others cultivated roses, hyacinths, and lilies that had been planted: violets, narcissuses, and pimpernel, which grew wild. There was shade in summer, flowers in spring, grapes in autumn, and fruit in every season of the year.

4.3 From this spot the plain could be seen, with the shepherds feeding their flocks; also the sea, and the vessels passing along, which added enjoyment to this delightful spot. In the very centre of the garden, there was a temple and altar of Dionysus, the latter covered with ivy, the former with vine branches. Within the temple were pictures representing incidents in the life of the God: Semele brought to bed, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, Pentheus being torn to pieces, conquered Indians, Tyrrhenians changed into dolphins, and everywhere Satyrs and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan forgotten: he was seated on a rock, playing upon his pipe, so that he seemed to be playing the same air both for those who were treading the wine-press and for the Bacchantes who were dancing.

4.4 Such were the grounds to which Lamon devoted all his attention, lopping off the dry leaves and tying up the vine-branches. He placed a garland of flowers upon the head of Dionysus, and conveyed water to the flower-beds

from a spring which had been discovered by Daphnis, and was hence called "Daphnis's spring." Lamon also advised Daphnis to get his goats into as good condition as possible, as his master would want to inspect them, since he had not visited his estate for so long a time. Daphnis had no fear of not being praised for the condition of his flock: he had doubled their number, not one of them had been carried off by wolves, and they were fatter than the sheep. But, as he was eager to do everything to obtain his master's approval of his marriage, he spared no pains to make them sleek and fat, driving them out to pasture in the early morning, and not driving them home until late in the evening. He took them twice to drink, and carefully sought for the places where there was the best pasturage. He also took care that there were new drinking vessels, plenty of milk-pails, and larger cheese-vats. He was so particular that he even anointed their horns, and combed their hair: you would have thought you were looking upon Pan's sacred flock. Chloe also assisted him in his labours, and, neglecting her sheep, devoted the greater part of her time to the goats: so that Daphnis declared that it was owing to her that they looked in such good condition.

4.5 While they were thus engaged, a second messenger arrived from the city, bidding them gather the grapes as speedily as possible; since he had been ordered to stay until the new wine was made, when he was to return to the city to fetch his master in time for the autumn vintage. They gave Eudromus (so was the slave called, because he acted as his master's courier) a hearty reception, stripped the vines, pressed the grapes, put the new wine into casks, and cut off a number of branches with the grapes still unpicked, so that those who came from the city might have an idea of the delights of the vintage and might think that they had taken part in them.

4.6 When Eudromus was ready to hurry back to the city, Daphnis gave him several presents, such as a goatherd might have been expected to give some well-made cheeses, a young kid, and the shaggy skin of a white goat, to wear during the winter when he was running messages. Eudromus was highly pleased, kissed Daphnis, and promised to say everything in his favour to his master. Then he departed, full of kindly feelings: but Daphnis, full of anxiety, remained with Chloe in the fields. She felt equally timid, when she remembered that Daphnis, a youth who had never seen anything but goats, mountains, husbandmen, and herself, was now for the first time to see his master, whom he had hitherto only known by name. She was very anxious to know how Daphnis would address his master, and was greatly disturbed in mind regarding their marriage, for fear it might prove an idle dream. They kissed each other over and over again, and embraced tenderly: but their kisses were mingled with apprehension and their embraces were tinged with sadness, as if their master were already present, and they were afraid of him or were obliged to keep their love a secret. While they were in this distress, the following trouble came upon them.

4.7 In the neighbourhood there lived a cowherd named Lampis, a man of

insolent and overweening disposition. He too sought Chloe's hand from Dryas, and had already given him several presents to further his suit. Seeing that, if his master's consent were obtained, Daphnis would marry her, he cast about for the means of embittering the master against the young couple. Knowing that he took great pride in his garden, he determined to spoil and rob it of its beauty. Since, if he cut down the trees, he might be betrayed by the noise, he determined to devote his energies to destroying the flowers. He waited until it was night, climbed over the low wall, pulled up, broke off, and trod down the flowers like a wild boar, and then withdrew without having been seen by anybody. The next morning, Lamon went into the garden to water the flowers from his spring; and, when he saw the whole place thus ravaged, at the sight of this desolation, which was clearly the work of an enemy rather than of a robber, he immediately rent his cloak, and invoked the Gods with loud cries. Myrtale at once threw down what she had in her hands and ran out: Daphnis, who was driving out his goats, turned back: and when they saw what had happened they cried aloud and burst into tears.

4.8 It was idle (?) to lament the loss of the flowers, but the fear of their master made them weep. Even a stranger would have wept at the sight: the whole place was in disorder, and nothing could be seen but upturned earth and mud. If by chance some flower had escaped the general destruction, it still looked gay and bright, and retained its former beauty, although lying on the ground. Swarms of bees hovered round, humming incessantly, as if they too lamented what had happened. Lamon cried out in his consternation: "Alas! my rose trees, how they are broken! Alas! my violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! my hyacinths and narcissuses, which the hand of some wretch has uprooted! The spring will return, but they will blossom no more: the summer will come, but they will not bloom: autumn will come again, but they will not deck anyone's head. And you, my lord Dionysus, had you no pity for these unhappy flowers, near which you dwelt, with which I have often crowned your brows? How can I show the garden to my master? What will he think when he sees it? He will hang the old man on a pine tree, like Marsyas: and perhaps Daphnis as well, thinking that his goats have done this damage."

4.9 At these words, they wept even more bitterly, not so much on account of the flowers as for themselves. Chloe was bitterly distressed, at the thought that Daphnis would be hung: she prayed that their master might not come, and passed her days in bitterness, thinking that she already saw Daphnis under the lash. One evening, Eudromus came to inform them that the master himself would not arrive for three days, but that his son would be there on the morrow. They accordingly thought over what had happened, and took Eudromus into their confidence. He, being well disposed towards Daphnis, advised him to tell everything to their young master beforehand, promising to do his best for them, since he possessed some influence with him, being his foster-brother. When the day came, they did as he had advised them.

4.10 Astylus arrived on horseback, accompanied by his parasite, also on

horseback. Astylus's beard was only just beginning to grow, but Gnatho's (so was the parasite named) had long been familiar with the razor. Lamon, together with Daphnis and Myrtale, fell at his feet and besought him to have compassion upon an unfortunate old man, and to save from his father's wrath one who had committed no offence: and at the same time he told him all that had occurred. Astylus was moved to pity by his supplication: he went to the garden, inspected the damage done to the flowers, promised to make his father relent, and undertook to lay the blame upon his own horses, and to say that they had been fastened up in the garden, but, having become frisky, had broken loose, and trampled down, trodden under foot, and uprooted the flowers. Lamon and Myrtale wished him all prosperity in return for his kindness: and Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, grapes still on the vine-branches, and apples on the boughs: to these he added some fragrant Lesbian wine, most delightful to drink.

4.11 Astylus, having expressed his satisfaction, went to hunt the hares, like a wealthy young man who had nothing to do but amuse himself, and was visiting the country in search of some fresh diversion. Gnatho, who knew nothing except how to eat till he could eat no more, and to drink till he was drunk, and was all throat and belly and lust, had carefully observed Daphnis when he brought the presents to Astylus. Being naturally fond of boys, and finding Daphnis handsomer than any of the youths in the city, he resolved to make advances to him, thinking that he would find no difficulty in seducing a simple goatherd. Having made up his mind to this, instead of accompanying Astylus to the chase, he went down to the place where Daphnis was tending his flock, under pretence of looking at the goats, but in reality he had eyes for nothing but Daphnis. In order to coax him, he praised his goats, and begged him to play a pastoral air upon his pipe: then he promised to obtain his freedom for him shortly, saying that he was all-powerful with his master.

4.12 When Gnatho thought he had won Daphnis's affection, he lay in wait for him one evening as he was driving back his goats from pasture, ran up to him and kissed him. Then he asked him to turn his back to him and let him do to him what the he-goats did to the she-goats. Daphnis was slow to understand, but at last he said to himself that, while it was quite natural for he-goats to mount she-goats, no one had ever seen a he-goat mounting a he-goat, or a ram another ram instead of a sheep, or a cock treading a cock in place of a hen. Meanwhile, Gnatho attempted to lay violent hands upon Daphnis, who dealt him a vigorous blow, which felled him to the ground, since he was already drunk and could hardly stand. After this, Daphnis ran away as swiftly as a fawn, leaving Gnatho on the ground, more in need of the assistance of a man, than of a boy, to help him along. From that time Daphnis shunned him altogether, changing the pasturage of his goats from one place to another, avoiding Gnatho as carefully as he sought Chloe. Nor did Gnatho trouble him any more, when he found that he was not only handsome, but also strong and vigorous. But he watched for ail opportunity to speak to Astylus about him,

hoping that his young master would make him a present of Daphnis, since he knew that he was ready to grant almost every favour he asked.

4.13 For the moment he could do nothing: for Dionysophanes had just arrived with Clearista, and nothing was heard but the noise of animals, slaves, men, and women. In the meantime, Gnatho set about composing a long and amorous discourse upon Daphnis. Dionysophanes, whose hairs were already beginning to turn grey, was a tall, handsome man, who need not have shrunk from rivalry with many a young man: in addition to this, he was richer than most men, and none were more virtuous. On the first day of his arrival, he offered sacrifice to all the Gods who preside over husbandry, to Demeter, Dionysus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and gave a feast to all the household. On the following days, he went to see how Lamon had done his work: and, at the sight of the ploughed fields, the well-kept vines, and the beautiful garden - for Astylus had taken the blame for the damage done to the flowers - he was delighted, congratulated Lamon, and promised him his freedom. After this he went to see the goats and the goatherd.

4.14 Chloe immediately ran away into the forest, feeling bashful and afraid of so many visitors: but Daphnis remained where he was, with a shaggy goat skin fastened round him, and a new wallet hanging from his shoulder, holding in one hand some fresh cheeses, and in the other some sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the flocks of Laomedon as a hired servant, he must have looked like Daphnis, who, without saying a word, his face covered with blushes, bowed and presented his gifts.

Then Lamon said: "O master, this is the goatherd: you gave me fifty goats and two he-goats to look after: he has doubled the number of the goats, and increased the he-goats to ten. You see how fat and sleek they are, what long hair they have, and how sound their horns are. He has also taught them to understand music: when they hear the sound of his pipe, they are ready to do anything."

4.15 Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, was anxious to put it to the proof: she ordered Daphnis to play on his pipe to his goats as he was accustomed to do, and promised to give him a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of shoes for his trouble. Daphnis made them sit down as if they were at the theatre, stood up under the beech tree, took his pipe out of his wallet, and, to commence with, drew from it merely a feeble strain. The goats immediately stood up, and lifted their heads. Then he piped to pasture and the goats began to browse, with their heads towards the ground. He played a clear sweet strain, and they all lay down. He played a shrill air, and they fled towards the forest, as if a wolf was approaching. After a brief interval, he piped a recall, and they came out of the forest, and ran to his feet. They obeyed the notes of the pipe more readily than servants obey their masters' orders.

The visitors were astonished, especially Clearista, who swore to give what she had promised to the gentle goatherd who played so well. Then they returned to the homestead for dinner, and sent Daphnis something from their

own table. Daphnis shared the food with Chloe, highly pleased at tasting city cookery, and feeling sanguine of obtaining his master's consent to his marriage.

4.16 Gnatho, inflamed still more by what he had seen of the goatherd, and considering that life would not be endurable if he did not get possession of Daphnis, waited his opportunity until Astylus was walking in the garden: then, leading him up to the temple of Dionysus, he kissed his hands and feet. When Astylus asked what was the meaning of his behaviour, and bade him speak, swearing that he would grant whatever favour he asked, Gnatho replied: "Your poor Gnatho is lost, O master. I who hitherto cared for nothing but the pleasures of the table, who used to swear that there was nothing more delightful than old wine, who considered your cooks far superior to all the youths of Mitylene - I now think that there is nothing beautiful in the world but Daphnis. I do not so much as taste the most dainty dishes, although so many are prepared each day - meat, fish, and honey-cakes. I should like to be a goat, I should like to eat grass and leaves, listening to his pipe and tended by him. Save Gnatho, I beseech you, and remedy a love that is irremediable. If you do not, I swear to you by my God that I will take a hearty meal, and then stab myself in front of Daphnis's door; and you will never again call me your dear little Gnatho, as you used to do in jest."

4.17 When Gnatho began to kiss his feet again, Astylus could no longer resist his entreaties, for he was a generous youth, who had himself felt the pains of love. He promised to ask his father for Daphnis and to take him to the city, nominally as his slave, but really as Gnatho's minion. Then, wishing to cheer him up, he asked him with a smile if he were not ashamed of being in love with Lamon's son, and why he was so anxious to sleep with this young goatherd, at the same time pretending that the smell of goats disgusted him. But Gnatho, like one who had gone through the whole course of erotic lore at the tables of debauchees, replied shrewdly enough in regard to himself and Daphnis:

"No lover troubles himself about such things: in whatever form he finds beauty, he is smitten with it. Men have been known to become enamoured of a plant, a river, or a wild beast: and yet who would not pity a lover who has to fear what he loves? No doubt the form that I love is that of a slave, but its beauty is free. Do you see how like his hair is to the hyacinth, how his eyes glitter beneath his brows, like a jewel in a setting of gold? His face is ruddy, his teeth are white as ivory. Who would not long for a tender kiss from his lips? In loving a goatherd, I am but following the example of the Gods. Anchises was a cowherd, and Aphrodite possessed him: Branchius tended goats, and Apollo loved him: Ganymede was a shepherd, and Zeus carried him up to heaven. Let us not despise a lad, whose goats we see obey him, as if even they were enamoured of him: let us rather thank the eagles of Zeus for allowing such beauty to remain upon the earth."

4.18 Astylus, who was highly amused by this speech, laughed and told

Gnatho that love produced very plausible orators: at the same time, he promised to watch for an opportunity to speak to his father about Daphnis. But Eudromus had heard all that was said without being seen. His friendship for Daphnis, whom he considered a worthy young man, and his indignation at the idea of such beauty being handed over to the insults of a drunken wretch like Gnatho, made him go and tell Daphnis and Lamon at once. Daphnis, in great consternation, at first thought of flight in company with Chloe, or of dying together with her. Then Lamon called Myrtale out and said to her: "We are lost, my dear wife: the moment is come to reveal what has long been hidden. Although the goats and everything else be abandoned, I swear, by Pan and the Nymphs, even though I should be left like a worn-out ox in the stall, that I will no longer hold my tongue in regard to the history of Daphnis. I will tell how I found him exposed: I will declare how he has been brought up: and I will show all the tokens that I found exposed with him. That infamous wretch Gnatho shall know what manner of man he is, and who it is that he has the audacity to love. Do you look after the tokens, and see that I have them ready to hand."

4.19 Having settled this, they went indoors. Meanwhile, Astylus, finding his father disengaged, hastened to him and asked permission to take Daphnis home with him to the city, declaring that he was a handsome lad and too superior to be left in the country, and that Gnatho would soon teach him city manners. His father willingly gave his consent, and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, told them the good news that Daphnis would in future serve his son Astylus instead of tending goats, and promised to give them two goatherds to take his place. Then, when all the other slaves had gathered together, delighted at the prospect of having so handsome a fellow-servant, Lamon asked leave to speak, and, on its being granted, began as follows:

"O master, hear a true story from an old man: I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter a word that is false. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor has Myrtale the good fortune to be his mother. He was exposed when a child by other parents, who perhaps had enough children already. I found him abandoned, and being suckled by one of my goats, which I buried in the garden when it died: for I loved it because it had performed the part of a mother towards the infant. I also found some tokens lying by its side: this I confess, master, and also that I kept them: for they show that he belongs to a higher rank of life than our own. I have no objection to his serving Astylus, for he will be a good servant to a good and honourable master: but I cannot endure that he should become the laughing-stock of the drunken Gnatho, who wants to take him to Mitylene and make him play the part of a woman."

4.20 After this Lamon was silent and burst into tears. But when Gnatho waxed bolder and threatened to chastise him, Dionysophanes, astounded at what Lamon had said, knitted his brows and ordered Gnatho to hold his tongue: then he again questioned the old man, exhorting him to speak the truth, and not to invent some story, in order that he might keep his son. When

Lamon persisted in his tale, swore by all the Gods that it was true, and offered to submit to the torture if he had lied, Dionysophanes, with Clearista sitting by his side, carefully considered what he had said. "What object could Lamon have in speaking falsely, seeing that he was to have two goatherds in place of one? How could a rude peasant have invented such a story? Again, was it not at the outset incredible that so handsome a youth should be the offspring of an old man like Lamon and a shabby old woman like Myrtale?"

4.21 They determined not to trust any further to conjecture, but to examine the tokens at once, to see if they indicated that Daphnis belonged to a higher rank of life. Myrtale immediately went to fetch them out of an old sack in which they had been stored away. When they were brought, Dionysophanes looked at them first, and when he saw the little purple tunic with its golden clasp, and the dagger with the ivory handle, he cried aloud, "O Lord and master Zeus," and called his wife to look: and she, as soon as she saw them, in like manner cried aloud, "O kindly Fates: are not these the jewels which we gave to Sophrosyne to put by the side of our own son when she exposed him? There is no doubt about it: they are the same. Dear husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and has fed his father's goats."

4.22 While she was still speaking, Dionysophanes kissed the tokens, and wept from excess of joy. Then Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, immediately threw off his cloak, and hastened to the garden, wishing to be the first to embrace him. But when Daphnis saw him coming towards him, accompanied by a number of people, and shouting "Daphnis," thinking that he wanted to seize him, he threw away his wallet and his pipe, and fled towards the sea, intending to throw himself from the top of the rock: and perhaps, by a strange caprice of Fortune, Daphnis, who had just been found, would have been lost, had not Astylus, perceiving his intention, shouted to him: "Stop, Daphnis, fear nothing: I am your brother: your former master and mistress are your parents. Lamon has told us all about the goat, and shown us the tokens: look, turn around and see how glad and cheerful they seem. But kiss me first: I swear by the Nymphs that I am speaking the truth."

4.23 Even when he heard this oath, Daphnis was loath to stop: however, he waited for Astylus, and kissed him when he came running up to him. In the meantime, all the household, men and women servants, and his mother and father came and embraced and kissed him, with tears of joy. Daphnis welcomed them all affectionately, but especially his father and mother, whom he clasped to his bosom as if he had already known them for a long time: so quickly does Nature make her claim felt. For a while he even forgot Chloe: and when he reached the homestead, they gave him a handsome dress (?), and he sat down by the side of his father, who addressed him and Astylus as follows:

4.24 "My sons, I married when I was a very young man, and, after a short time, I became a happy father, as I then imagined. My first child was a son, the second a daughter, and the third, Astylus. I thought that three children

were enough, and, when another son was born, I exposed him together with these jewels and tokens, which I considered rather as funeral ornaments than as tokens by which he might be afterwards recognised. But Fortune willed otherwise. My eldest son and daughter died of the same complaint on the same day: but you, Daphnis, have been preserved to us by the providence of the Gods that we may have greater support in our old age. Do not bear a grudge against me, my son, for having exposed you: for, though I did so, it was sorely against my will. Nor do you, Astylus, be annoyed that you will have to share your inheritance, for to a wise man a brother is better than all possessions. Love one another: as far as wealth is concerned, you need not envy even a king. For I will leave to both [of you] large estates, a number of clever and industrious servants, gold, silver, and all other blessings that rich men enjoy. But I specially wish that Daphnis should have this estate, and I make him a present of Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he has tended."

4.25 While he was still speaking, Daphnis suddenly started up and said: "You have just reminded me, father: I will go and take my goats to drink: they are thirsty about this time, and are waiting for the sound of my pipe, while I am sitting here." Hereupon all laughed, at the idea that Daphnis, who had just become a master, should still wish to perform the duties of a goatherd. They sent someone else to look after his goats, offered sacrifice to Zeus Soter, and held high festival. Gnatho alone was not present, but, seized with alarm, he remained day and night in the temple of Dionysus, as a suppliant. The report soon spread that Dionysophanes had found his son, and that the goatherd Daphnis had become master of the estate: and, the next morning, the peasants gathered together from all parts to congratulate the young man, and offer presents to his father, the first to arrive being Dryas, who had brought up Chloe.

4.26 Dionysophanes made them all stay for the festivities: for he had prepared abundance of bread and wine, waterfowl, sucking-pigs, honey-cakes of all kinds, and victims to be offered as a sacrifice to the Gods of the country. Then Daphnis, having collected all his pastoral equipments, distributed them as offerings to the Gods. To Dionysus he consecrated his wallet and goat-skin, to Pan his pipe and flute, to the Nymphs his crook and the milk-pails which he had made himself. But - so much sweeter is that to which we are accustomed than strange and unexpected good fortune - Daphnis wept as he parted with each of these things. He did not offer up his milk-pails before he had milked his goats once again, nor his goat-skin before he had put it on again, nor his pipe before he had played upon it: he kissed them all, spoke to his goats, and called his he-goats by name: he also went and drank at the fountain, because he had often done so before with Chloe. But he did not yet venture to declare his love, since he was waiting for a better opportunity.

4.27 While Daphnis was engaged in these ceremonies, this was what happened to Chloe. She was sitting down, weeping, while she tended her

flock, and lamenting, as indeed was only natural: "Daphnis has forgotten me: he is dreaming of a wealthy match. Why did I make him swear by his goats instead of the Nymphs? He has abandoned them as he has abandoned Chloe: even when he was sacrificing to the Nymphs and Pan, he felt no desire to come and see me. Perhaps he has found some handmaids at his mother's house whom he prefers. May he be happy: but I can live no longer."

4.28 While she thus gave utterance to her thoughts, the herdsman Lampis came up with a band of peasants and carried her off, being persuaded that Daphnis would no longer care to marry her and that Dryas would accept Lampis as her husband. As she was being carried off, uttering piercing cries, some one who had seen what had taken place went and told Nape, who informed Dryas, who in his turn told Daphnis. The latter, almost beside himself, had neither the courage to confess everything to his father, nor the strength of mind to resign himself to this misfortune; he entered the garden-walk, and thus lamented:

"What a painful discovery! How much better it would have been for me to remain a shepherd! How much happier I was when I was a slave! Then I used to see Chloe: but now Lampis has carried her off, and at night he will sleep with her. But I am drinking and enjoying myself, and in vain have I taken an oath by Pan, my goats, and the Nymphs."

4.29 Daphnis's lamentations were heard by Gnatho, who was concealed in the garden. Thinking this a good opportunity for making peace with him, he went in search of Dryas, accompanied by some young men of Astylus's retinue, ordered him to conduct him to Lampis's house, and hastened thither with him. He came upon the herdsman just as he was taking Chloe inside, snatched her away from him, and severely beat the peasants who were with him. He was anxious to bind Lampis, and to take him away like a prisoner of war, but he got the start and ran away. Having accomplished this exploit, Gnatho returned at nightfall. He found Dionysophanes in bed, but Daphnis was still up, weeping in the garden. Gnatho conducted Chloe to him, told him what had taken place, begged him not to bear him ill will any longer, but to keep him - for he would be a useful servant - and not to drive him away from his table, otherwise he would die of hunger. When Daphnis saw Chloe, and clasped her in his arms, he pardoned Gnatho because of the service he had rendered him, and excused himself to Chloe for his own neglect.

4.30 After taking counsel together, they resolved not to mention their marriage as yet: meanwhile, Daphnis would see Chloe secretly, and only tell her mother of his love. Dryas, however, did not agree with this: he thought it best to tell Daphnis's father, and himself promised to obtain his consent. At daybreak, he put the tokens which had been found with Chloe into his wallet, and presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, whom he found seated in the garden, together with Astylus and Daphnis. When all were silent, he addressed them as follows: "A necessity, similar to that which forced Lamon to speak, compels me to reveal what has hitherto been kept a secret.

Chloe is not my daughter, neither did I rear her. She is the daughter of other parents who exposed her in the grotto of the Nymphs, where she was suckled by an ewe. I saw this with my own eyes, and when I saw it, I wondered, and brought up the child as my own. Her beauty is sufficient proof of this: she in no way resembles us. The tokens also bear witness; for they are too valuable to belong to shepherds. Look at them, try and discover the girl's parents, and see whether you consider her worthy of marriage with Daphnis."

4.31 Dryas did not say this without a purpose, and it was not lost upon Dionysophanes, who, casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing that he turned pale and was weeping silently, easily discovered the secret of his love. He accordingly took the greatest pains to verify what Dryas had said, being more anxious about his own son than about a young girl who was a stranger to him. When he saw the tokens - the gilt shoes, the anklets, and the head dress - he called Chloe to him, and bade her be of good cheer, since she already had a husband, and would soon find her father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became her son's intended wife: while Dionysophanes took Daphnis aside, and inquired of him whether Chloe was a virgin: and when he swore that nothing more had taken place between them than kisses and vows of fidelity, he expressed himself pleased at the oath they had taken, and made them sit down to table.

4.32 Then could be seen the power of beauty, when it is adorned: for Chloe, richly dressed, with her hair plaited and her face washed, appeared far handsomer to all who saw her, so that even Daphnis scarcely recognised her. Leaving the tokens out of consideration, anyone would have been ready to swear that Dryas could not be the father of such a daughter. However, he was present, and sat on the same couch with Nape, Lamon, and Myrtale. On the next and following days, victims were sacrificed, goblets of wine were prepared, and Chloe also consecrated to the Gods everything that belonged to her - her pipe, wallet, goat-skin, and milk pails. She poured some wine into the water of the fountain at the bottom of the grotto, because she had been suckled on its brink, and had often bathed in it: she also crowned with a garland of flowers the tomb of the sheep, which was pointed out to her by Dryas. She also piped to her flocks, and, having sung a hymn to the Nymphs, she prayed to them that the parents who had exposed her might be found worthy to be allied by marriage with Daphnis.

4.33 When they became tired of the rustic festivities, they resolved to return to the city, to try and find out who Chloe's parents were, and to hasten on the marriage. Accordingly, in the morning, they packed up their things, and made ready for their journey: but, before they started, they gave Dryas another three thousand drachmas, and to Lamon the privilege of gathering the corn and grapes of half the estate, together with the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, some winter garments, and freedom for himself and his wife.

After this, they set out for Mitylene, with a splendid equipage of horses and chariots. As they reached the city at night, the inhabitants were not aware of

their arrival: but, on the following day, a crowd of men and women assembled round the house. The former congratulated Dionysophanes on having found a son, and all the more, when they saw how handsome Daphnis was: the latter shared Clearista's joy at having found, not only a son, but a wife for him. They also were struck with astonishment at Chloe's incomparable beauty. The whole city was in a state of excitement over the young man and the maiden: their union was already looked upon as a happy one, and hopes were expressed that Chloe's birth might be found to be worthy of her beauty. More than one wealthy woman prayed to the Gods that she might be credited with being the mother of so beautiful a daughter.

4.34 Dionysophanes, weary with constant thought, fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream. It seemed to him that the Nymphs were begging Love to give his consent to the marriage. Then the God unbent his bow, placed it on the ground by the side of his quiver, and ordered Dionysophanes to invite all the nobles of Mitylene to a banquet, and, when the last cup was filled, to show the tokens to each guest, and to sing the song of Hymen. Struck with this vision and the directions given by the God, when he rose in the morning, he ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, furnished with every dainty that the land, the sea, the lakes, and rivers could produce, and invited all the nobles of Mitylene. At evening, after the cup with which libations are offered to Hermes had been filled, one of the attendants brought in the tokens upon a silver vessel, and carried them round and showed them to each of the guests.

4.35 All declared that they did not recognise them, with the exception of one Megacles, who, on account of his great age, had been placed at the end of the table. As soon as he beheld them, he shouted out loudly:

"What is this I see? My daughter, what has become of you? Are you still alive? Or did some shepherd find these tokens and pick them up? Dionysophanes, I beseech you, tell me, where did you get these tokens of my child? Now that you have found Daphnis, do not grudge me the happiness of finding something."

Dionysophanes at first desired him to state how she had been exposed: and Megacles, in as firm a tone and voice as before, replied:

"Formerly I was badly off, for I had spent what I possessed upon the public games and triremes. While I was thus situated, a daughter was born to me. Being afraid to bring her up in poverty, I decked her out with these tokens and exposed her, for I knew that there were many people who are ready to adopt the children of others. She was exposed in the grotto of the Nymphs, and entrusted to the protection of the Goddesses. In the meantime, Fortune favoured me: my wealth increased daily, but I had no heir, for I have not been fortunate to have even another daughter. The Gods also, as if to mock me, send me visions at night, announcing that a ewe shall make me a father."

4.36 Then Dionysophanes shouted even louder than Megacles: he started up, brought in Chloe richly attired, and said: "Here is the child you exposed: thanks to the providence of the Nymphs, a ewe nourished this maiden, as a

goat suckled Daphnis for me. Take the tokens and your daughter, and give her to Daphnis as his bride. We exposed them both: we have found them both: both have been under the care of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love.” Megacles approved, clasped Chloe in his arms, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept that night at the house of Dionysophanes: for Daphnis had sworn that he would not entrust Chloe to anyone, not even to her own father.

4.37 At daybreak they agreed to return to the country, at the earnest request of Daphnis and Chloe, who could not get used to city life: besides, they had decided that the wedding should be a rustic one. They returned to Lamon’s house, where Dryas was presented to Megacles, and Nape to Rhode, and all preparations were made for a brilliant festival. Megacles consecrated Chloe in presence of the Nymphs, and, amongst other offerings, dedicated the tokens to them, and made up to Dryas the sum of ten thousand drachmas.

4.38 As it was a very fine day, Dionysophanes ordered couches of green leaves to be spread in front of the grotto, invited all the villagers to the festivities, and entertained them handsomely. Lamon and Myrtale were there, together with Dryas and Nape, Dorcon’s relations, Philetas and his sons, Chromis and Lycaenium: even Lampis was forgiven, and allowed to be present. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character, as was natural, considering the guests. One sang a reaper’s song, another repeated the jests of the vintage season: Philetas played the pipe, Lampis the flute, Dryas and Lamon danced: Daphnis and Chloe embraced each other. The goats also were feeding close at hand, as if they desired to take part in the banquet. This was not altogether to the taste of the city people: but Daphnis called some of them by name, gave them some green leaves to eat, took them by the horns and kissed them.

4.39 And not only then, but as long as they lived, they devoted most of their time to a pastoral life. They paid especial reverence to the Nymphs, Pan, and Love, acquired large flocks of goats and sheep, and considered fruit and milk superior to every other kind of food. When a son was born to them, they put him to suck a goat: their daughter was suckled by a ewe: and they called the former Philopoemen, and the latter Agele. Thus they lived to a good old age in the fields, decorated the grotto, set up statues, and erected an altar to Shepherd Love, and, in place of the pine, built a temple for Pan to dwell in, and dedicated it to Pan the Soldier.

4.40 But this did not take place until later. After the banquet, when night came, all the guests accompanied them to the nuptial chamber, playing on the pipe and flute, and carrying large blazing torches. When they were near the door, they began to sing in a harsh and rough voice, as if they were breaking up the earth with forks, instead of singing the marriage hymn. Daphnis and Chloe, lying naked side by side, embraced and kissed each other, more wakeful than the owl, the whole night long. Daphnis put into practice the lessons of Lycaenium, and then for the first time Chloe learned that all that had taken place between them in the woods was nothing more than the

childish amusement of shepherds.

The Greek Text



Ancient ruins of a theatre in Mytilene, Lesbos

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In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Greek text of Longus' novel. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

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BOOK I.

ΠΡΟΟΙΜΙΟΝ

κάλλιστον ὧν εἶδον: εἰκόνα, γραφήν, ἱστορίαν ἔρωτος. Καλὸν μὲν καὶ τὸ ἄλσος, πολύδενδρον, ἀνθηρόν, κατάρρυτον: μία πηγὴ πάντα ἔτρεφε, καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ δένδρα: ἀλλ' ἡ γραφὴ τερπνότερα καὶ τέχνην ἔχουσα περιττὴν καὶ τύχην ἐρωτικὴν: ὥστε πολλοὶ καὶ τῶν ξένων κατὰ φήμην ἦσαν, τῶν μὲν Νυμφῶν ἰκέται, τῆς δὲ εἰκόνης θεαταί. Γυναῖκες ἐπ' αὐτῆς τίκτουσαι καὶ ἄλλαι σπαργάνοις κοσμοῦσαι: παῖδιά ἐκκείμενα, ποίμνια τρέφοντα: ποιμένες ἀναιρούμενοι, νέοι συντιθέμενοι: ληστῶν καταδρομή, πολεμίων ἐμβολή. Πολλὰ ἄλλα καὶ πάντα ἐρωτικὰ ἰδόντα με καὶ θαυμάσαντα πόθος ἔσχεν ἀντιγράψαι τῇ γραφῇ: καὶ ἀναζητησάμενος ἐξηγητὴν τῆς εἰκόνης τέτταρας βίβλους ἐξεπονησάμην, ἀνάθημα μὲν Ἑρωτι καὶ Νύμφαις καὶ Πανί, κτῆμα δὲ τερπνὸν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις, ὃ καὶ νοσοῦντα ἰάσεται, καὶ λυπούμενον παραμυθῆσεται, τὸν ἐρασθέντα ἀναμνήσει, τὸν οὐκ ἐρασθέντα προπαιδεύσει. Πάντως γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἔρωτα ἔφυγεν ἢ φεύξεται, μέχρι ἂν κάλλος ἦ καὶ ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέπωσιν. Ἡμῖν δ' ὁ θεὸς παράσχοι σωφρονούσι τὰ τῶν ἄλλων γράφειν.

Πόλις ἐστὶ τῆς Λέσβου Μυτιλήνη, μεγάλη καὶ καλή: διεῖληπται γὰρ εὐρίποις ὑπεισρεούσης τῆς θαλάττης, καὶ κεκόσμηται γεφύραις ξεστοῦ καὶ λευκοῦ λίθου. Νομίσειας ἂν οὐ πόλιν ὀρᾶν ἀλλὰ νῆσον. Ταύτης τῆς πόλεως ὅσον ἀπὸ σταδίων διακοσίων ἀγρὸς ἦν ἀνδρὸς εὐδαίμονος, κτῆμα κάλλιστον: ὄρη θηροτρόφα, πεδία πυροφόρα: γήλοφοι κλημάτων, νομαὶ ποιμνίων: καὶ ἡ θάλαττα προσέκλυζεν ἠόνι ἐκτεταμένη, ψάμμω μαλθακῇ.

Ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀγρῷ νέμων αἰπόλος, Λάμων τοῦνομα, παιδίον εὗρεν ὑπὸ μιᾷς τῶν αἰγῶν τρεφόμενον. Δρυμὸς ἦν καὶ λόχμη βάτων καὶ κιττὸς ἐπιπλανώμενος καὶ πόα μαλθακή, καθ' ἧς ἔκειτο τὸ παιδίον. Ἐνταῦθα ἡ αἰξ θεοῦσα συνεχῆς ἀφανῆς ἐγίνετο πολλάκις καὶ τὸν ἔριφον ἀπολιπούσα τῷ βρέφει παρέμενε. Φυλάττει τὰς διαδρομὰς ὁ Λάμων οἰκτεῖρας ἀμελούμενον τὸν ἔριφον, καὶ μεσημβρίας ἀκμαζούσης κατ' ἵχνος ἐλθὼν ὀρᾷ τὴν μὲν αἶγα πεφυλαγμένως περιβεβηκυῖαν τὸ βρέφος, μὴ ταῖς χηλαῖς βλάπτοι πατοῦσα, τὸ δὲ ὥσπερ ἐκ μητρῶας θηλῆς τὴν ἐπιρροὴν ἔλκον τοῦ γάλακτος. Θαυμάσας, ὥσπερ εἰκὸς ἦν, πρόσεισιν ἐγγὺς καὶ εὐρίσκει παιδίον ἄρρεν, μέγα καὶ καλὸν καὶ τῆς κατὰ τὴν ἔκθεσιν τύχης ἐν σπαργάνοις κρείττοσι: χλαμύδιόν τε γὰρ ἦν ἁλουργὲς καὶ πόρπη χρυσοῇ καὶ ξιφίδιον ἐλεφαντόκωπον.

Τὸ μὲν οὖν πρῶτον ἐβουλεύσατο μόνα τὰ γνωρίσματα βαστάσας ἀμελῆσαι τοῦ βρέφους: ἔπειτα αἰδεσθεὶς εἰ μὴδὲ αἰγὸς φιланθρωπίαν μιμήσεται, νύκτα φυλάξας κομίζει πάντα πρὸς τὴν γυναῖκα Μυρτάλην, καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ τὸ παιδίον καὶ τὴν αἶγα αὐτήν. Τῆς δὲ ἐκπλαγείσης εἰ παῖδιά τίκτουσιν αἶγες, ὁ δὲ πάντα αὐτῇ διηγεῖται, πῶς εὗρεν ἐκκείμενον, πῶς εἶδε τρεφόμενον, πῶς ἠδέσθη καταλιπεῖν ἀποθανούμενον. Δόξαν δὴ κάκειν, τὰ μὲν συνεκτεθέντα κρύπτουσι, τὸ δὲ παιδίον αὐτῶν νομίζουσι, τῇ δὲ αἰγὶ τὴν τροφήν

ἐπιτρέπουσιν. Ὡς δ' ἂν καὶ τοῦνομα τοῦ παιδίου ποιμενικὸν δοκοίη, Δάφνιν αὐτὸν ἔγνωσαν καλεῖν.

Ἦδη δὲ διετοῦς χρόνου διικνουμένον, ποιμὴν ἐξ ἀγρῶν ὁμόρων νέμων, Δρύας τοῦνομα, καὶ αὐτὸς ὁμοίοις ἐπιτυχάνει καὶ εὐρήμασι καὶ θέαμασι. Νυμφῶν ἄντρον ἦν, πέτρα μεγάλη, τὰ ἔνδοθεν κοίλη, τὰ ἔξωθεν περιφερής. Τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν αὐτῶν λίθοις ἐπεποιήτο: πόδες ἀνυπόδητοι, χεῖρες εἰς ὤμους γυμναί, κόμαι μέχρι τῶν ἀυχένων λελυμένα, ζῶμα περὶ τὴν ἰξύν, μεϊδιάμα περὶ τὴν ὀφρύν: τὸ πᾶν σχῆμα χορεία ἦν ὀρχουμένων. Ἡ ὥα τοῦ ἄντρου τῆς μεγάλης πέτρας ἦν τὸ μεσαίτατον. Ἐκ πηγῆς ἀναβλύζον ὕδωρ ρεῖθρον ἐποίει χεόμενον, ὥστε καὶ λειμῶν πάνυ γλαφυρὸς ἐξετέτατο πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου, πολλῆς καὶ μαλθακῆς πῶας ὑπὸ τῆς νοτίδος τρεφομένης. Ἀνέκειντο δὲ καὶ γαυλοὶ καὶ αὐλοὶ πλάγιοι καὶ σύριγγες καὶ κάλαμοι, πρεσβυτέρων ποιμένων ἀναθήματα.

Εἰς τοῦτο τὸ νυμφαῖον οἷς ἀρτιτόκος συχνὰ φοιτῶσα δόξαν πολλάκις ἀπωλείας παρεῖχε. Κολάσαι δὴ βουλόμενος αὐτὴν καὶ εἰς τὴν πρότερον εὐνομίαν καταστήσαι, δεσμὸν ῥάβδου χλωρᾶς λυγίσας ὅμοιον βρόχῳ τῇ πέτρᾳ προσῆλθεν, ὥς ἐκεῖ συλληψόμενος αὐτήν. Ἐπιστάς δὲ οὐδὲν εἶδεν ὢν ἤλπισεν, ἀλλὰ τὴν μὲν διδοῦσαν πάνυ ἀνθρωπίνως τὴν θηλὴν εἰς ἄφθονον τοῦ γάλακτος ὀλκήν, τὸ δὲ παιδίον ἀκλαυτὶ λάβρως εἰς ἀμφοτέρας τὰς θηλάς μεταφέρον τὸ στόμα καθαρὸν καὶ φαιδρὸν, οἷα τῆς οἰὸς τῇ γλώττῃ τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπολιχμωμένης μετὰ τὸν κόρον τῆς τροφῆς. Θῆλυ ἦν τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον, καὶ παρέκειτο καὶ τούτῳ γνωρίσματα: μίτρα διάχρυσος, ὑποδήματα ἐπίχρυσα, περισκελίδες χρυσαῖ.

Θεῖον δὴ τι νομίσας τὸ εὖρημα καὶ διδασκόμενος παρὰ τῆς οἰὸς ἐλεεῖν τε τὸ παιδίον καὶ φιλεῖν ἀναιρεῖται μὲν τὸ βρέφος ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, ἀποτίθεται δὲ τὰ γνωρίσματα κατὰ τῆς πῆρας, εὐχεται δὲ ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐπὶ χρηστῇ τύχῃ θρέψαι τὴν ἱκέτιν αὐτῶν. Καὶ ἐπεὶ καιρὸς ἦν ἀπελαύνειν τὴν ποιμνὴν, ἐλθὼν εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν τῇ γυναικὶ διηγεῖται τὰ ὀφθέντα, δείκνυσι τὰ εὐρεθέντα, παρακελεύεται θυγάτριον νομίζειν καὶ λανθάνουσαν ὥς ἴδιον τρέφειν. Ἡ μὲν δὴ Νάπη 'τοῦτο γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο μήτηρ εὐθύς ἦν καὶ ἐφίλει τὸ παιδίον, ὥσπερ ὑπὸ τῆς οἰὸς παρευδοκιμηθῆναι δεδοικυῖα, καὶ τίθεται καὶ αὕτῃ ποιμενικὸν ὄνομα πρὸς πίστιν αὐτῷ, Χλόην.

Ταῦτα τὰ παιδιά ταχὺ μάλα ἠῤῥησε, καὶ κάλλος αὐτοῖς ἐνεφαίνετο κρεῖττον ἀγροικίας. Ἦδη τε ἦν ὁ μὲν πέντε καὶ δέκα ἐτῶν ἀπὸ γενεᾶς, ἡ δὲ τοσοῦτων, δυοῖν ἀποδεόντων, καὶ ὁ Δρύας καὶ ὁ Λάμων ἐπὶ μιᾷς νυκτὸς ὁρῶσιν ὄναρ τοιόνδε τι. Τὰς Νύμφας ἐδόκουν ἐκείνας, τὰς ἐν τῷ ἄντρῳ, ἐν ᾧ ἡ πηγὴ, ἐν ᾧ τὸ παιδίον εὗρεν ὁ Δρύας, τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ τὴν Χλόην παραδιδόναι παιδίῳ μάλα σοβαρῷ καὶ καλῷ, πτερὰ ἐκ τῶν ὤμων ἔχοντι, βέλη σμικρὰ ἅμα τοξαρίῳ φέροντι: τὸ δὲ ἐφραγμένον ἀμφοτέρων ἐνὶ βέλει κελεῦσαι λοιπὸν ποιμαίνειν τὸν μὲν τὸ αἰπόλιον, τὴν δὲ τὸ ποιμνιον.

Τοῦτο τὸ ὄναρ ἰδόντες ἤχθοντο μὲν εἰ ποιμένες ἔσονται οἱ τύχην ἐκ σπαργάνων ἐπαγγελλόμενοι κρεῖττονα 'διὸ αὐτοὺς καὶ τροφαῖς ἔτρεφον ἀβροτέραις καὶ γράμματα ἐπαίδευον καὶ πάντα ὅσα καλὰ ἦν ἐπ' ἀγροικίας', ἐδόκει δὲ πείθεσθαι θεοῖς περὶ τῶν σωθέντων προνοία θεῶν. Καὶ κοινώσαντες

ἀλλήλοισ τὸ ὄναρ καὶ θύσαντες τῷ τὰ πτερὰ ἔχοντι παιδίῳ παρὰ ταῖς Νύμφαις ἃ τὸ γὰρ ὄνομα λέγειν οὐκ εἶχον ὥς ποιμένας ἐκπέμπουσιν αὐτοὺς ἅμα ταῖς ἀγέλαις, ἐκδιδάξαντες ἕκαστα: πῶς δεῖ νέμειν πρὸ μεσημβρίας, πῶς κοπάσαντος τοῦ καύματος: πότε ἐξάγειν ἐπὶ πότον, πότε ἀπάγειν ἐπὶ κοῖτον: ἐπὶ τίσι καλαύροπι χρηστέον, ἐπὶ τίσι φωνῇ μόνη. Οἱ δὲ μάλα χαίροντες ὡς ἀρχὴν μεγάλην παρελάμβανον καὶ ἐφίλουν τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μᾶλλον ἢ ποιμέσιν ἔθος, ἡ μὲν ἐς ποίμνιον ἀνάγουσα τῆς σωτηρίας τὴν αἰτίαν, ὁ δὲ μεμνημένος ὡς ἐκκείμενον αὐτὸν αἰξ ἀνέθρεψεν.

Ἦρος ἦν ἀρχὴ καὶ πάντα ἤκμαζεν ἄνθη, τὰ ἐν δρυμοῖς, τὰ ἐν λειμῶσι καὶ ὅσα ὄρεα: βόμβος ἦν ἥδη μελιττῶν, ἤχος ὀρνίθων μουσικῶν, σκιρτήματα ποιμνίων ἀρτιγεννητῶν: ἄρνες ἐσκίρτων ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσιν, ἐβόμβουν ἐν τοῖς λειμῶσι μέλιτται, ἐν ταῖς λόγχαις κατῆδον ὄρνιθες. Τοσαύτης δὴ πάντα κατεχύσης εὐωρίας οἱ ἀπαλοὶ καὶ νέοι μιμηταὶ τῶν ἀκουομένων ἐγίνοντο καὶ βλεπομένων: ἀκούοντες μὲν τῶν ὀρνίθων ᾄδόντων ἦδον, βλέποντες δὲ σκιρτῶντας τοὺς ἄρνας ἥλλοντο κοῦφα, τὰς μελίττας δὲ μιμούμενοι ἄνθη συνέλεγον: καὶ τὰ μὲν εἰς τοὺς κόλπους ἔβαλλον, τὰ δὲ στεφανίσκους πλέκοντες ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐπέφερον.

Ἐπραττον δὲ κοινῇ πάντα, πλησίον ἀλλήλων νέμοντες. Καὶ πολλάκις μὲν ὁ Δάφνις τῶν προβάτων τὰ ἀποπλανώμενα συνέστελλε, πολλάκις δὲ ἡ Χλόη τὰς θρασυτέρας τῶν αἰγῶν ἀπὸ τῶν κρημνῶν κατήλαυνεν, ἥδη δὲ τις καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἀμφοτέρας ἐφρούρησε θατέρου προσλιπαρήσαντος ἀθύρματι. Αἰθύρματα δὲ ἦν αὐτοῖς ποιμενικὰ καὶ παιδικὰ. Ἡ μὲν ἀνθερίκους ἀνελομένη ποθὲν ἐξ ἔλους ἀκριδοθήραν ἔπλεκε καὶ περὶ τοῦτο πονοῦμένη τῶν ποιμνίων ἡμέλησεν: ὁ δὲ καλάμους ἐκτεμὼν λεπτοὺς καὶ τρήσας τὰς τῶν γονάτων διαφυὰς ἐπαλλήλους τε κηρῷ μαλθακῷ συναρτήσας μέχρι νυκτὸς συρίττειν ἐμελέτα: ποτὲ δὲ ἐκοινώνουν γάλακτος καὶ οἶνου, καὶ τροφάς, ἃς οἴκοθεν ἔφερον, εἰς κοινὸν ἔφερον. Θᾶπτον ἂν τις εἶδε τὰ ποίμνια καὶ τὰς αἴγας ἀπ' ἀλλήλων μεμερισμένας ἢ Χλόην καὶ Δάφνιν.

Τοιαῦτα δὲ αὐτῶν παιζόντων τοιάνδε σπουδὴν Ἔρωσ ἀνέπλασε. Λύκαινα τρέφουσα σκύμνους νέους ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν ἐξ ἄλλων ποιμνίων πολλάκις ἦρπαζε, πολλῆς τροφῆς ἐς ἀνατροφὴν τῶν σκύμνων δεομένη. Συνελθόντες οὖν οἱ κομῆται νύκτωρ σιροὺς ὀρύττουσι τὸ εὖρος ὀργυιᾶς, τὸ βάθος τεττάρων. Τὸ μὲν δὴ χῶμα τὸ πολὺ σπεύρουσι κομίσαντες μακράν, ξύλα δὲ ξηρὰ μακρὰ τείναντες ὑπὲρ τοῦ χάσματος τὸ περιττὸν τοῦ χώματος κατέπασαν τῆς πρότερον γῆς εἰκόνα, ὥστε κἂν λαγῶς ἐπιδράμη, κατακλᾷ τὰ ξύλα κάρφων ἀσθενέστερα ὄντα, καὶ τότε παρέχει μαθεῖν ὅτι γῆ οὐκ ἦν, ἀλλὰ ἐμεμίμητο γῆν. Τοιαῦτα πολλὰ ὀρύγματα κἂν τοῖς ὄρεσι κἂν τοῖς πεδίοις ὀρύξαντες τὴν μὲν λύκαιναν οὐκ εὐτύχησαν λαβεῖν: αἰσθάνεται γὰρ γῆς σεσοφισμένης: πολλὰς δὲ αἴγας καὶ ποίμνια διέφθειραν, καὶ Δάφνιν παρ' ὀλίγον ᾔδε.

Τράγοι παροξυνθέντες ἐς μάχην συνέπεσον. Τῷ οὖν ἐτέρῳ τὸ ἕτερον κέρασ βιαιοτέρας γενομένης συμβολῆς θραύεται, καὶ ἀλγήσας φριμαξάμενος ἐς φυγὴν ἐτράπετο: ὁ δὲ νικῶν κατ' ἵχνος ἐπόμενος ἄπαιστον ἐποίει τὴν φυγὴν. Ἀλγεῖ Δάφνις περὶ τῷ κέρατι καὶ τῇ θρασύτητι ἀχθεσθεῖς τὴν καλαύροπα

λαβὼν ἐδίδωκε τὸν διώκοντα. Οἷα δὲ τοῦ μὲν ὑπεκφεύγοντος, τοῦ δὲ ὀργῇ διώκοντος οὐκ ἀκριβὴς ἦν τῶν ἐν ποσὶν ἢ πρόσποις, ἀλλὰ κατὰ τοῦ χάσματος ἄμφω πίπτουσιν, ὁ τράγος πρότερος, ὁ Δάφνις δεύτερος. Τοῦτο καὶ ἔσωσε Δάφνιν, χρήσασθαι τῆς καταφορᾶς ὀχήματι τῷ τράγῳ. Ὁ μὲν δὴ τὸν ἀνιμησόμενον, εἴ τις ἄρα γένοιτο, δακρύων ἀνέμενεν· ἡ δὲ Χλόη θεασαμένη τὸ συμβάν δρόμῳ παραγίνεται πρὸς τὸν σιρόν, καὶ μαθοῦσα ὅτι ζῇ, καλεῖ τινὰ βουκόλον ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν τῶν πλησίον πρὸς ἐπικουρίαν. Ὁ δὲ ἐλθὼν σχοῖνον ἐζήτει μακράν, ἧς ἐχόμενος ἀνιμώμενος ἐκβήσεται. Καὶ σχοῖνος μὲν οὐκ ἦν, ἡ δὲ Χλόη λυσαμένη ταινίαν δίδωσι καθεῖναι τῷ βουκόλῳ· καὶ οὕτως οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τοῦ χεῖλους ἐστῶτες εἵλκον, ὁ δὲ ἀνέβη ταῖς τῆς ταινίας ὀλκαῖς ταῖς χερσὶν ἀκολουθῶν. Ἀνιμῆσαντο δὲ καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον τράγον συντεθραυσμένον ἄμφω τὰ κέρατα· τοσοῦτον ἄρα ἡ δίκη μετῆλθε τοῦ νικηθέντος τράγου. Τοῦτον μὲν δὴ τυθησόμενον χαρίζονται σῶστρα τῷ βουκόλῳ, καὶ ἔμελλον ψεύδεσθαι πρὸς τοὺς οἴκοι λύκων ἐπιδρομήν, εἴ τις αὐτὸν ἐπόθησεν· αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐπανελθόντες ἐπεσκόπουν τὴν ποίμνην καὶ τὸ αἰπόλιον· καὶ ἐπεὶ κατέμαθον ἐν κόσμῳ νομῆς καὶ τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα, καθίσαντες ὑπὸ στελέχει δρυὸς ἐσκόπουν μὴ τι μέρος τοῦ σώματος ὁ Δάφνις ἤμαξε καταπεσών. Ἐτέτρωτο μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν οὐδὲ ἥμακτο οὐδὲν, χώματος δὲ καὶ πηλοῦ ἐπέπαστο καὶ τὰς κόμας καὶ τὸ ἄλλο σῶμα. Ἐδόκει δὴ λούσασθαι, πρὶν αἰσθησιν γενέσθαι τοῦ συμβάντος Λάμῳ καὶ Μυρτάλῃ.

Καὶ ἐλθὼν ἅμα τῇ Χλόῃ πρὸς τὸ νυμφαῖον τῇ μὲν ἔδωκε καὶ τὸν χιτωνίσκον καὶ τὴν πήραν φυλάττειν, αὐτὸς δὲ τῇ πηγῇ παραστὰς τὴν τε κόμην καὶ τὸ σῶμα πᾶν ἀπελούετο. Ἦν δὲ ἡ μὲν κόμη μέλαινα καὶ πολλή, τὸ δὲ σῶμα ἐπίκαιτον ἡλίῳ· εἶκασεν ἄν τις αὐτὸ χρώζεσθαι τῇ σκιᾷ τῆς κόμης. Ἐδόκει δὲ τῇ Χλόῃ θεωμένη καλὸς ὁ Δάφνις, καὶ ὅτι τότε πρῶτον αὐτῇ καλὸς ἐδόκει, τὸ λουτρὸν ἐνόμιζε τοῦ κάλλους αἴτιον. Τὰ νῶτα δὲ ἀπολοουούσης ἡ σὰρξ ὑπέπιπτε μαλθακή, ὥστε λαθοῦσα ἐαυτῆς ἤψατο πολλάκις, εἰ τρυφερωτέρα εἶη πειρωμένη. Καὶ 'τότε γὰρ ἐπὶ δυσμαῖς ἦν ὁ ἥλιος' ἀπῆλσαν τὰς ἀγέλας οἵκαδε, καὶ ἐπεπόνθει Χλόη περιττὸν οὐδέν, ὅτι μὴ Δάφνιν ἐπεθύμει λουόμενον ἰδέσθαι πάλιν. Τῆς δὲ ἐπιούσης ὡς ἦκον εἰς τὴν νομὴν, ὁ μὲν Δάφνις ὑπὸ τῇ δρυὶ τῇ συνήθει καθεζόμενος ἐσύριττε καὶ ἅμα τὰς αἴγας ἐπεσκόπει κατακειμένas καὶ ὥσπερ τῶν μελῶν ἀκροωμένας, ἡ δὲ Χλόη πλησίον καθημένη τὴν ἀγέλην μὲν τῶν προβάτων ἐπέβλεπε, τὸ δὲ πλέον εἰς Δάφνιν ἑώρα· καὶ ἐδόκει καλὸς αὐτῇ συρίττων πάλιν, καὶ αὖθις αἰτίαν ἐνόμιζε τὴν μουσικὴν τοῦ κάλλους, ὥστε μετ' ἐκεῖνον καὶ αὐτὴ τὴν σύριγγα ἔλαβεν, εἴ πως γένοιτο καὶ αὐτῇ καλὴ. Ἔπεισε δὲ αὐτὸν καὶ λούσασθαι πάλιν καὶ λουόμενον εἶδε καὶ ἰδοῦσα ἤψατο καὶ ἀπῆλθε πάλιν ἐπαινέσασα, καὶ ὁ ἔπαινος ἦν ἔρωτος ἀρχή. Ὅ τι μὲν οὖν ἔπασχεν οὐκ ἤδει νέα κόρη καὶ ἐν ἀγροικίᾳ τεθραμμένη καὶ οὐδὲ ἄλλου λέγοντος ἀκοῦσασα τὸ τοῦ ἔρωτος ὄνομα· ἄση δὲ αὐτῆς εἶχε τὴν ψυχὴν, καὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν οὐκ ἐκράτει καὶ πολλὰ ἐλάλει Δάφνιν· τροφῆς ἡμέλει, νύκτωρ ἡγρύπνει, τῆς ἀγέλης κατεφρόνει· νῦν ἐγέλα, νῦν ἔκλαεν· εἶτα ἐκάθευδεν, εἶτα ἀνεπήδα· ὥχρια τὸ πρόσωπον, ἐρυθρήματι αὖθις ἐφλέγετο. Οὐδὲ βοδὸς οἴστρω πληγεῖσης τοιαῦτα ἔργα. Ἐπῆλθόν ποτε αὐτῇ καὶ τοιοῖδε λόγοι μόνῃ γενομένη.

‘Νῦν ἐγὼ νοσῶ μέν, τί δὲ ἡ νόσος ἀγνοῶ: ἀλγῶ, καὶ ἔλκος οὐκ ἔστι μοι: λυποῦμαι, καὶ οὐδὲν τῶν προβάτων ἀπόλωλέ μοι: κάομαι, καὶ ἐν σκιᾷ τοσαύτῃ κάθημαι. Πόσοι βάτοι με ἤμυξαν, καὶ οὐκ ἔκλαυσα: πόσαι μέλιτται κέντρον ἐνῆκαν, ἀλλὰ ἔφαγον: τουτί δὲ τὸ νύττον μου τὴν καρδίαν πάντων ἐκείνων πικρότερον. Καλὸς ὁ Δάφνις, καὶ γὰρ τὰ ἄνθη: καλὸν ἡ σύριγξ αὐτοῦ φθέγγεται, καὶ γὰρ αἱ ἀηδόνες. Ἀλλ’ ἐκείνων οὐδεὶς μοι λόγος. Εἴθε αὐτοῦ σύριγξ ἐγενόμην, ἵν’ ἐμπνέη μοι: εἴθε αἶξ, ἵν’ ὑπ’ ἐκείνου νέμωμαι. Ὡς πονηρὸν ὕδωρ, μόνον Δάφνιν καλὸν ἐποίησας, ἐγὼ δὲ μάτην ἀπελυσάμην. Οἴχομαι, Νύμφαι φίλαι: οὐδὲ ὑμεῖς σώζετε τὴν παρθένον τὴν ἐν ὑμῖν τραφεῖσαν; Τίς ὑμᾶς στεφανώσει μετ’ ἐμέ; τίς τοὺς ἀθλίους ἄρνας ἀναθρέψει; τίς τὴν λάλον ἀκρίδα θεραπεύσει, ἣν πολλὰ καμοῦσα ἐθήρασα, ἵνα με κατακοιμίξῃ φθεγγομένη πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου; νῦν δὲ ἐγὼ μὲν ἀγρυπνῶ διὰ Δάφνιν, ἡ δὲ μάτην λαλεῖ.’

Τοιαῦτα ἔπασχε, τοιαῦτα ἔλεγεν, ἐπιζητοῦσα τὸ ἔρωτος ὄνομα. Δόρκων δὲ ὁ βουκόλος, ὁ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐκ τοῦ σιροῦ ἀνιμησάμενος, ἀρτιγένειος μειρακίσκος καὶ εἰδὼς ἔρωτος καὶ τὰ ἔργα καὶ τοῦνομα, εὐθύς μὲν ἐπ’ ἐκείνης τῆς ἡμέρας ἐρωτικῶς τῆς Χλόης διετέθη, πλειόνων δὲ διαγενομένων μᾶλλον τὴν ψυχὴν ἐξεπυρσεύθη καὶ τοῦ Δάφνιδος ὡς παιδὸς καταφρονήσας ἔγνω κατεργάσασθαι δώροις ἢ βίᾳ. Τὰ μὲν δὴ πρῶτα δῶρα αὐτοῖς ἐκόμισε τῷ μὲν σύριγγα βουκολικὴν καλάμων ἐννέα χαλκῷ δεδεμένων ἀντὶ κηροῦ, τῇ δὲ νεβρίδα βακχικὴν: καὶ αὐτῇ τὸ χρῶμα ἦν ὥσπερ γεγραμμένον χρώμασιν. Ἐντεῦθεν δὲ φίλος νομιζόμενος τοῦ μὲν Δάφνιδος ἡμέλει κατ’ ὀλίγον, τῇ Χλόῃ δὲ ἀνὰ πᾶσαν ἡμέραν ἐπέφερεν ἢ τυρὸν ἀπαλὸν ἢ στέφανον ἀνθηρὸν ἢ μῆλον ὠραῖον: ἐκόμισε δὲ ποτε αὐτῇ καὶ μόσχον ἀρτιγέννητον καὶ κισσύβιον διάχρυσον καὶ ὀρνίθων ὀρεῖων νεοττοὺς. Ἡ δὲ ἄπειρος οὕσα τέχνης ἐραστοῦ, λαμβάνουσα τὰ δῶρα ἔχαιρεν, ὅτι Δάφνιδι εἶχεν αὐτὰ χαρίζεσθαι. Καὶ ἔδει γὰρ ἤδη καὶ Δάφνιν γινῶναι τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα γίνεται ποτε τῷ Δόρκωνι πρὸς αὐτὸν ὑπὲρ κάλλους ἔρις, καὶ ἐδίκασε μὲν Χλόῃ, ἐκεῖτο δὲ ἄθλον τῷ νικήσαντι φιλήσαι Χλόην. Δόρκων δὲ πρότερος ὧδε ἔλεγεν.

‘Εγὼ, παρθένε, μείζων εἰμὶ Δάφνιδος, κἀγὼ μὲν βουκόλος, ὁ δ’ αἰπόλος: τοσοῦτον κρείττων ὅσον αἰγῶν βόες: καὶ λευκὸς εἰμι ὡς γάλα, καὶ πυρρὸς ὡς θέρος μέλλον ἀμᾶσθαι, καὶ ἔθρεψε μήτηρ, οὐ θηρίον. Οὗτος δὲ ἐστὶ σμικρὸς καὶ ἀγένειος ὡς γυνή, καὶ μέλας ὡς λύκος: νέμει δὲ τράγους, ὁδωδὼς ἀπ’ αὐτῶν δεινόν, καὶ ἐστὶ πένης ὡς μηδὲ κῦνα τρέφειν. Εἰ δ’, ὡς λέγουσι, καὶ αἶξ αὐτῷ γάλα δέδωκεν, οὐδὲν ἐρίφου διαφέρει.’ Ταῦτα καὶ τοιαῦτα ὁ Δόρκων: καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα ὁ Δάφνις ‘Εμὲ αἶξ ἀνέθρεψεν ὥσπερ τὸν Δία: νέμω δὲ τράγους τῶν τούτου βοῶν μείζονας: ὅζω δὲ οὐδὲν ἀπ’ αὐτῶν, ὅτι μηδὲ ὁ Πάν, καίτοιγε ὦν τὸ πλεόν τράγος. Ἀρκεῖ δέ μοι τυρὸς καὶ ἄρτος ὀβελίας καὶ οἶνος λευκός, ὅσα ἀγροίκων πλουσίων κτήματα. Ἀγένειός εἰμι, καὶ γὰρ ὁ Διόνυσος: μέλας, καὶ γὰρ ὁ ὑάκινθος: ἀλλὰ κρείττων καὶ ὁ Διόνυσος Σατύρων καὶ ὁ ὑάκινθος κρίνων. Οὗτος δὲ καὶ πυρρὸς ὡς ἀλώπηξ καὶ προγένειος ὡς τράγος καὶ λευκός ὡς ἐξ ἄστεος γυνή: κἂν δέῃ σε φιλεῖν, ἐμοῦ μὲν φιλήσεις τὸ στόμα, τούτου δὲ τὰς ἐπὶ τοῦ γενείου τρίχας. Μέμνησο δέ, ὦ παρθένε, ὅτι καὶ σὲ ποίμνιον ἔθρεψεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς εἴ καλή.’

Οὐκ ἐβ' ἡ Χλόη περιέμεινεν, ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν ἡσθεῖσα τῷ ἐγκωμίῳ, τὰ δὲ πάλαι ποθοῦσα φιλῆσαι Δάφνιν, ἀναπηδήσασα αὐτὸν ἐφίλησεν, ἀδίδακτον μὲν καὶ ἄτεχνον, πάνυ δὲ ψυχὴν θερμᾶναι δυνάμενον. Δόρκων μὲν οὖν ἀλγίστας ἀπέδραμε ζητῶν ἄλλην ὁδὸν ἔρωτος· Δάφνις δέ, ὥσπερ οὐ φιληθεῖς, ἀλλὰ δηχθεῖς, σκυθρωπὸς τις εὐθύς ἦν καὶ πολλάκις ἐψύχετο καὶ τὴν καρδίαν παλλομένην εἶχε, καὶ βλέπειν μὲν ἤθελε τὴν Χλόην, βλέπων δ' ἐρυθήματος ἐνεπίμπλατο. Τότε πρῶτον καὶ τὴν κόμην αὐτῆς ἐθαύμασεν ὅτι ξανθή, καὶ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅτι μεγάλοι καθάπερ βοός, καὶ τὸ πρόσωπον ὅτι λευκότερον ἀληθῶς καὶ τοῦ τῶν αἰγῶν γάλακτος, ὥσπερ τότε πρῶτον ὀφθαλμοὺς κτησάμενος, τὸν δὲ πρότερον χρόνον πεπηρωμένος. Οὔτε οὖν τροφὴν προσεφέρετο πλὴν ὅσον ἀπογεύσασθαι· καὶ πότον, εἴ ποτε ἐβιάσθη, μέχρι τοῦ διαβρέξαι τὸ στόμα προσεφέρετο. Σιωπηλὸς ἦν ὁ πρότερον τῶν ἀκρίδων λαλίστερος, ἀργὸς ὁ περιττότερα τῶν αἰγῶν κινούμενος. Ἡμέλητο ἡ ἀγέλη· ἔρριπτο ἡ σύριγξ· χλωρότερον τὸ πρόσωπον ἦν πόας θερινῆς. Πρὸς μόνην Χλόην ἐγίνετο λάλος· καὶ εἴ ποτε ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἐγένετο, τοιαῦτα πρὸς αὐτὸν ἀπελήρει

‘Τί ποτέ με Χλόης ἐργάζεται φίλημα; Χεῖλη μὲν ρόδων ἀπαλώτερα καὶ στόμα κηρίων γλυκύτερον· τὸ δὲ φίλημα κέντρου μελίττης πικρότερον. Πολλάκις ἐφίλησα ἐρίφους, πολλάκις ἐφίλησα σκύλακας ἀρτιγεννήτους καὶ τὸν μόσχον, ὃν ὁ Δόρκων ἐδωρήσατο· ἀλλὰ τοῦτο φίλημα καινόν· ἐκπηδᾷ μου τὸ πνεῦμα, ἐξάλλεται ἡ καρδία, τήκεται ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ ὁμῶς πάλιν φιλῆσαι θέλω. Ὡ νίκης κακῆς· ὦ νόσου καινῆς, ἥς οὐδὲ εἰπεῖν οἶδα τοῦνομα. Ἄρα φαρμάκων ἐγεύσατο ἡ Χλόη μέλλουσά με φιλεῖν; Πῶς οὖν οὐκ ἀπέθανεν; Οἷον ἄδουσιν αἱ ἀηδόνες, ἡ δὲ ἐμὴ σύριγξ σιωπᾷ· οἷον σκιρτῶσιν οἱ ἔριφοι, κἀγὼ κάθημαι· οἷον ἀκμάζει τὰ ἄνθη, κἀγὼ στεφάνους οὐ πλέκω, ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν ἴα καὶ ὁ ὑάκινθος ἀνθεῖ, Δάφνις δὲ μαραίνεται. Ἄρά μου καὶ Δόρκων εὐμορφότερος ὀφθήσεται;’ Τοιαῦτα ὁ βέλτιστος Δάφνις ἔπασχε καὶ ἔλεγεν, οἷα πρῶτον γευόμενος τῶν ἔρωτος ἔργων καὶ λόγων.

Ὁ δὲ Δόρκων ὁ βουκόλος ὁ τῆς Χλόης ἐραστῆς φυλάζας τὸν Δρύαντα φυτὸν κατορύττοντα κλήματος πρόσεισιν αὐτῷ μετὰ τυρίσκων τινῶν γεννικῶν, καὶ τοὺς μὲν δῶρον εἶναι οἰδῶσι, πάλαι φίλος ὢν, ἥνικα αὐτὸς ἐνεμεν· ἐντεῦθεν δὲ ἀρξάμενος ἐνέβαλε λόγον περὶ τοῦ τῆς Χλόης γάμου· καὶ εἰ λαμβάνοι γυναῖκα, δῶρα πολλὰ καὶ μεγάλα, ὡς βουκόλος, ἐπηγγέλλετο· ζεῦγος βοῶν ἀροτήρων, σμήνην τέτταρα μελιττῶν, φυτὰ μηλεῶν πεντήκοντα, δέρμα ταύρου τεμεῖν ὑποδήματα, μόσχον ἀνὰ πᾶν ἔτος, μηκέτι γάλακτος δεόμενον· ὥστε μικροῦ δεῖν ὁ Δρύας θαλχθεὶς τοῖς δώροις ἐπένευσε τὸν γάμον. Ἐννοήσας δὲ ὡς κρεῖττονος ἡ παρθένος ἀξία νυμφίου, καὶ δείσας μήποτε κακοῖς ἀνηκέστοις περιπέσῃ, τὸν τε γάμον ἀνένευσε καὶ συγγνώμην ἔχειν ἡτήσατο καὶ τὰ ὀνομασθέντα δῶρα παρητήσατο.

Δευτέρως δὲ διαμαρτῶν ὁ Δόρκων ἐλπίδος καὶ μάτην τυροὺς ἀγαθοὺς ἀπολέσας ἔγνω διὰ χειρῶν ἐπιθέσθαι τῇ Χλόῃ μόνη γενομένη· καὶ παραφυλάξας ὅτι παρ' ἡμέραν ἐπὶ πότον ἄγουσι τὰς ἀγέλας ποτὲ μὲν ὁ Δάφνις ποτὲ δὲ ἡ παῖς, ἐπιτεχνᾶται τέχνην ποιμένι πρέπουσαν. Λύκου μεγάλου δέρμα λαβὼν, ὃν ταυρὸς ποτε πρὸ τῶν βοῶν μαχόμενος τοῖς κέρασι διέφθειρε,

περιέτεινε τῷ σώματι, ποδιῆρες κατανωτισάμενος, ὥς τοὺς τ' ἐμπροσθίους πόδας ἐφηπλῶσθαι ταῖς χερσὶ καὶ τοὺς κατόπιν τοῖς σκέλεσιν ἄχρι πτέρνης καὶ τοῦ στόματος τὸ χάσμα σκέπειν τὴν κεφαλὴν, ὥσπερ ἄνδρὸς ὀπλίτου κράνος· ἐκθηριώσας δὲ αὐτὸν ὡς ἐνὶ μάλιστα, παραγίνεται πρὸς τὴν πηγὴν, ἧς ἔπινον αἱ αἶγες καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μετὰ τὴν νομὴν. Ἐν κοίλῃ δὲ πάνυ γῆ ἦν ἡ πηγὴ, καὶ περὶ αὐτὴν πᾶς ὁ τόπος ἀκάνθαις καὶ βάτοις καὶ ἀρκεύθῳ ταπεινῇ καὶ σκολύμοις ἡγρίωτο· ῥαδίως ἂν ἐκεῖ καὶ λύκος ἀληθινὸς ἔλαθε λοχῶν. Ἐνταῦθα κρύψας ἑαυτὸν ἐπετήρει τοῦ πότου τὴν ὥραν ὁ Δόρκων, καὶ πολλὴν εἶχεν ἐλπίδα τῷ σχήματι φοβήσας λαβεῖν ταῖς χερσὶ τὴν χλόην.

Χρόνος ὀλίγος διαγίνεται καὶ Χλόη κατήλαυνε τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς τὴν πηγὴν, καταλιποῦσα τὸν Δάφνιν φυλλάδα χλωρὰν κόπτοντα τοῖς ἐρίφοις τροφὴν μετὰ τὴν νομὴν. Καὶ οἱ κύνες οἱ τῶν προβάτων ἐπὶ φυλακῇ καὶ τῶν αἰγῶν ἐπόμενοι, οἷα δὴ κυνῶν ἐν ῥινηλασίαις περιεργία, κινούμενον τὸν Δόρκωνα πρὸς τὴν ἐπιθεσιν τῆς κόρης φωράσαντες, πικρὸν μάλα ὑλακτῆσαντες ὥρμησαν ὡς ἐπὶ λύκον καὶ περισχόντες, πρὶν ὅλως ἀναστῆναι δι' ἐκπληξιν, ἔδακνον κατὰ τοῦ δέρματος. Τέως μὲν οὖν τὸν ἔλεγχον αἰδούμενος καὶ ὑπὸ τοῦ δέρματος τοῦ ἐπισκέποντος φρουρούμενος ἔκειτο σιωπῶν ἐν τῇ λόχημῃ· ἐπεὶ δὲ ἦ τε Χλόη πρὸς τὴν πρώτην θεὰν διαταραχθεῖσα τὸν Δάφνιν ἐκάλει βοηθόν, οἱ τε κύνες περισπῶντες τὸ δέρμα τοῦ σώματος ἤπτοντο αὐτοῦ, μέγα οἰμῶξας ἰκέτευε βοηθεῖν τὴν κόρην καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἥδη παρόντα. Τοὺς μὲν δὴ κύνας ἀνακλήσει συνήθει ταχέως ἡμέρωσαν, τὸν δὲ Δόρκωνα κατὰ τε μηρῶν καὶ ὤμων δεδηγμένον ἀγαγόντες ἐπὶ τὴν πηγὴν ἀπένιψαν τὰ δῆγματα καὶ διαμασησάμενοι φλοιὸν χλωρὸν πτελέας ἐπέπασαν· ὑπὸ τε ἀπειρίας ἐρωτικῶν τολμημάτων ποιμενικὴν παιδιὰν νομίζοντες τὴν ἐπιβολὴν τοῦ δέρματος, οὐδὲν ὀργισθέντες, ἀλλὰ καὶ παραμυθησάμενοι καὶ μέχρι τινὸς χειραγωγῆσαντες ἀπέπεμψαν.

Καὶ ὁ μὲν κινδύνου παρὰ τοσοῦτον ἐλθὼν καὶ σωθεὶς ἐκ κυνός, οὐ λύκου στόματος, ἐθεράπευε τὸ σῶμα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη κάματον πολὺν ἔσχον μέχρι νυκτὸς τὰς αἶγας καὶ τὰς οἷς συλλέγοντες· ὑπὸ γὰρ τοῦ δέρματος πτοηθεῖσαι καὶ ὑπὸ τῶν κυνῶν ὑλακτῆσάντων ταραχθεῖσαι αἱ μὲν εἰς πέτρας ἀνέδραμον, αἱ δὲ μέχρι τῆς θαλάττης αὐτῆς κατέδραμον. Καίτοιγε ἐπεπαίδευντο καὶ φωνῇ πείθεσθαι καὶ σύριγγι θέλγεσθαι καὶ χειρὸς πλαταγῇ συλλέγεσθαι· ἀλλὰ τότε πάντων αὐταῖς ὁ φόβος λήθην ἐνέβαλε. Καὶ μόλις ὥσπερ λαγῶς ἐκ τῶν ἰχνῶν εὐρίσκοντες εἰς τὰς ἐπαυλεις ἤγαγον. Ἐκείνης μόνης τῆς νυκτὸς ἐκοιμήθησαν βαθὺν ὕπνον καὶ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς λύπης φάρμακον τὸν κάματον ἔσχον. Αὐθις δὲ ἡμέρας ἐπελθούσης, πάλιν ἔπασχον παραπλήσια. Ἐχαιρον ἰδόντες, ἀπαλλαγέντες ἤλγουν· ἤθελόν τι, ἡγνόουν ὃ τι θέλουσι. Τοῦτο μόνον ἤδεσαν ὅτι τὸν μὲν φίλημα, τὴν δὲ λουτρὸν ἀπώλεσεν.

Ἐξέκαε δ' αὐτοὺς καὶ ἡ ὥρα τοῦ ἔτους. Ἦρος ἦν ἡδὴ τέλος καὶ θέρους ἀρχή, καὶ πάντα ἐν ἀκμῇ· δένδρα ἐν καρποῖς, πεδία ἐν ληίοις. Ἦδεῖα μὲν τεττίγων ἡχή, γλυκεῖα δὲ ὀπώρας ὁδμή, τερπνὴ δὲ ποιμνίων βληχή. Εἶκασεν ἂν τις καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ᾄδειν ἡρέμα ρέοντας καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους συρίττειν ταῖς πίτυσιν ἐμπνέοντας καὶ τὰ μῆλα ἐρῶντα πίπτειν χαμαὶ καὶ τὸν ἥλιον φιλόκαλον ὄντα πάντας ἀποδύειν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις θαλπόμενος τούτοις

ἅπασιν εἰς τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἐνέβαινε, καὶ ποτὲ μὲν ἐλούετο, ποτὲ δὲ τῶν ἰχθύων τοὺς ἐνδινεύοντας ἐθήρα: πολλάκις δὲ καὶ ἔπινεν, ὥς τὸ ἐνδοθεν καῦμα σβέσων. Ἡ δὲ Χλόη μετὰ τὸ ἀμέλξαι τὰς οἷς καὶ τῶν αἰγῶν τὰς πολλὰς ἐπὶ πολὺν μὲν χρόνον πράγματα εἶχε πηγνῦσα τὸ γάλα: δεινὰ γὰρ αἱ μυῖαι λυπῆσαι καὶ δακεῖν, εἰ διώκοιντο: τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν ἀπολουσαμένη τὸ πρόσωπον πίτυος ἐστεφανοῦτο κλάδοις καὶ τῇ νεβρίδι ἐζώννυτο καὶ τὸν γαυλὸν ἀναπλήσασα οἴνου καὶ γάλακτος κοινὸν μετὰ τοῦ Δάφνιδος πότον εἶχε.

Τῆς δὲ μεσημβρίας ἐπελθούσης ἐγένετο ἡδὴ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἄλωσις αὐτοῖς: ἡ μὲν γὰρ γυμνὸν ὀρῶσα τὸν Δάφνιν ἐς ἄθρου ἐνέπιπτε τὸ κάλλος, καὶ ἐτήκετο μηδὲν αὐτοῦ μέρος μέμψασθαι δυναμένη: ὁ δὲ ἰδὼν ἐν νεβρίδι καὶ στεφάνῳ πίτυος ὀρέγουσαν τὸν γαυλὸν μίαν ᾤετο τῶν ἐκ τοῦ ἄντρου Νυμφῶν ὄρᾶν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν τὴν πίτυν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς ἀρπάζων αὐτὸς ἐστεφανοῦτο, πρότερον φιλήσας τὸν στέφανον: ἡ δὲ τὴν ἐσθῆτα αὐτοῦ λουομένου καὶ γυμνωθέντος ἐνεδύετο, πρότερον καὶ αὐτὴ φιλήσασα. Ἦδη ποτὲ καὶ μήλοις ἀλλήλους ἔβαλον καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀλλήλων ἐκόσμησαν διακρίνοντας τὰς κόμας: καὶ ἡ μὲν εἶκασεν αὐτοῦ τὴν κόμην, ὅτι μέλαινα, μύρτοις, ὁ δὲ μήλω τὸ πρόσωπον αὐτῆς, ὅτι λευκὸν καὶ ἐνερευθὲς ἦν. Ἐδίδασκεν αὐτὴν καὶ συρίττειν: καὶ ἀρξαμένης ἐμπνεῖν ἀρπάζων τὴν σύριγγα τοῖς χεῖλεσιν αὐτὸς τοὺς καλάμους ἐπέτρεχε: καὶ ἐδόκει μὲν διδάσκειν ἀμαρτάνουσαν, εὐπρεπῶς δὲ διὰ τῆς σύριγγος Χλόην κατεφίλει.

Συρίττοντος δὲ αὐτοῦ τὸ μεσημβρινὸν καὶ τῶν ποιμνίων σκιαζομένων ἔλαθεν ἡ Χλόη κατανυστάξασα. Φωράσας τοῦτο ὁ Δάφνις καὶ καταθέμενος τὴν σύριγγα πᾶσαν αὐτὴν ἔβλεπεν ἀπλήστως, οἷα μηδὲν αἰδοῦμενος, καὶ ἅμα ἡρέμα ὑπεφθέγγετο ‘οἷον καθεύδουσιν ὀφθαλμοί, οἷον δὲ ἀποπνεῖ τὸ στόμα. Οὐδὲ τὰ μῆλα τοιοῦτον, οὐδὲ αἱ ὄχραι. Ἀλλὰ φιλεῖσαι μὲν δέδοικα: δάκνει τὸ φίλημα τὴν καρδίαν, καὶ ὥσπερ τὸ νέον μέλι μαίνεσθαι ποιεῖ: ὁκνῶ δὲ καὶ μὴ φιλήσας αὐτὴν ἀφυπνίσω. Ὡς λάλων τεττίγων, οὐκ ἐάσουσιν αὐτὴν καθεύδειν μέγα ἡχούντες. Ἀλλὰ καὶ οἱ τράγοι τοῖς κέρασι παταγοῦσι μαχόμενοι. Ὡς λύκων ἄλωπέκων δειλοτέρων, οἱ τούτους οὐχ ἥρπασαν.’

Ἐν τοιοῦτοις ὄντος αὐτοῦ λόγοις τέττιξ φεύγων χελιδόνα θηρᾶσαι θέλουσιν κατέπεσεν εἰς τὸν κόλπον τῆς Χλόης: καὶ ἡ χελιδὼν ἐπομένη τὸν μὲν οὐκ ἡδυνήθη λαβεῖν, ταῖς δὲ πτέρυξιν ἐγγὺς διὰ τὴν δίωξιν γενομένη τῶν παρειῶν αὐτῆς ἦπαστο. Ἡ δὲ οὐκ εἰδυῖα τὸ πραχθὲν μέγα βοήσασα τῶν ὕπνων ἐξέθορεν. Ἰδοῦσα δὲ καὶ τὴν χελιδόνα ἔτι πλησίον πετομένην καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐπὶ τῷ δέει γελῶντα τοῦ φόβου μὲν ἐπαύσατο, τοὺς δὲ ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀπέματτεν ἔτι καθεύδειν θέλοντας. Καὶ ὁ τέττιξ ἐκ τῶν κόλπων ἐπήχησεν ὁμοιον ἰκέτη χάριν ὁμολογοῦντι τῆς σωτηρίας. Πάλιν οὖν ἡ Χλόη μέγα ἐβόησεν, ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἐγέλασε: καὶ προφάσεως λαβόμενος καθῆκεν αὐτῆς εἰς τὰ στέρνα τὰς χεῖρας καὶ ἐξάγει τὸν βέλτιστον τέττιγα, μηδὲ ἐν τῇ δεξιᾷ σιωπῶντα. Ἡ δὲ ἤδετο ἰδοῦσα καὶ ἐφίλησε λαβοῦσα καὶ αὖθις ἐνέβαλε τῷ κόλπῳ λαλοῦντα.

Ἐτερπεν αὐτοὺς τότε φάττα βουκολικὸν ἐκ τῆς ὕλης φθεγγαμένη. Καὶ τῆς Χλόης ζητούσης μαθεῖν ὅ τι λέγει, διδάσκει αὐτὴν ὁ Δάφνις μυθολογῶν τὰ θρυλούμενα. Ἦν οὕτω, παρθένε, παρθένος καλὴ καὶ ἔνεμε βοῦς πολλὰς ἐν ὕλῃ: ἦν δὲ ἄρα καὶ ᾠδικὴ καὶ ἐτέρποντο αἱ βόες αὐτῆς τῇ μουσικῇ, καὶ ἔνεμεν

οὔτε καλαύροπος πληγῇ οὔτε κέντρου προσβολῇ, ἀλλὰ καθίσασα ὑπὸ πίτυν καὶ στεφανωσαμένη πίτυϊ ἦδε Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν Πίτυν, καὶ αἱ βόες τῇ φωνῇ παρέμενον. Παῖς οὐ μακρὰν νέμων βοῦς, καὶ αὐτὸς καλὸς καὶ ὠδίκος ὡς ἡ παρθένος, φιλονεικήσας πρὸς τὴν μελωδίαν, μείζονα ὡς ἀνὴρ, ἡδίονα ὡς παῖς φωνὴν ἀντεπεδείξατο, καὶ τῶν βοῶν ὀκτὼ τὰς ἀρίστας ἐς τὴν ἰδίαν ἀγέλην θέλξας ἀπεβουκόλησεν. Ἀχθεταὶ ἡ παρθένος τῇ βλάβῃ τῆς ἀγέλης, τῇ ἥττῃ τῆς ὥδῃς, καὶ εὐχεται τοῖς θεοῖς ὄρνις γενέσθαι πρὶν οἴκαδε ἀφικέσθαι. Πείθονται οἱ θεοὶ καὶ ποιοῦσι τήνδε τὴν ὄρνιν, ὄρειον ὡς παρθένον, μουσικὴν ὡς ἐκείνην. Καὶ ἔτι νῦν ἄδουσα μηνύει τὴν συμφορὰν, ὅτι βοῦς ζητεῖ πεπλανημένας.

Τοιάσδε τέρψεις αὐτοῖς τὸ θέρος παρεῖχε. Μετοπώρου δὲ ἀκμάζοντος καὶ τοῦ βότρου Τύριοι ληστὰι Καρικὴν ἔχοντες ἡμιολίαν, ὡς ἂν μὴ δοκοῖεν βάρβαροι, προσέσχον τοῖς ἀγροῖς, καὶ ἐκβάντες σὺν μαχαίραις καὶ ἡμιθωρακίοις κατέσυρον πάντα τὰ εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθόντα, οἶνον ἀνθοσμίαν, πυρὸν ἄφθονον, μέλι ἐν κηρίοις: ἤλασάν τινας καὶ βοῦς ἐκ τῆς Δόρκωνος ἀγέλης. Λαμβάνουσι καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἀλύνοντα παρὰ τὴν θάλατταν: ἡ γὰρ Χλόη βραδύτερον ὡς κόρη τὰ πρόβατα ἐξῆγε τοῦ Δρύαντος, φόβῳ τῶν ἀγερῶων ποιμένων. Ἰδόντες δὲ μειράκιον μέγα καὶ καλὸν καὶ κρεῖττον τῆς ἐξ ἀγρῶν ἀρπαγῆς, μηκέτι μηδὲν μῆτε ἐς τὰς αἴγας μῆτε ἐς τοὺς ἄλλους ἀγροὺς περιεργασάμενοι κατήγον αὐτὸν ἐπὶ τὴν ναῦν κλάοντα καὶ ἠπορημένον καὶ μέγα Χλόην καλοῦντα. Καὶ οἱ μὲν τὸ πείσμα ἄρτι ἀπολύσαντες καὶ τὰς κόπας ταῖς χερσὶν ἐμβαλόντες ἀνέπλεον εἰς τὸ πέλαγος: Χλόη δὲ κατήλανε τὸ ποίμνιον, σύριγγα καινὴν τῷ Δάφνιδι δῶρον κομίζουσα. Ἰδοῦσα δὲ τὰς αἴγας τεταραγμένας καὶ ἀκούσασα τοῦ Δάφνιδος αἰεὶ μείζον αὐτὴν βοῶντος, προβάτων μὲν ἄμελεῖ καὶ τὴν σύριγγα ρίπτει, δρόμῳ δὲ πρὸς τὸν Δόρκωνα παραγίνεται δεησομένη βοηθεῖν

Ὁ δὲ ἔκειτο πληγαῖς νεανικαῖς συγκεκομμένος ὑπὸ τῶν ληστῶν καὶ ὀλίγον ἐμπνέων, αἵματος πολλοῦ χεομένου. Ἰδὼν δὲ τὴν Χλόην καὶ ὀλίγον ἐκ τοῦ πρότερον ἔρωτος ἐμπύρευμα λαβὼν ‘ἐγὼ μὲν’ εἶπε, ‘Χλόη, τεθνήξομαι μετ’ ὀλίγον: οἱ γὰρ με ἀσεβεῖς ληστὰι πρὸ τῶν βοῶν μαχόμενον κατέκοψαν ὡς βοῦν. Σὺ δὲ καὶ Δάφνιν σῶσον κάμοι τιμώρησον κάκείνους ἀπόλεσον. Ἐπαίδευσά τας βοῦς ἤχῳ σύριγγος ἀκολουθεῖν καὶ διώκειν τὸ μέλος αὐτῆς, κἂν νέμωνται που μακρὰν. Ἴθι δὴ, λαβοῦσα τὴν σύριγγα ταύτην ἐμπνευσον αὐτῇ μέλος ἐκεῖνο, ὃ Δάφνιν μὲν ἐγὼ ποτε ἐδίδαξάμην, Δάφνις δὲ σέ: τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν τῇ σύριγγι μελήσει καὶ τῶν βοῶν ταῖς ἐκεῖ. Χαρίζομαι δέ σοι καὶ τὴν σύριγγα αὐτήν, ἥ πολλοὺς ἐρίζων καὶ βουκόλους ἐνίκησα καὶ αἰπόλους. Σὺ δὲ ἀντὶ τῶνδε καὶ ζῶντα ἔτι φίλησον καὶ ἀποθανόντα κλαῦσον: κἂν ἴδῃς ἄλλον νέμοντα τὰς βοῦς, ἐμοῦ μνημόνευσον.’

Δόρκων μὲν δὴ τοσαῦτα εἰπὼν καὶ φίλημα φιλήσας ὕστατον ἀφῆκεν ἅμα τῷ φιλήματι τὴν ψυχὴν: ἡ δὲ Χλόη λαβοῦσα τὴν σύριγγα καὶ ἐνθεῖσα τοῖς χεῖλεσιν ἐσύριττεν ὡς ἐδύνατο μέγιστον: καὶ αἱ βόες ἀκούουσι καὶ τὸ μέλος γνωρίζουσι καὶ ὁρμῇ μιᾷ μυκησάμεναι πηδῶσιν εἰς τὴν θάλατταν. Βιαίου δὲ πηδήματος εἰς ἓνα τοῖχον τῆς νεῶς γενομένου κακῆς ἐμπτώσεως τῶν βοῶν κοίλης τῆς θαλάττης διαστάσης στρέφεται μὲν ἡ ναὺς καὶ τοῦ κλύδωνος

συνιόντος ἀπόλλυται, οἱ δὲ ἐκπίπτουσιν οὐχ ὁμοίαν ἔχοντες ἐλπίδα σωτηρίας. Οἱ μὲν γὰρ ληστὰς τὰς μαχαίρας παρήρτηντο καὶ τὰ ἡμιθωράκια τὰ λεπιδωτὰ ἐνεδέδυντο καὶ κνημίδας εἰς μέσῃν κνήμην ὑπεδέδεντο· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἀνυπόδητος, ὡς ἐν πεδίῳ νέμων, καὶ ἡμίγυμνος, ὡς ἔτι τῆς ὥρας οὔσης καυματώδους. Ἐκείνους μὲν οὖν ἐπ' ὀλίγον νηξαμένους τὰ ὄπλα κατήνεγκεν εἰς βυθόν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις τὴν μὲν ἐσθῆτα ῥαδίως ἀπεδύσατο, περὶ δὲ τὴν νῆξιν ἔκαμνεν, οἷα πρότερον νηχόμενος ἐν ποταμοῖς μόνοις· ὕστερον δὲ παρὰ τῆς ἀνάγκης τὸ πρακτέον διδαχθεὶς εἰς μέσας ὥρμησε τὰς βοῦς, καὶ βοῶν δύο κεράτων ταῖς δύο χερσὶ λαβόμενος ἐκομίζετο μέσος ἀλύπως καὶ ἀπόνως, ὥσπερ ἐλαύνων ἄμαξαν. Νήχεται δὲ ἄρα βοῦς ὅσον οὐδὲ ἄνθρωπος· μόνων λείπεται τῶν ἐνύδρων ὀρνίθων καὶ αὐτῶν ἰχθύων· οὐδ' ἂν ἀπόλοιτο βοῦς νηχόμενος, εἰ μὴ τῶν χηλῶν οἱ ὄνυχες περιπέσοιεν διάβροχοι γενόμενοι. Μαρτυροῦσι τῷ λόγῳ μέχρι νῦν πολλοὶ τόποι τῆς θαλάττης, βοὸς πόροι λεγόμενοι.

Σώζεται μὲν δὴ τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον ὁ Δάφνις, δύο κινδύνους παρ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν διαφυγών, ληστηρίου καὶ ναυαγίας· ἐξελθὼν δὲ καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς γελῶσαν ἅμα καὶ δακρύουσαν εὐρὼν ἐμπίπτει τε αὐτῆς τοῖς κόλποις καὶ ἐπυνθάνετο τί βουλομένη συρίσειεν· ἡ δὲ αὐτῷ διηγεῖται πάντα· τὸν δρόμον τὸν ἐπὶ τὸν Δόρκωνα, τὸ παιδεύμα τῶν βοῶν, πῶς κελευσθεῖη συρίσαι, καὶ ὅτι τέθηκε Δόρκων· μόνον αἰδεσθεῖσα τὸ φίλημα οὐκ εἶπεν. Ἔδοξε δὴ τιμῆσαι τὸν εὐεργέτην, καὶ ἐλθόντες μετὰ τῶν προσηκόντων Δόρκωνα θάπτουσι τὸν ἄθλιον. Γῆν μὲν οὖν πολλὴν ἐπένησαν, φυτὰ δὲ ἡμερα πολλὰ ἐφύτευσαν καὶ ἐξήρτησαν αὐτῶν τῶν ἔργων ἀπαρχάς· ἀλλὰ καὶ γάλα κατέσπεισαν καὶ βότρυς κατέθλιψαν καὶ σύριγγας πολλὰς κατέκλασαν. Ἑκούσθη καὶ τῶν βοῶν ἐλεεινὰ μυκήματα καὶ δρόμοι τινὲς ὤφθησαν ἅμα τοῖς μυκήμασιν ἄτακτοι· καὶ ὡς ἐν ποιμέσιν εἰκάζετο καὶ αἰπόλοις, ταῦτα θρῆνος ἦν τῶν βοῶν ἐπὶ βουκόλῳ τετελευτηκότι.

Μετὰ δὲ τὸν τοῦ Δόρκωνος τάφον λούει τὸν Δάφνιν ἡ Χλόη πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας ἀγαγοῦσα. Καὶ αὕτη τότε πρῶτον Δάφνιδος ὀρῶντος ἐλούσατο τὸ σῶμα λευκὸν καὶ καθαρὸν ὑπὸ κάλλους καὶ οὐδὲν λουτρῶν ἐς κάλλος δεόμενον· καὶ ἄνθη συλλέξαντες, ὅσα τῆς ὥρας ἐκείνης, ἐστεφάνωσαν τὰ ἀγάλματα καὶ τὴν τοῦ Δόρκωνος σύριγγα τῆς πέτρας ἐξήρτησαν ἀνάθημα. Καὶ μετὰ τοῦτο ἐλθόντες ἐπεσκόπουν τὰς αἶγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα. Τὰ δὲ πάντα κατέκειτο μήτε νεμόμενα μήτε βληχώμενα, ἀλλ', οἶμαι, τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἀφανεῖς ὄντας ποθοῦντα. Ἐπειδὴ οὖν ὀφθέντες καὶ ἐβόησαν τὸ σύνηθες καὶ ἐσύρισαν, τὰ μὲν ποίμνια ἀναστάντα ἐνέμετο, αἱ δὲ αἶγες ἐσκίρτων φριματτόμεναι, καθάπερ ἡδόμεναι σωτηρίᾳ συνήθους αἰπόλου. Οὐ μὴν ὁ Δάφνις χαίρειν ἔπειθε τὴν ψυχὴν, ἰδὼν τὴν Χλόην γυμνὴν καὶ τὸ πρότερον λανθάνον κάλλος ἐκκεκαλυμμένον. Ἦλγει τὴν καρδίαν ὡς ἐσθιομένην ὑπὸ φαρμάκων, καὶ αὐτῷ τὸ πνεῦμα ποτὲ μὲν λάβρον ἐξέπνει, καθάπερ τινὸς διώκοντος αὐτόν, ποτὲ δὲ ἐξέλειπε, καθάπερ ἐκδαπανηθὲν ἐν ταῖς πρότερον ἐπιδρομαῖς. Ἐδόκει τὸ λουτρὸν εἶναι τῆς θαλάττης φοβερώτερον· ἐνόμιζε τὴν ψυχὴν ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς λησταῖς μένειν, οἷα νέος καὶ ἄγροικος καὶ ἔτι ἀγνοῶν τὸ ἔρωτος ληστήριον.

BOOK II.

Ἦδη δὲ τῆς ὁπώρας ἀκμαζούσης καὶ ἐπείγοντος τοῦ τρυγητοῦ πᾶς ἦν κατὰ τοὺς ἀγρούς ἐν ἔργῳ· ὁ μὲν ληνοὺς ἐπεσκευάζεν, ὁ δὲ πίθους ἐξεκάθαιρεν, ὁ δὲ ἀρρίχους ἐπλεκεν· ἑμελὲ τινι δρεπάνης μικρᾶς ἐς βότρυος τομὴν καὶ ἐτέρῳ λίθου θλίψαι τὰ ἔνοινα τῶν βοτρύων δυναμένου καὶ ἄλλῳ λύγου ξηρᾶς πληγαῖς κατεξασμένης, ὥς ἂν ὑπὸ φωτὶ νύκτωρ τὸ γλεῦκος φέροιτο. Ἀμελήσαντες οὖν καὶ ὁ Δάφνης καὶ ἡ Χλόη τῶν αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων, χειρὸς ὠφέλειαν ἄλλοις μετεδίδοσαν. Ὁ μὲν ἐβάσταζεν ἐν ἀρρίχοις βότρυς καὶ ἐπάτει ταῖς ληνοῖς ἐμβαλὼν καὶ εἰς τοὺς πίθους ἔφερε τὸν οἶνον· ἡ δὲ τροφήν παρεσκευάζε τοῖς τρυγῶσι καὶ ἐνέχει ποτὸν αὐτοῖς πρεσβύτερον οἶνον καὶ τῶν ἀμπέλων δὲ τὰς ταπεινότερας ἀπετρύγα. Πᾶσα γὰρ ἡ κατὰ τὴν Λέσβον ἄμπελος ταπεινὴ, οὐ μετέωρος οὐδὲ ἀναδενδράς, ἀλλὰ κάτω τὰ κλήματα ἀποτείνουσα καὶ ὥσπερ κιττὸς νεομένη· καὶ παῖς ἂν ἐφίκοιτο βότρυος ἄρτι τὰς χεῖρας ἐκ σπαργάνων λελυμένος.

Οἶον οὖν εἰκὸς ἐν ἑορτῇ Διονύσου καὶ οἶνου γενέσεως αἱ μὲν γυναῖκες ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν εἰς ἐπικουρίαν κεκλημέναι τῷ Δάφνιδι τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐπέβαλλον καὶ ἐπήνουν ὥς ὅμοιον τῷ Διονύσῳ τὸ κάλλος, καὶ τις τῶν θρασυτέρων καὶ ἐφίλησε καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν παρώξυνε, τὴν δὲ Χλόην ἐλύπησεν· οἱ δὲ ἐν ταῖς ληνοῖς ποικίλας φωνὰς ἔρριπτον ἐπὶ τὴν Χλόην καὶ ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τινα Βάκχην Σάτυροι μανικώτερον ἐπήδων καὶ εὗχοντο γενέσθαι ποιμνία καὶ ὑπ' ἐκείνης νέμεσθαι· ὥστε αὖ πάλιν ἡ μὲν ἦδετο, Δάφνης δὲ ἐλυπεῖτο. Εὗχοντο δὲ δὴ ταχέως παύσασθαι τὸν τρυγητὸν καὶ λαβέσθαι τῶν συνήθων χωρίων καὶ ἀντὶ τῆς ἀμούσου βοῆς ἀκούειν σύριγγος ἢ τῶν ποιμνίων αὐτῶν βληχωμένων. Καὶ ἐπεὶ διαγενομένων ὀλίγων ἡμερῶν αἱ μὲν ἄμπελοι ἐτετρύγηντο, πίθοι δὲ τὸ γλεῦκος εἶχον, ἔδει δὲ οὐκέτ' οὐδὲν πολυχειρίας, κατήλαυνον τὰς ἀγέλας ἐς τὸ πεδίον καὶ μάλα χαίροντες τὰς Νύμφας προσεκύνουν, βότρυς αὐταῖς κομίζοντες ἐπὶ κλημάτων, ἀπαρχὰς τοῦ τρυγητοῦ. Οὐδὲ τὸν πρότερον χρόνον ἀμελῶς ποτε παρήλθον, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ἀρχόμενοι νομῆς προσήδρευον καὶ ἐκ νομῆς ἀνιόντες προσεκύνουν· καὶ πάντως τι ἐπέφερον, ἢ ἄνθος ἢ ὁπώραν ἢ φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἢ γάλακτος σπονδήν. Καὶ τούτων μὲν ὕστερον ἀμοιβὰς ἐκομίσαντο παρὰ τῶν θεῶν· τότε δὲ κύνες, φασίν, ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθέντες ἐσκίρτων, ἐσύριττον, ἦδον, τοῖς τράγοις καὶ τοῖς προβάτοις συνεπάλαιον.

Τερπομένοις δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐφίσταται πρεσβύτης σισύραν ἐνδεδυμένος, καρβατίνας ὑποδεδμενός, πήραν ἐξηρημένους, καὶ τὴν πήραν παλαιάν. Οὗτος πλησίον καθίσας αὐτῶν ὧδε εἶπε· Φίλητᾶς, ὦ παῖδες, ὁ πρεσβύτης ἐγώ, ὃς πολλὰ μὲν ταῖσδε ταῖς Νύμφαις ἦσα, πολλὰ δὲ τῷ Πανὶ ἐκείνῳ ἐσύρισα, βοῶν δὲ πολλῆς ἀγέλης ἡγησάμην μόνῃ μουσικῇ. Ἦκω δὲ ὑμῖν ὅσα εἶδον μνηύσων, ὅσα ἤκουσα ἀπαγγελῶν. Κῆπός ἐστὶ μοι τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν, ὃν ἐξ οὗ νέμων διὰ γῆρας ἐπαυσάμην, ἐξεπονησάμην· ὅσα ὦραι φέρουσι, πάντα ἔχων ἐν αὐτῷ καθ' ὥραν ἐκάστην. Ἦρος ρόδα καὶ κρίνα καὶ ὑάκινθος καὶ ἴα ἀμφοτέρα, θέρους μήκωνες καὶ ἀχράδες καὶ μῆλα πάντα, νῦν ἄμπελοι καὶ

συκαῖ καὶ ροιαὶ καὶ μύρτα χλωρά. Εἰς τοῦτον τὸν κήπον ὀρνίθων ἀγέλαι συνέρχονται τὸ ἐωθινόν, τῶν μὲν ἐς τροφήν, τῶν δὲ ἐς ῥῆν: συνηρεφῆς γὰρ καὶ κατὰσκιος καὶ πηγαῖς τρισὶ κατάρρυτος: ἂν περιέλη τις τὴν αἵμασίαν, ἄλσος ὄρᾱν οἰήσεται.’

‘εἰσελθόντι δέ μοι τήμερον ἀμφὶ μέσῃν ἡμέραν ὑπὸ ταῖς ροιαῖς καὶ ταῖς μυρρίναις βλέπεται παῖς, μύρτα καὶ ροιάς ἔχων, λευκὸς ὡς γάλα, ξανθὸς ὡς πῦρ, στιλπνὸς ὡς ἄρτι λελουμένος: γυμνὸς ἦν, μόνος ἦν: ἔπαιζεν ὡς ἴδιον κήπον τρυγῶν. Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν ὥρμησα ἐπ’ αὐτὸν ὡς συλληψόμενος, δέισας μὴ ὑπ’ ἀγερωχίας τὰς μυρρίνας καὶ τὰς ροιάς κατακλάσῃ: ὁ δέ με κούφως καὶ ῥαδίως ὑπέφευγε, ποτὲ μὲν ταῖς ῥοδωνιαῖς ὑποτρέχων, ποτὲ δὲ ταῖς μήκωσιν ὑποκρυπτόμενος, ὥσπερ πέρδικος νεοττός. Καίτοι πολλάκις μὲν πράγματα ἔσχον ἐρίφους γαλαθηνούς διώκων, πολλάκις δὲ ἔκαμον μεταθέων μόσχους ἀρτιγεννήτους: ἀλλὰ τοῦτο ποικίλον τι χρῆμα ἦν καὶ ἀθήρατον. Καμὼν οὖν ὡς γέρων καὶ ἐπερεισάμενος τῇ βακτηρίᾳ καὶ ἅμα φυλάττων μὴ φύγοι, ἐπυνθανόμην τίνος ἐστὶ τῶν γειτόνων, καὶ τί βουλόμενος ἀλλότριον κήπον τρυγᾷ. Ὁ δὲ ἀπεκρίνατο μὲν οὐδέν, στὰς δὲ πλησίον ἐγέλα πάνυ ἀπαλὸν καὶ ἔβαλλέ με τοῖς μύρτοις καὶ οὐκ οἶδ’ ὅπως ἔθελγε μηκέτι θυμοῦσθαι. Ἐδεόμην οὖν εἰς χεῖρας ἔλθεῖν μηδὲν φοβούμενον ἔτι, καὶ ὤμνουν κατὰ τῶν μύρτων ἀφήσειν, ἐπιδοὺς μήλων καὶ ροιῶν, παρέξειν τε αἰεὶ τρυγᾶν τὰ φυτὰ καὶ δρέπειν τὰ ἄνθη, τυχὼν παρ’ αὐτοῦ φιλήματος ἐνός.’

‘Ἐνταῦθα πάνυ καπυρὸν γελάσας ἀφίησι φωνήν, οἷαν οὔτε χελιδὼν οὔτε ἀηδὼν οὔτε κύκνος, ὁμοίως ἐμοὶ γέρων γενόμενος. “Ἐμοὶ μὲν, ὦ Φιλῆτᾶ, φιλῆσαι σε φθόνος οὐδεῖς: βούλομαι γὰρ φιλεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ γενέσθαι νέος: ὅρα δὲ εἴ σοι καθ’ ἡλικίαν τὸ δῶρον: οὐδὲν γάρ σε ὠφελήσεται τὸ γῆρας πρὸς τὸ μὴ διώκειν ἐμὲ μετὰ τὸ ἐν φίλημα. Δυσθήρατος ἐγὼ καὶ ἰέρακι καὶ αἰετῷ καὶ εἴ τις ἄλλος τούτων ὠκύτερος ὄρνις. Οὐ τοι παῖς ἐγὼ καὶ εἰ δοκῶ παῖς, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῦ Κρόνου πρεσβύτερος καὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ παντός. Καί σε οἶδα νέμοντα πρωθήβην ἐν ἐκείνῳ τῷ ὄρει τὸ πλατὺ βουκόλιον καὶ παρήμην σοι συρίττοντι πρὸς ταῖς φηγοῖς ἐκείναις, ἡνίκα ἦρας Ἀμαρυλλίδος: ἀλλὰ με οὐχ ἑώρας καίτοι πλησίον μάλα τῇ κόρῃ παρεστῶτα. Σοὶ μὲν οὖν ἐκείνην ἔδωκα: καὶ ἤδη σοι παῖδες, ἀγαθοὶ βουκόλοι καὶ γεωργοί: νῦν δὲ Δάφνιν ποιμαίνω καὶ Χλόην: καὶ ἡνίκα ἂν αὐτοὺς εἰς ἓν συναγάγω τὸ ἐωθινόν, εἰς τὸν σὸν ἔρχομαι κήπον καὶ τέρπομαι τοῖς ἄνθεσι καὶ τοῖς φυτοῖς κὰν ταῖς πηγαῖς ταύταις λούομαι. Διὰ τοῦτο καλὰ καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ φυτὰ, τοῖς ἐμοῖς λουτροῖς ἀρδόμενα. Ὅρα δὲ μὴ τί σοι τῶν φυτῶν κατακέκλασται, μὴ τις ὀπώρα τετρύγηται, μὴ τις ἄνθος ῥίζα πεπάτηται, μὴ τις πηγὴ τετάρακται, καὶ χαῖρε μόνος ἀνθρώπων ἐν γῆρᾳ θεασάμενος τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον.’”

‘ταῦτ’ εἰπὼν ἀνήλατο καθάπερ ἀηδόνης νεοττός ἐπὶ τὰς μυρρίνας, καὶ κλάδον ἀμείβων ἐκ κλάδου διὰ τῶν φύλλων ἀνεῖρπεν εἰς ἄκρον. Εἶδον αὐτοῦ καὶ πτέρυγας ἐκ τῶν ὤμων καὶ τοξάρια μεταξὺ τῶν πτερύγων, καὶ οὐκέτι εἶδον οὔτε ταῦτα οὔτε αὐτόν. Εἰ δὲ μὴ μάτην ταύτας τὰς πολιὰς ἐφύσα μηδὲ γηράσας ματαιοτέρας τὰς φρένας ἐκτησάμην, Ἐρωτι, ὦ παῖδες, κατέσπεισθε καὶ Ἐρωτι ὑμῶν μέλει.’

πάνυ ἐτέρφθησαν ὥσπερ μῦθον οὐ λόγον ἀκούοντες καὶ ἐπυνθάνοντο τί

ἐστὶ ποτε ὁ Ἔρωρ, πότερα παῖς ἢ ὄρνις, καὶ τί δύναται. Πάλιν οὖν ὁ Φιλητᾶς ἔφη ‘θεὸς ἐστίν, ὃ παῖδες, ὁ Ἔρωρ, νέος καὶ καλὸς καὶ πετόμενος: διὰ τοῦτο καὶ νεότητι χαίρει καὶ κάλλος διώκει καὶ τὰς ψυχὰς ἀναπτεροῖ. Δύναται δὲ τοσοῦτον ὅσον οὐδὲ ὁ Ζεὺς. Κρατεῖ μὲν στοιχείων, κρατεῖ δὲ ἄστρον, κρατεῖ δὲ τῶν ὁμοίων θεῶν: οὐδὲ ὑμεῖς τοσοῦτον τῶν αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων. Τὰ ἄνθη πάντα Ἐρωτος ἔργα: τὰ φυτὰ πάντα τοῦτου ποιήματα: διὰ τοῦτον καὶ ποταμοὶ ῥέουσι καὶ ἄνεμοι πνέουσιν. Ἐγνων δὲ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦρον ἐρασθέντα, καὶ ὡς οἴστρω πληγεῖς ἐμυκάτο: καὶ τράγον φιλήσαντα αἶγα, καὶ ἡκολούθει πανταχοῦ. Αὐτὸς μὲν γὰρ ἤμην νέος καὶ ἡράσθην Ἀμαρυλλίδος: καὶ οὔτε τροφῆς ἐμεμνήμην οὔτε ποτὸν προσεφερόμην οὔτε ὕπνον ἠρούμην. Ἦλγουν τὴν ψυχὴν, τὴν καρδίαν ἐπαλλόμην, τὸ σῶμα ἐψυχόμην: ἐβόων ὡς παιόμενος, ἐσιώπων ὡς νεκρούμενος, εἰς ποταμοὺς ἐνέβαινον ὡς καόμενος. Ἐκάλουν τὸν Πᾶνα βοηθόν, ὡς καὶ αὐτὸν τῆς Πίτυος ἐρασθέντα: ἐπήνουν τὴν Ἥχῳ τὸ Ἀμαρυλλίδος ὄνομα μετ’ ἐμὲ καλοῦσαν: κατέκλων τὰς σύριγγας, ὅτι μοι τὰς μὲν βοῦς ἔθελγον, Ἀμαρυλλίδα δὲ οὐκ ἦγον. Ἐρωτος γὰρ οὐδὲν φάρμακον, οὐ πινόμενον, οὐκ ἐσθιόμενον, οὐκ ἐν ὧδαῖς λαλούμενον, ὅτι μὴ φίλημα καὶ περιβολὴ καὶ συγκατακλινῆναι γυμνοῖς σώμασι.’

Φιλητᾶς μὲν τοσαῦτα παιδεύσας αὐτοὺς ἀπαλλάττεται, τυρούς τινας παρ’ αὐτῶν καὶ ἔριφον ἥδη κεράστην λαβών: οἱ δὲ μόνοι καταλειφθέντες, καὶ τότε πρῶτον ἀκούσαντες τὸ Ἐρωτος ὄνομα τὰς τε ψυχὰς συνεστάλησαν ὑπὸ λύπης, καὶ ἐπανελθόντες νύκτωρ εἰς τὰς ἐπαύλεις παρέβαλλον οἷς ἤκουσαν τὰ αὐτῶν. Ἀλγοῦσιν οἱ ἐρῶντες: καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀλγοῦμεν. Τροφῆς ἀμελοῦσιν: ἡμελῆκαμεν ὁμοίως. Καθεύδειν οὐ δύνανται: τοῦτο νῦν πάσχομεν καὶ ἡμεῖς. Κάεσθαι δοκοῦσι: καὶ παρ’ ἡμῖν τὸ πῦρ. Ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἀλλήλους ὁρᾶν: διὰ τοῦτο θᾶπτον εὐχόμεθα γενέσθαι τὴν ἡμέρα. Σχεδὸν τοῦτ’ ἐστίν ὁ ἔρωρ, καὶ ἐρῶμεν ἀλλήλων οὐκ εἰδότες. Εἰ γὰρ τοῦτο μὴ ἐστίν ὁ ἔρωρ ἐγὼ δὲ ὁ ἐρώμενος, τί οὖν ταῦτ’ ἀλγοῦμεν, τί δὲ ἀλλήλους ζητοῦμεν; ἀληθῆ πάντα εἶπεν ὁ Φιλητᾶς. Τὸ ἐκ τοῦ κήπου παιδίον ὦφθη καὶ τοῖς πατράσιν ἡμῶν ὄναρ ἐκεῖνο καὶ νέμειν ἡμᾶς τὰς ἀγέλας ἐκέλευσε. Πῶς ἂν τις αὐτὸ λάβοι; σμικρόν ἐστι καὶ φεύζεται. Καὶ πῶς ἂν τις αὐτὸ φύγοι; περὰ ἔχει καὶ καταλήψεται. Ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας δεῖ βοηθοὺς καταφεύγειν. Ἀλλ’ οὐδὲ Φιλητᾶν ὁ Πᾶν ὠφέλησεν Ἀμαρυλλίδος ἐρῶντα. Ὅσα εἶπεν ἄρα φάρμακα, ταῦτα ζητητέον, φίλημα καὶ περιβολὴν καὶ κεῖσθαι γυμνοὺς χαμαί. Κρύος μὲν, ἀλλὰ καρτερήσομεν δεύτεροι μετὰ Φιλητᾶν.’

Τοῦτο αὐτοῖς γίνεται νυκτερινὸν παιδευτήριον. Καὶ ἀγαγόντες τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας τὰς ἀγέλας ἐς νομὴν, ἐφίλησαν ἀλλήλους ἰδόντες καὶ ὁ μὴπω πρότερον ἐποίησαν περιέβαλον τὰς χεῖρας ἐπαλλάξαντες: τὸ δὲ τρίτον ὤκνουν φάρμακον ἀποδυθέντες κατακλιθῆναι: θρασύτερον γὰρ οὐ μόνον παρθένω ἀλλὰ καὶ νέῳ αἰπόλῳ. Πάλιν οὖν νῦς ἀγρυπνίαν ἔχουσα καὶ ἔννοια τῶν γεγενημένων καὶ κατάμεμνιν τῶν παραλελειμμένων. Ἐφίλησαμεν, καὶ οὐδὲν ὄφελος: περιεβάλομεν, καὶ οὐδὲν πλεον ἔσχομεν: τὸ οὖν συγκατακλινῆναι μόνον φάρμακον ἐρωτος. Πειρατέον καὶ τούτου: πάντως ἐν αὐτῷ τι κρεῖττον ἐστὶ φιλήματος.’

Ἐπὶ τούτοις τοῖς λογισμοῖς οἷον εἰκὸς καὶ ὀνείρατα ἐώρων ἐρωτικά, τὰ

φιλήματα, τὰς περιβολὰς· καὶ ὅσα μεθ' ἡμέραν οὐκ ἔπραξαν, ταῦτα ὄναρ ἔπραξαν· γυμνοὶ μετ' ἀλλήλων ἔκιντο. Ἐνθεώτεροι δὴ κατὰ τὴν ἐπιούσαν ἡμέραν ἀνέστησαν καὶ ροίζω τὰς ἀγέλας κατήλαινον ἐπειγόμενοι πρὸς τὰ φιλήματα· καὶ ἰδόντες ἀλλήλους ἅμα μειδιάματι προσέδραμον. Τὰ μὲν οὖν φιλήματα ἐγένετο καὶ ἡ περιβολὴ τῶν χειρῶν ἠκολούθησε, τὸ δὲ τρίτον φάρμακον ἐβράδυνε, μήτε τοῦ Δάφνιδος τολμῶντος εἰπεῖν, μήτε τῆς Χλόης βουλομένης κατέρχεσθαι, ἔστε τύχη καὶ τοῦτο ἔπραξαν.

Καθεζόμενοι ὑπὸ στελέχει δρυὸς πλησίον ἀλλήλων καὶ γευσάμενοι τῆς ἐν φιλήματι τέρψεως ἀπλήστως ἐνεφοροῦντο τῆς ἡδονῆς. Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ χειρῶν περιβολαὶ θλίψιν τοῖς σώμασι παρέχουσαι. Κατὰ δὲ τὴν τῶν χειρῶν περιβολὴν βιαιότερόν τι τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἐπισπασαμένου κλίνεταιαίπως ἐπὶ πλευρὰν ἢ Χλόη· κάκεινος δὲ συγκατακλίνεται τῷ φιλήματι ἀκολουθῶν. Καὶ γνωρίσαντες τῶν ὀνείρων τὴν εἰκόνα κατέκειντο πολὺν χρόνον ὥσπερ συνδεδεμένοι. Εἰδότες δὲ τῶν ἐντεῦθεν οὐδὲν καὶ νομίσαντες τοῦτο εἶναι πέρας ἐρωτικῆς ἀπολαύσεως, μάτην τὸ πλεῖστον τῆς ἡμέρας δαπανήσαντες διελύθησαν καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἀπήλαινον, τὴν νύκτα μισοῦντες. Ἦσαν δὲ ἂν τι καὶ τῶν ἀληθῶν ἔπραξαν, εἰ μὴ θόρυβος τοιόσδε πᾶσαν τὴν ἀγροικίαν ἐκείνην κατέλαβε.

Νεοὶ Μηθυμναῖοι πλούσιοι διαθέσθαι τὸν τρυγητὸν ἐν ξενικῇ τέρψει θελήσαντες, ναῦν σμικρὰν καθελκύσαντες καὶ οἰκέτας προσκώπους καθίσαντες, τοὺς Μυτιληναίων ἀγροὺς παρέπλεον, ὅσοι θαλάττης πλησίον. Εὐλίμενός τε γὰρ ἡ παραλία καὶ οἰκήσεσιν ἡσκημένη πολυτελῶς, καὶ λουτρά συνεχῇ, παράδεισοί τε καὶ ἄλση· τὰ μὲν φύσεως ἔργα, τὰ δ' ἀνθρώπων τέχνη· πάντα ἐνηβῆσαι καλά. Παραπλέοντες δὲ καὶ ἐνορμιζόμενοι κακὸν μὲν ἐποιοῦν οὐδὲν, τέρψεις δὲ ποικίλας ἐτέρποντο, ποτὲ μὲν ἀγκίστροις καλάμων ἀπηρητημένοι ἐκ λίνου λεπτοῦ πετραίους ἰχθὺς ἀλιεῦοντες ἐκ πέτρας ἀλιτενοῦς, ποτὲ δὲ κυσὶ καὶ δικτύοις λαγῶς φεύγοντας τὸν ἐν ταῖς ἀμπέλοις θόρυβον λαμβάνοντες· ἤδη δὲ καὶ ὀρνίθων ἄγρας ἐμέλησεν αὐτοῖς, καὶ ἔλαβον βρόχοις χήνας ἀγρίους καὶ νήττας καὶ ὠτίδας, ὥστε ἡ τέρψις αὐτοῖς καὶ τραπέζης ὠφέλειαν παρεῖχεν. Εἰ δέ τις προσέδει, παρὰ τῶν ἐν τοῖς ἀγροῖς ἐλάμβανον, περιττοτέρους τῆς ἀξίας ὀβολοὺς καταβάλλοντες. Ἔδει δὲ μόνον ἄρτου καὶ οἴνου καὶ στέγης· οὐ γὰρ ἀσφαλὲς ἐδόκει μετοπωρινῆς ὥρας ἐνεστώσης ἐνθαλαττεύειν· ὥστε καὶ τὴν ναῦν ἀνεῖλκον ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν νύκτα χειμέριον δεδοικότες.

Τῶν δὴ τις ἀγροίκων ἐς ἀνολκὴν λίθου θλίβοντος τὰ πατηθέντα βοτρυδία χρήζων σχοίνου, τῆς πρότερον ῥαγεΐσης, κρύφα ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἐλθὼν, ἀφρουρήτῳ τῇ νηὶ προσελθὼν, τὸ πείσμα ἐκλύσας, οἴκαδε κομίσας ἐς ὃ τι ἔχρηζεν ἐχρήσατο. Ἔωθεν οὖν οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι νεανίσκοι ζήτησιν ἐποιοῦντο τοῦ πείσματος καὶ ὁμολόγει γὰρ οὐδεὶς τὴν κλοπὴν ὀλίγα μεμψάμενοι τοὺς ξενοδόκους παρέπλεον· καὶ σταδίους τριάκοντα παρελάσαντες προσορμιζόνται τοῖς ἀγροῖς, ἐν οἷς ὄκουν ὁ Δάφνης καὶ ἡ Χλόη· ἐδόκει γὰρ αὐτοῖς καλὸν εἶναι τὸ πεδίον ἐς θήραν λαγῶν. Σχοῖνον μὲν οὖν οὐκ εἶχον ὥστε ἐκδήσασθαι πείσμα· λύγον δὲ χλωρὰν μακρὰν στρέψαντες ὡς σχοῖνον, ταύτῃ τὴν ναῦν ἐκ τῆς πρύμνης ἄκρας εἰς τὴν γῆν ἔδησαν. Ἐπειτα τοὺς κύνας

ἀφέντες ρινηλατεῖν ἐν ταῖς εὐκαίροις φαινομέναις τῶν ὁδῶν ἐλινოსτάτουν. Οἱ μὲν δὴ κύνες ἅμα ὑλακῇ διαθέοντες ἐφόβησαν τὰς αἴγας, αἱ δὲ τὰ ὀρεινὰ καταλιποῦσαι μᾶλλον τι πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν ὥρμησαν· ἔχουσαι δὲ οὐδὲν ἐν ψάμμῳ τρώξιμον, ἐλθοῦσαι πρὸς τὴν ναῦν αἱ θρασύτεραι αὐτῶν, τὴν λύγον τὴν χλωράν, ἣ ἐδέδετο ἡ ναῦς, ἀπέφαγον.

Ἦν δέ τι καὶ κλυδώνιον ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ, κινηθέντος ἀπὸ τῶν ὀρῶν πνεύματος. Ταχὺ δὴ μάλα λυθεῖσαν αὐτὴν ὑπὴνεγκεν ἡ παλίρροια τοῦ κύματος καὶ ἐς τὸ πέλαγος μετέωρον ἔφερεν. Αἰσθήσεως δὲ τοῖς Μηθυμναίοις γενομένης οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἔθειον, οἱ δὲ τοὺς κύνας συνέλεγον· ἐβόων δὲ πάντες, ὥς πάντας τοὺς ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν ἀκούσαντας συνελθεῖν. Ἀλλ' ἦν οὐδὲν ὄφελος· τοῦ γὰρ πνεύματος ἀκμάζοντος ἀσχετῶ τάχει κατὰ ροὴν ἡ ναῦς ἐφέρετο. Οἱ οὖν Μηθυμναῖοι οὐκ ὀλίγων κτημάτων στερόμενοι ἐζήτουντὸν νέμοντα τὰς αἴγας· καὶ εὐρόντες τὸν Δάφνιν ἔπαιον, ἀπέδουν· εἷς δὲ τις καὶ κυνόδεσμον ἀράμενος περιῆγε τὰς χεῖρας ὥς δήσων. Ὁ δὲ ἐβόα τε παιόμενος καὶ ἰκέτευε τοὺς ἀγροίκους καὶ πρῶτους τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὸν Δρύαντα βοηθοὺς ἐπεκαλεῖτο. Οἱ δὲ ἀντείχοντο σκληροὶ γέροντες καὶ χεῖρας ἐκ γεωργικῶν ἔργων ἰσχυρὰς ἔχοντες, καὶ ἡξίουσαν δικαιολογήσασθαι περὶ τῶν γεγενημένων.

Ταῦτα δὲ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀξιούντων δικαστὴν καθίζουσι Φιλητᾶν τὸν βουκόλον· πρεσβυτάτός τε γὰρ ἦν τῶν παρόντων καὶ κλέος εἶχεν ἐν τοῖς κωμήταις δικαιοσύνης περιττῆς. Πρῶτοι δὲ κατηγοροῦν οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι σαφεῇ καὶ σύντομα, ἅτε βουκόλον ἔχοντες δικαστὴν. “Ἦλθομεν εἰς τούτους τοὺς ἀγροὺς θηρᾶσαι θέλοντες. Τὴν μὲν οὖν ναῦν λύγῳ χλωρᾷ δήσαντες ἐπὶ τῆς ἀκτῆς κατελίπομεν, αὐτοὶ δὲ διὰ τῶν κυνῶν ζήτησιν ἐποιοῦμεθα θηρίων. Ἐν τούτῳ πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν αἱ αἴγες τούτου κατελθοῦσαι τὴν τε λύγον κατεσθίουσι καὶ τὴν ναῦν ἀπολύουσιν. Εἶδες αὐτὴν ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ φερομένην, πόσων οἶει μεστὴν ἀγαθῶν; Οἷα μὲν ἐσθῆς ἀπόλωλεν, οἷος δὲ κόσμος σκευῶν, ὅσον δὲ ἀργύριον. Τοὺς ἀγροὺς ἂν τις τούτους ἐκεῖνα ἔχων ὠνήσαιοτο. Ἀνθ' ὧν ἀξιοῦμεν ἄγειν τοῦτον, πονηρὸν ὄντα αἰπόλον, ὃς ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάττης νέμει τὰς αἴγας ὥς ναύτης.”

Τοσαῦτα οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι κατηγορήσαν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις διέκειτο μὲν κακῶς ὑπὸ τῶν πληγῶν, Χλόην δὲ ὀρῶν παροῦσαν πάντων κατεφρόνει καὶ ὧδε εἶπεν “Ἐγὼ νέμω τὰς αἴγας καλῶς. Οὐδέποτε ἡτρίασατο κωμῆτης οὐδὲ εἷς ὥς ἡ κῆπὸν τινος αἷξ ἐμὴ κατεβοσκήσατο ἢ ἄμπελον βλαστάνουσιν κατέκλασεν. Οὗτοι δὲ εἰσι κυνηγέται πονηροὶ καὶ κύνας ἔχουσι κακῶς πεπαιδευμένους, οἵτινες τρέχοντες πολλὰ καὶ ὑλακτοῦντες σκληρὰ κατεδίωξαν αὐτὰς ἐκ τῶν ὀρῶν καὶ τῶν πεδίων ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν, ὥσπερ λύκοι. Ἀλλὰ ἀπέφαγον τὴν λύγον· οὐ γὰρ εἶχον ἐν ψάμμῳ πόαν ἢ κόμαρον ἢ θύμον. Ἀλλὰ ἀπόλετο ἡ ναῦς ὑπὸ τοῦ πνεύματος καὶ τῆς θαλάττης· ταῦτα χειμῶνος, οὐκ αἰγῶν ἐστὶν ἔργα. Ἀλλὰ ἐσθῆς ἐνέκειτο καὶ ἄργυρος· καὶ τίς πιστεύσει νοῦν ἔχων ὅτι τοσαῦτα φέρουσα ναῦς πείσμα εἶχε λύγον;”

Τούτοις ἐπεδάκρυσεν ὁ Δάφνις καὶ εἰς οἶκτον ὑπηγάγετο τοὺς ἀγροίκους πολύν, ὥστε ὁ Φιλητᾶς, ὁ δικαστής, ὦμνυε Πᾶνα καὶ Νύμφας μηδὲν ἀδικεῖν Δάφνιν, ἀλλὰ μηδὲ τὰς αἴγας, τὴν δὲ θάλατταν καὶ τὸν ἄνεμον, ὧν ἄλλους

εἶναι δικαστάς. Ταῦτα λέγων οὐκ ἔπειθε Φιλιτᾶς τοὺς Μηθυμναίους, ἀλλ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς ὀρμήσαντες ἦγον πάλιν τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ συνδεῖν ἤθελον. Ἐνταῦθα οἱ κωμῆται ταραχθέντες ἐπιτηδῶσιν αὐτοῖς ὥσει ψᾶρες ἢ κολοιοί: καὶ ταχὺ μὲν ἀφαιροῦνται τὸν Δάφνιν ἤδη καὶ αὐτὸν μαχόμενον, ταχὺ δὲ ξύλοις παίοντες ἐκείνους εἰς φυγὴν ἐτρέψαντο: ἀπέστησαν δὲ οὐ πρότερον ἔστε τῶν ὄρων αὐτοὺς ἐξήλασαν ἐς ἄλλους ἀγρούς.

Διωκόντων δὴ τοὺς Μηθυμναίους ἐκείνων ἡ Χλόη κατὰ πολλὴν ἡσυχίαν ἄγει πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ ἀπονίπτει τε τὸ πρόσωπον ἡμαγμένον ἐκ τῶν ῥινῶν ῥαγισθῶν ὑπὸ πληγῆς τινος, κακὴ τῆς πήρας προκομίσασα ζυμίτου μέρος καὶ τυροῦ τμημά τι, δίδωσι φαγεῖν: τὸ τε μάλιστα ἀνακτησόμενον αὐτόν, φίλημα ἐφίλησε μελιτῶδες ἀπαλοῖς τοῖς χεῖλεσι.

Τότε μὲν δὴ παρὰ τοσοῦτον Δάφνις ἦλθε κακοῦ. Τὸ δὲ πρᾶγμα οὐ ταύτη ἐπέπαντο, ἀλλ' ἐλθόντες οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι μόλις εἰς τὴν ἑαυτῶν, ὁδοιπόροι μὲν ἀντὶ ναυτῶν τραυματῖαι δὲ ἀντὶ τρυφόντων, ἐκκλησίαν τε συνήγαγον τῶν πολιτῶν καὶ ἱκετηρίας θέντες ἱκέτευον τιμωρίας ἀξιοθῆναι: τῶν μὲν ἀληθῶν λέγοντες οὐδὲ ἓν, μὴ καὶ πρὸς καταγέλαστοι γένοιτο τοιαῦτα καὶ τοσαῦτα παθόντες ὑπὸ ποιμένων, κατηγοροῦντες δὲ Μυτιληναίων, ὥς τὴν ναῦν ἀφελομένων καὶ τὰ χρήματα διαρπασάντων πολέμου νόμῳ. Οἱ δὲ πιστεύοντες διὰ τὰ τραύματα καὶ νεανίσκοις τῶν πρώτων παρ' αὐτοῖς οἰκῶν τιμωρῆσαι δίκαιον νομίζοντες Μυτιληναίοις μὲν πόλεμον ἀκήρυκτον ἐψηφίσαντο: τὸν δὲ στρατηγὸν ἐκέλευσαν δέκα ναῦς καθελκύσαντα κακουργεῖν αὐτῶν τὴν παραλίαν: πλησίον γὰρ χειμῶνος ὄντος οὐκ ἦν ἀσφαλὲς μείζονα στόλον πιστεύειν τῇ θαλάττῃ.

Ὁ δὲ εὐθὺς τῆς ἐπιούσης ἀναγόμενος αὐτερέταις στρατιώταις ἐπέπλει τοῖς παραθαλαττίοις τῶν Μυτιληναίων ἀγροῖς. Καὶ πολλὰ μὲν ἥρπαζε ποίμνια, πολὺν δὲ σῖτον καὶ οἶνον, ἄρτι πεπαυμένου τοῦ τρυγητοῦ, καὶ ἀνθρώπους δὲ οὐκ ὀλίγους, ὅσοι τούτων ἐργάται. Ἐπέπλευσε καὶ τοῖς τῆς Χλόης ἀγροῖς καὶ τοῦ Δάφνιδος, καὶ ἀπόβασιν ὀξεῖαν θέμενος λείαν ἤλαυνε τὰ ἐν ποσίν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις οὐκ ἔνεμε τὰς αἰγὰς ἀλλὰ ἐς τὴν ὕλην ἀνελθὼν φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἔκοπτεν, ὥς ἔχοι τοῦ χειμῶνος παρέχειν τοῖς ἐρίφοις τροφήν: ὥστε ἄνωθεν θεασάμενος τὴν καταδρομὴν ἐνέκρυπεν ἑαυτὸν στελέχει κοίλῳ ξηρᾷ ὀξύτης: ἡ δὲ Χλόη παρῆν ταῖς ἀγέλαις καὶ διωκομένη καταφεύγει πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας ἱκέτις καὶ ἐδεῖτο φείσασθαι καὶ ὧν ἔνεμε καὶ αὐτῆς διὰ τὰς θεάς. Ἀλλ' ἦν οὐδὲν ὄφελος: οἱ γὰρ Μηθυμναῖοι πολλὰ τῶν ἀγαλμάτων κατακερτομήσαντες καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἤλασαν κάκεινῃν ἡγαγον ὥσπερ αἶγα ἢ πρόβατον παίοντες λύγοις.

Ἐχοντες δὲ ἤδη τὰς ναῦς παντοδαπῆς ἀρπαγῆς μεστάς, οὐκέτ' ἐγίνωσκον περαιτέρω πλεῖν, ἀλλὰ τὸν οἶκαδε πλοῦν ἐποιοῦντο καὶ τὸν χειμῶνα καὶ τοὺς πολεμίους δεδιότες. Οἱ μὲν οὖν ἀπέπλεον εἰρεσίᾳ προσταλαιπωροῦντες: ἄνεμος γὰρ οὐκ ἦν: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἡσυχίας γενομένης ἐλθὼν εἰς τὸ πεδίον ἔνθα ἔνεμον, καὶ μήτε τὰς αἰγὰς ἰδὼν μήτε τὰ πρόβατα καταλαβὼν μήτε Χλόην εὐρὼν ἀλλ' ἐρημίαν πολλὴν καὶ τὴν σύριγγα ἐρριμμένην, ἣ συνήθως ἐτέρπετο ἡ Χλόη, μέγα βοῶν καὶ ἐλεεινὸν κωκύων ποτὲ μὲν πρὸς τὴν φηγὸν ἔτρεχεν ἔνθα ἐκαθέζοντο, ποτὲ δὲ ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ὥς ὀψόμενος αὐτήν, ποτὲ δὲ ἐπὶ

τὰς Νύμφας, ἐφ' ἃς ἐλκομένη κατέφυγεν. Ἐνταῦθα καὶ ἔρριπεν ἑαυτὸν χαμαὶ καὶ ταῖς Νύμφαις ὡς προδούσαις κατεμέμφετο.

‘Ἀφ’ ὑμῶν ἡρπάσθη Χλόη, καὶ τοῦτο ὑμεῖς ἰδεῖν ὑπεμείνατε; ἢ τοὺς στεφάνους ὑμῖν πλέκουσα, ἢ σπένδουσα τοῦ πρώτου γάλακτος, ἥς καὶ ἡ σύριγξ ἦδε ἀνάθημα; Αἶγα μὲν οὐδὲ μίαν μοι λύκος ἥρπασε, πολέμιοι δὲ τὴν ἀγέλην καὶ τὴν συννέμουσαν. Καὶ τὰς μὲν αἶγας ἀποδεροῦσι καὶ τὰ πρόβατα καταθύσουσι, Χλόη δὲ λοιπὸν πόλιν οἰκῇσιν. Ποίοις ποσὶν ἄπειμι παρὰ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα ἄνευ τῶν αἰγῶν, ἄνευ Χλόης, λιπερνήτης γενόμενος; ἔχω γὰρ νέμειν ἔτι οὐδέν. Ἐνταῦθα περιμενῶ κείμενος ἢ θάνατον ἢ πόλεμον δεύτερον. Ἄρα καὶ σύ, Χλόη, τοιαῦτα ἀσχεῖς; ἄρα μέμνησαι τοῦ πεδίου τοῦδε καὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν τῶνδε κάμου; ἢ παραμυθοῦνται σε τὰ πρόβατα καὶ αἱ αἶγες αἰχμάλωτοι μετὰ σοῦ γενόμενα;’

Τοιαῦτα λέγοντα αὐτὸν ἐκ τῶν δακρύων καὶ τῆς λύπης ὕπνος βαθὺς καταλαμβάνει. Καὶ αὐτῷ αἱ τρεῖς ἐφίστανται Νύμφαι, μεγάλαι γυναικες καὶ καλαί, ἡμίγυμνοι καὶ ἀνυπόδητοι, τὰς κόμας λελυμένοι καὶ τοῖς ἀγάλμασιν ὅμοιαι. Καὶ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον ἐώκεσαν ἐλεοῦσαι τὸν Δάφνιν: ἔπειτα ἡ πρεσβυτάτη λέγει ἐπιρρωννύουσα ‘Μηδὲν ἡμᾶς μέμφου, Δάφνι: Χλόης γὰρ ἡμῖν μᾶλλον μέλει ἢ σοί. Ἡμεῖς τοι καὶ παιδίον οὔσαν αὐτὴν ἠλεήσαμεν καὶ ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἄντρῳ κειμένην αὐτὴν ἀνεθρέψαμεν. Ἐκείνη καὶ πεδίοις κοινὸν οὐδέν. Καὶ νῦν δὲ ἡμῖν πεφρόντισται τὸ κατ’ ἐκείνην, ὥς μήτε εἰς τὴν Μήθυμναν κομισθεῖσα δουλεύει μήτε μέρος γένοιτο λείας πολεμικῆς. Τὸν Πᾶνα ἐκεῖνον τὸν ὑπὸ τῇ πίτῃ ἰδρυμένον, ὃν ὑμεῖς οὐδέποτε οὐδὲ ἄνθεις ἐτιμήσατε, τούτου ἐδεήθημεν ἐπίκουρον γενέσθαι Χλόης: συνήθης γὰρ στρατοπέδοις μᾶλλον ἡμῶν καὶ πολλοὺς ἤδη πολέμους ἐπολέμησε τὴν ἀγροικίαν καταλιπών: καὶ ἔπεισι τοῖς Μηθυμναίοις οὐκ ἀγαθὸς πολέμιος. Κάμνε δὲ μηδέν, ἀλλ’ ἀναστὰς ὀφθητι Λάμῳ καὶ Μυρτάλῃ, οἱ καὶ αὐτοὶ κεῖνται χαμαί, νομίζοντες καὶ σὲ μέρος γεγονέναι τῆς ἀρπαγῆς: Χλόη γὰρ σοι τῆς ἐπιούσης ἀφίξεται μετὰ τῶν αἰγῶν, μετὰ τῶν προβάτων, καὶ νεμήσετε κοινῇ καὶ συρίσετε κοινῇ: τὰ δὲ ἄλλα μελήσει περὶ ὑμῶν Ἐρωτι.’

Τοιαῦτα ἰδὼν καὶ ἀκούσας Δάφνις ἀναπηδήσας τῶν ὕπνων καὶ ὑφ’ ἡδονῆς καὶ λύπης μεστὸς δακρύων τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν προσεκύνει καὶ ἐπηγγέλλετο σωθείσης Χλόης θύσειν τῶν αἰγῶν τὴν ἀρίστην. Δραμῶν δὲ καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν πίτυν, ἔνθα τὸ τοῦ Πανὸς ἄγαλμα ἴδρυτο κερασφόρον, τραγοσκελές, τῇ μὲν σύριγγα τῇ δὲ τράγον πηδῶντα κατέχον, κάκεινον προσεκύνει καὶ εὐχετο ὑπὲρ τῆς Χλόης καὶ τράγον θύσειν ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ μόλις ποτὲ περὶ ἡλίου καταφορὰς παυσάμενος δακρύων καὶ εὐχῶν, ἀράμενος τὰς φυλλάδας, ἃς ἔκοπεν, ἐπανήλθεν εἰς τὴν ἑπαυλιν, καὶ τοὺς ἀμφὶ τὸν Λάμωνα πένθους ἀπαλλάξας, εὐφροσύνης ἐμπλήσας, τροφῆς τε ἐγεύσατο καὶ ἐς ὕπνον ὥρμησεν οὐδὲ τοῦτον ἄδακρυ, ἀλλ’ εὐχόμενος μὲν αἰθὶς τὰς Νύμφας ὄναρ ἰδεῖν, εὐχόμενος δὲ τὴν ἡμέραν γενέσθαι ταχέως, ἐν ᾗ Χλόην ἐπηγγείλαντο αὐτῷ. Νυκτῶν πασῶν ἐκείνη ἔδοξε μακροτάτη γεγονέναι: ἐπράχθη δὲ ἐπ’ αὐτῆς τάδε.

Ὁ στρατηγὸς ὁ τῶν Μηθυμναίων ὅσον δέκα σταδίους ἀπελάσας ἠθέλησε τοὺς στρατιώτας τῇ καταδρομῇ κεκτηκότας ἀναλαβεῖν. Ἄκρας οὖν

ἐπεμβαίνουσας τῷ πελάγει λαβόμενος ἐπεκτεινομένης μηνοειδῶς, ἥς ἐντὸς θάλαττα γαληνότερον τῶν λιμένων ὄρμον εἰργάζετο, ἐνταῦθα τὰς ναῦς ἐπ' ἀγκυρῶν μετεώρους διορμίσας, ὥς μηδὲ μίαν ἐκ τῆς γῆς τῶν ἀγροίκων τινὰ λυπῆσαι, ἀνῆκε τοὺς Μηθυμναίους εἰς τέρψιν εἰρηνικὴν. Οἱ δὲ ἔχοντες πάντων ἀφθονίαν ἐκ τῆς ἀρπαγῆς ἔπινον, ἔπαιζον, ἐπινίκιον ἐορτὴν ἐμμοῦντο. Ἄρτι δὲ παυομένης ἡμέρας καὶ τῆς τέρψεως ἐς νύκτα ληγουσας αἰφνίδιον μὲν ἡ γῆ πᾶσα ἐδόκει λάμπεσθαι πυρί, κτύπος δὲ ἠκούετο ρόθιος κωπῶν, ὥς ἐπιπλέοντος μεγάλου στόλου. Ἐβόα τις ὀπλίζεσθαι τὸν στρατηγόν, ἄλλος ἄλλον ἐκάλει, καὶ τετρωσθαι τις ἐδόκει, καὶ σχῆμά τις ἔκειτο νεκροῦ μιμούμενος. Εἶκασεν ἄν τις ὄρᾶν νυκτομαχίαν οὐ παρόντων πολεμίων.

Τῆς δὲ νυκτὸς αὐτοῖς τοιαύτης γενομένης ἐπῆλθεν ἡ ἡμέρα πολὺ τῆς νυκτὸς φοβερωτέρα. Οἱ τράγοι μὲν οἱ τοῦ Δάφνιδος καὶ αἱ αἶγες κιττὸν ἐν τοῖς κέρασι κορυμβοφόρον εἶχον, οἱ δὲ κριοὶ καὶ αἱ οἷς τῆς Χλόης λύκων ὠρυγμὸν ὠρύοντο. Ὡφθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ πίτυος ἐστεφανωμένη. Ἐγίνετο καὶ περὶ τὴν θάλατταν αὐτὴν πολλὰ παράδοξα. Αἶ τε γὰρ ἄγκυραι πειρωμένων ἀναφέρειν κατὰ βυθοῦ ἔμενον, αἶ τε κῶπαι καθιέντων εἰς εἰρεσίαν ἐθραύοντο· καὶ δελφῖνες πηδῶντες ἐξ ἁλὸς ταῖς οὐραῖς παίοντες τὰς ναῦς ἔλυον τὰ γομφώματα. Ἦκούετό τις καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς ὀρθίου πέτρας τῆς ὑπὲρ τὴν ἄκραν σύριγγος ἦχος· ἀλλὰ οὐκ ἔτερπεν ὥς σύριγξ, ἐφόβει δὲ τοὺς ἀκούοντας ὥς σάλπιγξ. Ἐταράττοντο οὖν καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ὅπλα ἔθειον καὶ πολεμίους ἐκάλουν τοὺς οὐ βλεπομένους, ὥστε πάλιν εὗχοντο νύκτα ἐπελθεῖν, ὥς τευξόμενοι σπονδῶν ἐν αὐτῇ. Συνετὰ μὲν οὖν πᾶσιν ἦν τὰ γινόμενα τοῖς φρονοῦσιν ὀρθῶς ὅτι ἐκ Πανὸς ἦν τὰ φαντάσματα καὶ ἀκούσματα μηνιόντός τι τοῖς ναύταις· οὐκ εἶχον δὲ τὴν αἰτίαν συμβαλεῖν· οὐδὲν γὰρ ἱερὸν ἐσεσύλητο Πανός, ἔστε ἀμφὶ μέσσην ἡμέραν ἐς ὕπνον οὐκ ἄθει τοῦ στρατηγοῦ καταπεσόντος αὐτὸς ὁ Πᾶν ὥφθη τοιάδε λέγων

‘Ὡ πάντων ἀνοσιώτατοι καὶ ἀσεβέστατοι, τί ταῦτα μαινομέναις φρεσὶν ἐτολμήσατε; Πολέμου μὲν τὴν ἀγροικίαν ἐνεπλήσατε τὴν ἐμοὶ φίλην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ αἰγῶν καὶ ποιμνίων ἀπηλάσαστε τὰς ἐμοὶ μελομένας· ἀπεσπάσατε δὲ βομῶν παρθένον, ἐξ ἧς Ἔρωσ μῦθον ποιῆσαι θέλει· καὶ οὔτε τὰς Νύμφας ἠδέσθητε βλεπούσας οὔτε τὸν Πᾶνα ἐμέ. Οὐτ’ οὖν Μήθυμναν ὤψεσθε μετὰ τοιούτων λαφύρων πλέοντες, οὔτε τήνδε φευξέσθε τὴν σύριγγα τὴν ὑμᾶς ταραξασαν· ἀλλὰ ὑμᾶς βορὰν ἰχθύων θήσω καταδύσας, εἰ μὴ τὴν ταχίστην καὶ Χλόην ταῖς Νύμφαις ἀποδώσεις καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας Χλόης. Ἀνάστα δὴ καὶ ἐκβίβαζε τὴν κόρην μεθ’ ὧν εἶπον. Ἠγήσομαι δὲ ἐγὼ καὶ σοὶ τοῦ πλοῦ κἀκεῖνη τῆς ὁδοῦ.’

Πάνου οὖν τεθορυβημένος ὁ Βρύαξις ‘τοῦτο γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο ὁ στρατηγός’ ἀναπηδᾷ καὶ τῶν νεῶν καλέσας τοὺς ἡγεμόνας ἐκέλευσε τὴν ταχίστην ἐν τοῖς αἰχμαλώτοις ἀναζητεῖσθαι Χλόην. Οἱ δὲ ταχέως καὶ ἀνεῦρον καὶ εἰς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκόμισαν· ἐκαθέζετο γὰρ τῆς πίτυος ἐστεφανωμένη. Σύμβολον δὴ καὶ τοῦτο τῆς ἐν τοῖς ὀνείροις ὤψεως ποιούμενος ἐπ’ αὐτῆς τῆς ναυαρχίδος εἰς τὴν γῆν αὐτὴν κομίζει. Κἀκεῖνη ἄρτι ἀπεβεβήκει καὶ σύριγγος ἦχος ἀκούεται πάλιν ἐκ τῆς πέτρας, οὐκέτι πολεμικὸς καὶ φοβερός, ἀλλὰ ποιμενικὸς καὶ οἶος εἰς νομὴν ἡγεῖται ποιμνίων. Καὶ τὰ τε πρόβατα κατὰ τῆς ἀποβάθρας ἐξέτρεχεν

ἐξολισθάνοντα τοῖς κέρασι τῶν χηλῶν, καὶ αἱ αἶγες πολὺ θρασύτερον, οἷα καὶ κρημνοβατεῖν εἰθισμέναι.

Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν περιίσταται κύκλῳ τὴν Χλόην ὥσπερ χορός, σκιρτῶντα καὶ βληχόμενα καὶ ὅμοια χαίρουσιν· αἱ δὲ τῶν ἄλλων αἰπόλων αἶγες καὶ τὰ πρόβατα καὶ τὰ βουκόλια κατὰ χώραν ἔμενεν ἐν κοίλῃ νηί, καθάπερ αὐτὰ τοῦ μέλους μὴ καλοῦντος. Θαύματι δὲ πάντων ἐχομένων καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα εὐφημούντων ὥφθη τούτων ἐν τοῖς στοιχείοις ἀμφοτέροις θαυμασιώτερα. Τῶν μὲν Μηθυμναίων, πρὶν ἀνασπάσαι τὰς ἀγκύρας, ἔπλεον αἱ νῆες καὶ τῆς ναυαρχίδος ἡγεῖτο δελφὶν πηδῶν ἐξ ἁλός· τῶν δὲ αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων ἡγεῖτο σύριγγος ἥχος ἡδιστος, καὶ τὸν συρίττοντα ἔβλεπεν οὐδεὶς, ὥστε τὰ ποίμνια καὶ αἱ αἶγες προήεσαν ἅμα καὶ ἐνέμοντο τερπόμεναι τῷ μέλει.

Δευτέρως που νομῆς καιρὸς ἦν, καὶ ὁ Δάφνης ἀπὸ σκοπῆς τινος μετεώρου θεασάμενος τὰς ἀγέλας καὶ τὴν Χλόην, μέγα βοήσας ‘ὦ Νύμφαι καὶ Πᾶν’ κατέδραμεν εἰς τὸ πεδίον καὶ περιπλακεῖς τῇ Χλόῃ λιποθυμήσας κατέπεσε. Μόλις δὲ ἔμβιος ὑπὸ τῆς Χλόης φιλοῦσης καὶ ταῖς περιβολαῖς θαλπούσης γενόμενος ἐπὶ τὴν συνήθη φηγὸν ἔρχεται· καὶ ὑπὸ τῷ στελέχει καθίσας ἐπυνθάνετο πῶς ἀπέδρα τοσοῦτους πολεμίους. Ἡ δὲ αὐτῷ κατέλεξε πάντα, τὸν τῶν αἰγῶν κιττόν, τὸν τῶν προβάτων ὠρυγμόν, τὴν ἐπανθήσασαν τῇ κεφαλῇ πίτυν, τὸ ἐν τῇ γῇ πῦρ, τὸν ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ κτύπον, τὰ συρίγματα ἀμφότερα, τὸ πολεμικὸν καὶ τὸ εἰρηνικόν, τὴν νύκτα τὴν φοβερὰν, καὶ ὅπως αὐτῇ τὴν ὁδὸν ἀγνοοῦσῃ καθηγῆσατο τῆς ὁδοῦ μουσική. Γνωρίσας οὖν ὁ Δάφνης τὰ τῶν Νυμφῶν ὀνειράτα καὶ τὰ τοῦ Πανὸς ἔργα διηγεῖται καὶ αὐτὸς ὅσα εἶδεν, ὅσα ἤκουσεν· ὅτι μέλλων ἀποθνήσκειν διὰ τὰς Νύμφας ἔζησε. Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἀποπέμπτει κομοιοῦσαν τοὺς ἀμφὶ τὸν Δρύαντα καὶ Λάμωνα καὶ ὅσα πρέπει θυσιά· αὐτὸς δὲ ἐν τούτῳ τῶν αἰγῶν τὴν ἀρίστην συλλαβὸν καὶ κιττῷ στεφανώσας, ὥσπερ ὥφθησαν τοῖς πολεμίοις, καὶ γάλα τῶν κεράτων κατασπείσας, ἔθυσέ τε ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ κρεμάσας ἀπέδειρε καὶ τὸ δέρμα ἀνέθηκεν.

Ἦδη δὲ παρόντων τῶν ἀμφὶ τὴν Χλόην, πῦρ ἀνακαύσας καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐψήσας τῶν κρεῶν τὰ δὲ ὀπτήσας ἀπῆρξάτο τε ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ κρατῆρα μεστὸν γλεύκους ἐπέσπεισε· καὶ ἐκ φυλλάδος στιβάδας ὑποστορέσας ἐντεῦθεν ἐν τροφῇ ἦν καὶ πότῳ καὶ παιδιᾷ· καὶ ἅμα τὰς ἀγέλας ἐπεσκόπει, μὴ λύκος ἐμπεσὼν ἔργα ποιήσῃ πολεμίων. Ἦσαν τινες καὶ ὠδᾶς εἰς τὰς Νύμφας, παλαιῶν ποιμένων ποιήματα. Νυκτὸς δὲ ἐπελθούσης αὐτοῦ κοιμηθέντες ἐν τῷ ἀγρῷ, τῆς ἐπιούσης τοῦ Πανὸς ἐμνημόνευσαν, καὶ τῶν τράγων τὸν ἀγελάρχην στεφανώσαντες πίτυος προσήγαγον τῇ πίτῃ, καὶ ἀποσπείσαντες οἶνου καὶ εὐφημοῦντες τὸν θεὸν ἔθυσαν, ἐκρέμασαν, ἀπέδειραν· καὶ τὰ μὲν κρέα ὀπτήσαντες καὶ ἐνήσαντες πλησίον ἔθηκαν ἐν τῷ λειμῶνι, ἐν τοῖς φύλλοις· τὸ δὲ δέρμα κέρασιν αὐτοῖς ἐνέπηξαν τῇ πίτῃ πρὸς τῷ ἀγάλματι, ποιμενικὸν ἀνάθημα ποιμενικῷ θεῷ. Ἀπῆρξαντο καὶ τῶν κρεῶν, ἀπέσπεισαν καὶ κρατῆρος μείζονος· ἦσεν ἡ Χλόη, ὁ Δάφνης ἐσύρισεν.

Ἐπὶ τούτοις κατακλινέντες ἦσθιον· καὶ αὐτοῖς ἐφίσταται Φιλητᾶς ὁ βουκόλος κατὰ τύχην στεφανίσκους τινὰς τῷ Πανὶ κομίζων καὶ βότρυσ ἔτι ἐν φύλλοις καὶ κλήμασι· καὶ αὐτῷ τῶν παιδῶν ὁ νεώτατος εἶπετο Τίτυρος,

πυρρὸν παιδίον καὶ γλαυκόν, λευκὸν παιδίον καὶ ἀγέρωχον· καὶ ἥλλετο κοῦφα, βαδίζων ὥσπερ ἔριφος. Ἀναπηδήσαντες οὖν συνεστεφάνουν τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰ κλήματα τῆς κόμης τῆς πίτυος ἐξήρτων, καὶ κατακλίναντες πλησίον αὐτῶν συμπότιν ἐποιοῦντο. Καὶ οἷα δὴ γέροντες ὑποβεβρεγμένοι πρὸς ἀλλήλους πολλὰ ἔλεγον· ὡς ἔνεμον ἡνίκα ἦσαν νέοι, ὡς πολλὰς ληστῶν καταδρομὰς διέφυγον· ἐσεμνύνετό τις ὡς λύκον ἀποκτείνας, ἄλλος ὡς μόνου τοῦ Πανὸς δεύτερα συρίσας· τοῦτο τοῦ Φιλητᾶ τὸ σεμνολόγημα ἦν.

Ὁ οὖν Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη πάσας δεήσεις προσέφερον μεταδοῦναι καὶ αὐτοῖς τῆς τέχνης, συρίσαι τε ἐν ἑορτῇ θεοῦ σύριγγι χαίροντος. Ἐπαγγέλλεται Φιλητᾶς, καίτοι τὸ γῆρας ὡς ἄνουν μεμψάμενος, καὶ ἔλαβε σύριγγα τὴν τοῦ Δάφνιδος. Ἡ δὲ ἦν μικρὰ πρὸς μεγάλην τέχνην, οἷα ἐν στόματι παιδὸς ἐμπνεομένη. Πέμπει οὖν Τίτυρον ἐπὶ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ σύριγγα, τῆς ἐπαύλεως ἀπεχούσης σταδίους δέκα. Ὁ μὲν οὖν ῥίψας τὸ ἐγκόμβωμα γυμνὸς ὤρμησε τρέχειν, ὥσπερ νεβρός· ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἐπηγγείλατο αὐτοῖς τὸν περὶ τῆς σύριγγος ἀφηγήσεσθαι μῦθον, ὃν αὐτῷ Σικελὸς οἰπόλος ἦσεν ἐπὶ μισθῷ τράγω καὶ σύριγγι.

Ἀὕτη ἡ σύριγξ τὸ ὄργανον οὐκ ἦν ὄργανον ἀλλὰ παρθένος καλὴ καὶ τὴν φωνὴν μουσικὴ. Αἶγας ἔνεμεν, Νύμφαις συνέπαιζεν, ἦδεν οἶον νῦν. Πᾶν ταύτης νεμούσης παιζούσης ἀδούσης προσελθὼν ἔπειθεν ἐς ὃ τι ἔχρηζε, καὶ ἐπηγγέλλετο τὰς αἶγας πάσας θήσειν διδυματόκους. Ἡ δὲ ἐγέλα τὸν ἔρωτα αὐτοῦ, οὐδὲ ἔραστὴν ἔφη δέξεσθαι τὸν μήτε τράγον ὄντα μήτε ἄνθρωπον ὀλόκληρον. Ὅρμᾳ διώκειν ὁ Πᾶν πρὸς βίαν· ἡ Σύριγξ ἔφευγε καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν βίαν· φεύγουσα κάμνουσα ἐς δόνακας κρύπτεται, εἰς ἔλος ἀφανίζεται. Πᾶν τοὺς δόνακας ὀργῇ τεμὼν, τὴν κόρην οὐχ εὐρών, τὸ πάθος μαθὼν τὸ ὄργανον νοεῖ, τοὺς καλάμους κηρῷ συνδήσας ἀνίσους, καθ' ὃ τι καὶ ὁ ἔρωσ ἄνισος αὐτοῖς· καὶ ἡ τότε παρθένος καλὴ νῦν ἐστὶ σύριγξ μουσικὴ.'

Ἄρτι ἐπέπαυτο τοῦ μυθολογήματος ὁ Λάμων, καὶ ἐπῆναι Φιλητᾶς αὐτὸν ὡς εἰπόντα μῦθον ὠδῆς γλυκύτερον, καὶ ὁ Τίτυρος ἐφίσταται τὴν σύριγγα τῷ πατρὶ κομίζων, μέγα ὄργανον καὶ αὐλῶν μεγάλων, καὶ ἵνα κεκήρωτο, χαλκῷ πεποίκιλτο. Εἵκασεν ἂν τις εἶναι ταύτην ἐκείνην, ἣν ὁ Πᾶν πρῶτην ἐπήξατο. Διεγερθεὶς οὖν ὁ Φιλητᾶς καὶ καθίσας ἐν καθέδρᾳ ὀρθὸς πρῶτον μὲν ἀπεπειράθη τῶν καλάμων εἰ εὖπνοι· ἔπειτα μαθὼν ὡς ἀκώλυτον διατρέχει τὸ πνεῦμα, ἐνέπνει τὸ ἐντεῦθεν πολὺ καὶ νεανικόν. Αὐλῶν τις ἂν ᾤηθη συναυλούντων ἀκούειν· τοσοῦτον ἤχει τὸ σύριγμα. Κατ' ὀλίγον δὲ τῆς βίας ἀφαιρῶν εἰς τὸ τερπνότερον μετέβαλλε τὸ μέλος. Καὶ πᾶσαν τέχνην ἐπιδεικνύμενος εὐνομίας μουσικῆς ἐσύριττεν οἶον βοῶν ἀγέλη πρέπον, οἶον αἰπολίῳ πρόσφορον, οἶον ποιμναις φίλον. Τερπνὸν ἦν τὸ ποιμνίων, μέγα τὸ βοῶν, ὅξυ τὸ αἰγῶν· ὅλως πάσας σύριγγας μία σύριγξ ἐμμήσατο.

Οἱ μὲν οὖν ἄλλοι σιωπῇ κατέκειντο τερπόμενοι· Δρύας δὲ ἀναστὰς καὶ κελεύσας συρίττειν Διονυσιακὸν μέλος, ἐπιλήνιον αὐτοῖς ὄρχησιν ὠρχήσατο· καὶ ἐώκει ποτὲ μὲν τρυγῶντι, ποτὲ δὲ φέροντι ἄρριχους, εἴτα πατοῦντι τοὺς βότρυς, εἴτα πληροῦντι τοὺς πίθους, εἴτα πίνοντι τοῦ γλεύκου. Ταῦτα πάντα οὕτως εὐσχημόνως ὠρχήσατο Δρύας καὶ ἐναργῶς, ὥστε ἐδόκουν βλέπειν καὶ τὰς ἀμπέλους καὶ τὴν ληνὸν καὶ τοὺς πίθους καὶ ἀληθῶς Δρύαντα πίνοντα.

Τρίτος δὴ γέρων οὗτος εὐδοκμήσας ἐπ' ὀρχήσει φιλεῖ Χλόην καὶ Δάφνιν: οἱ δὲ μάλα ταχέως ἀναστάντες ὠρχήσαντο τὸν μῦθον τοῦ Λάμωνος. Ὁ Δάφνις Πᾶνα ἐμμεῖτο, τὴν Σύριγγα Χλόη: ὁ μὲν ἰκέτευε πείθων, ἡ δὲ ἀμελοῦσα ἐμειδία: ὁ μὲν ἐδίωκε καὶ ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν ὀνύχων ἔτρεχε τὰς χηλὰς μιμούμενος, ἡ δὲ ἐνέφαινε τὴν κάμνουσαν ἐν τῇ φυγῇ. Ἐπειτα Χλόη μὲν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ὡς εἰς ἔλος κρύπτεται, Δάφνις δὲ λαβὼν τὴν Φιλητᾶ σύριγγα τὴν μεγάλην ἐσύρισε γοερὸν ὡς ἐρῶν, ἐρωτικὸν ὡς πείθων, ἀνακλητικὸν ὡς ἐπιζητῶν, ὥστε ὁ Φιλητᾶς θαυμάσας φιλεῖ τε ἀναπηδήσας καὶ τὴν σύριγγα χαρίζεται φιλήσας καὶ εὖχεται καὶ Δάφνιν καταλιπεῖν αὐτὴν ὁμοίῳ διαδόχῳ.

Ὁ δὲ τὴν ἰδίαν ἀναθείς τῷ Πανὶ τὴν σμικρὰν καὶ φιλήσας ὡς ἐκ φυγῆς ἀληθινῆς εὐρεθεῖσαν τὴν Χλόην ἀπήλαυνε τὴν ἀγέλην συρίττων νυκτὸς ἥδη ἐπιγινομένης: ἀπήλαυνε δὲ καὶ ἡ Χλόη τὴν ποιμνὴν τῷ μέλει τῆς σύριγγος συνάδουσα: καὶ αἱ τε αἶγες πλησίον τῶν προβάτων ἦσαν, ὃ τε Δάφνις ἐβάδιζεν ἐγγὺς τῆς Χλόης, ὥστε ἐνέπλησαν ἕως νυκτὸς ἀλλήλους καὶ συνέθεντο θᾶπτον τὰς ἀγέλας τῆς ἐπιούσης κατελάσαι: καὶ οὕτως ἐποίησαν. Ἄρτι γοῦν ἀρχομένης ἡμέρας ἦλθον εἰς τὴν νομὴν: καὶ τὰς Νύμφας προτέρας, εἶτα τὸν Πᾶνα προσαγορεύσαντες, τὸ ἐντεῦθεν ὑπὸ τῇ δρυὶ καθεσθόντες ἐσύριττον: εἶτα ἀλλήλους ἐφίλουν, περιέβαλλον, κατεκλίνοντο, καὶ οὐδὲν δράσαντες πλέον ἀνίσταντο. Ἐμέλησεν αὐτοῖς καὶ τροφῆς, καὶ ἔπιον οἶνον μίζαντες γάλα.

Καὶ τούτοις ἅπασι θερμότεροι γενόμενοι καὶ θρασύτεροι, πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἥριζον ἔριν ἐρωτικὴν, καὶ μετ' ὀλίγον εἰς ὄρκων πίστιν προῆλθον. Ὁ μὲν δὴ Δάφνις τὸν Πᾶνα ὥμοσεν ἐλθὼν ἐπὶ τὴν πίτυν μὴ ζήσεσθαι μόνος ἄνευ Χλόης μηδὲ μιᾶς χρόνον ἡμέρας: ἡ δὲ Χλόη τὰς Νύμφας εἰσελθοῦσα εἰς τὸ ἄντρον τὸν αὐτὸν Δάφνιδι ἔξειν καὶ θάνατον καὶ βίον. Τοσοῦτον δὲ ἄρα τῇ Χλόῃ τὸ ἀφελὲς προσῆν ὡς κόρη, ὥστε ἐξιούσα τοῦ ἄντρου καὶ δεῦτερον ἡξίου λαβεῖν ὄρκον παρ' αὐτοῦ 'ὦ Δάφνι' λέγουσα 'θεὸς ὁ Πᾶν ἐρωτικὸς ἐστὶ καὶ ἄπιστος: ἡράσθη μὲν Πίτυος, ἡράσθη δὲ Σύριγγος: παύεται δὲ οὐδέποτε Δρυάσιν ἐνοχλῶν καὶ Ἐπιμηλίσι Νύμφαις παρέχων πράγματα. Οὗτος μὲν οὖν ἀμεληθεὶς ἐν τοῖς ὅρκοις ἀμελήσει σε κολάσαι, κἂν ἐπὶ πλείονας ἔλθῃς γυναικας τῶν ἐν τῇ σύριγγι καλᾶμων: σὺ δέ μοι τὸ αἰπόλιον τοῦτο ὁμοσον καὶ τὴν αἶγα ἐκείνην, ἣ σε ἀνέθρεψε, μὴ καταλιπεῖν Χλόην, ἔστ' ἂν πιστὴ σοι μένη: ἄδικον δὲ εἰς σέ καὶ τὰς Νύμφας γενομένην καὶ φεῦγε καὶ μίσει καὶ ἀπόκτεινον ὥσπερ λύκον.' Ἦδετο ὁ Δάφνις ἀπιστούμενος καὶ στὰς εἰς μέσον τὸ αἰπόλιον καὶ τῇ μὲν τῶν χειρῶν αἰγὸς τῇ δὲ τράγου λαβόμενος ὥμνυε Χλόην φιλήσειν φιλοῦσαν: κἂν ἕτερον προκρίνῃ Δάφνιδος, ἀντ' ἐκείνης αὐτὸν ἀποκτενεῖν. Ἡ δὲ ἔχαιρε καὶ ἐπίστευεν ὡς κόρη καὶ νομίζουσα τὰς αἶγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα ποιμένων καὶ αἰπόλων ἰδίους θεοὺς.

BOOK III.

Μυτιληναῖοι δὲ ὥς ἦσθοντο τὸν ἐπίπλουν τῶν δέκα νεῶν καὶ τινες ἐμήνυσαν αὐτοῖς τὴν ἀρπαγὴν ἐλθόντες ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν, οὐκ ἀνασχετὸν νομίσαντες ταῦτα ἐκ Μηθυμναίων παθεῖν, ἔγνωσαν καὶ αὐτοὶ τὴν ταχίστην ἐπὶ αὐτοὺς ὄπλα κινεῖν· καὶ καταλέξαντες ἀσπίδα τρισχίλιαν καὶ ἵππον πεντακοσίαν ἐξέπέμψαν κατὰ γῆν τὸν στρατηγὸν Ἴππασον, ὀκνοῦντες ἐν ὥρᾳ χειμῶνος τὴν θάλατταν.

Ὁ δὲ ἐξορμηθεὶς ἀγροὺς μὲν οὐκ ἐλεηλάτει τῶν Μηθυμναίων οὐδὲ ἀγέλας καὶ κτήματα ἤρπαξε γεωργῶν καὶ ποιμένων, ληστοῦ νομίζων ταῦτα ἔργα μᾶλλον ἢ στρατηγοῦ· ταχὺ δὲ ἐπὶ τὴν πόλιν αὐτὴν ἦγεν ὥς ἐπιπεσούμενος ἀφρουρήτοις ταῖς πύλαις. Καὶ αὐτῷ σταδίους ὅσον ἑκατὸν ἀπέχοντι κῆρυξ ἀπαντᾷ σπονδὰς κομίζων. Οἱ γὰρ Μηθυμναῖοι μαθόντες παρὰ τῶν ἐαλωκότων ὥς οὐδὲν ἴσασι Μυτιληναῖοι τῶν γεγενημένων, ἀλλὰ γεωργοὶ καὶ ποιμένες ὑβρίζοντας τοὺς νεανίσκους ταῦτα ἔδρασαν, μετεγίνωσκον μὲν ὀξύτερα τολμήσαντες εἰς γείτονα πόλιν ἢ σωφρονέστερα, σπουδὴν δὲ εἶχον ἀποδόντες πᾶσαν τὴν ἀρπαγὴν ἀδεῶς ἐπιμίγνυσθαι καὶ κατὰ γῆν καὶ κατὰ θάλατταν. Τὸν μὲν οὖν κήρυκα τοῖς Μυτιληναίοις ὁ Ἴππασος ἀποστέλλει, καίτοιγε αὐτοκράτωρ στρατηγὸς κεχειροτονημένος· αὐτὸς δὲ τῆς Μηθύμνης ὅσον ἀπὸ δέκα σταδίων στρατόπεδον βαλόμενος τὰς ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐντολὰς ἀνέμενε. Καὶ δύο διαγενομένων ἡμερῶν ἐλθὼν ὁ ἄγγελος τὴν τε ἀρπαγὴν ἐκέλευσε κομίσασθαι καὶ ἀδικήσαντα μηδὲν ἀναχωρεῖν οἴκαδε· πολέμου γὰρ καὶ εἰρήνης ἐν αἰρέσει γενόμενοι, τὴν εἰρήνην εὕρισκον κερδαλεωτέραν.

Ὁ μὲν δὴ Μηθυμναίων καὶ Μυτιληναίων πόλεμος ἀδόκητον λαβὼν ἀρχὴν καὶ τέλος οὕτω διελύθη. Γίνεται δὲ χειμῶν Δάφνιδι καὶ Χλόῃ τοῦ πολέμου πικρότερος· ἐξαίφνης γὰρ περιπεσοῦσα χιὼν πολλὴ πάσας μὲν ἀπέκλεισε τὰς ὁδοὺς, πάντας δὲ κατέκλεισε τοὺς γεωργοὺς. Λάβροι μὲν οἱ χεῖμαρροι κατέρρεον, ἐπεπῆγαι δὲ κρύσταλλος· τὰ δένδρα ἐφκει κατεσκελετευμένοις· ἡ γῆ πᾶσα ἀφανὴς ἦν ὅτι μὴ περὶ πηγὰς που καὶ ρεύματα. Οὐτ' οὖν ἀγέλην τις ἐς νομὴν ἦγεν οὔτε αὐτὸς προῆει τῶν θυρῶν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ καύσαντες μέγα περὶ ὥδᾳς ἀλεκτρονίων οἱ μὲν λίνον ἔστρεφον, οἱ δὲ αἰγῶν τρίχας ἔπλεκον, οἱ δὲ πάγας ὀρνίθων ἐσοφίζοντο. Τότε βοῶν ἐπὶ φάτναις φροντίς ἦν ἄχυρον ἐσθιόντων, αἰγῶν καὶ προβάτων ἐν τοῖς σηκοῖς φυλλάδας, ὕῶν ἐν τοῖς συφεοῖς ἄκυλον καὶ βαλάνους.

Αναγκαίᾳς οὖν οἰκουρίας ἐπεχούσης ἅπαντας οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι γεωργοὶ καὶ νομεῖς ἔχαιρον πόνων τε ἀπηλλαγμένοι πρὸς ὀλίγον καὶ τροφὰς ἐωθινὰς ἐσθιόντες καὶ καθεύδοντες μακρὸν ὕπνον, ὥστε αὐτοῖς τὸν χειμῶνα δοκεῖν καὶ θέρους καὶ μετοπώρου καὶ ἥρος αὐτοῦ γλυκύτερον. Χλόῃ δὲ καὶ Δάφνις ἐν μνήμῃ γενόμενοι τῶν καταλειφθέντων τερπνῶν, ὥς ἐφίλουν, ὥς περιέβαλλον, ὥς ἅμα τὴν τροφὴν προσεφέροντο, νύκτας τε ἀγρύπνους διῆγον καὶ λυπηρὰς καὶ τὴν ἡρινὴν ὥραν ἀνέμενον ἐκ θανάτου παλιγγενεσίαν. Ἐλύπει δὲ αὐτοὺς ἡ πῆρα τις ἐλθοῦσα εἰς χεῖρας, ἐξ ἧς συνήσθιον, ἡ γαυλὸς ὀφθείς, ἐξ οὗ συνέπιον, ἡ σύριγξ ἀμελῶς ἐρριμμένη, δῶρον ἐρωτικόν

γεγεννημένη. Εὐχοντο δὴ ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τῷ Πανὶ καὶ τούτων αὐτοὺς ἐκλύσασθαι τῶν κακῶν καὶ δεῖξαι ποτε αὐτοῖς καὶ ταῖς ἀγέλαις ἡλίον: ἅμα τε εὐχόμενοι τέχνην ἐζήτουν, δι' ἧς ἀλλήλους θεάσσονται. Ἡ μὲν δὲ Χλόη δεινῶς ἄπορος ἦν καὶ ἀμήχανος: αἰεὶ γὰρ αὐτῇ συνῆν ἡ δοκοῦσα μήτηρ ἑρία τε ξαίνειν διδάσκουσα καὶ ἀτράκτους στρέφειν καὶ γάμου μνημονεύουσα: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις, οἷα σχολὴν ἄγων καὶ συνετώτερος κόρης, τοιόνδε σόφισμα εὗρεν ἐς θεὸν τῆς Χλόης.

Πρὸ τῆς αὐλῆς τοῦ Δρύαντος, ὑπ' αὐτῇ τῇ αὐλῇ, μυρρίναι μεγάλαι δύο καὶ κιττὸς ἐπεφύκει: αἱ μυρρίναι πλησίον ἀλλήλων, ὁ κιττὸς ἀμφοτέρων μέσος, ὥστε ἐφ' ἐκατέραν διαθεῖς τοὺς ἀκρεμόνας ὡς ἄμπελος ἄντρου σχῆμα διὰ τῶν φύλλων ἐπαλλαττόντων ἐποίει: καὶ ὁ κόρυμβος πολὺς καὶ μέγας ὅσος βότρυς κλημάτων ἐξεκρέματο. Ἦν οὖν πολὺ πλῆθος περὶ αὐτὸν τῶν χειμερινῶν ὀρνίθων ἀπορία τῆς ἔξω τροφῆς: πολὺς μὲν κόψιχος, πολλὴ δὲ κίχλη, καὶ φάτται καὶ ψᾶρες καὶ ὅσον ἄλλο κιττοφάγον πτερόν. Τούτων τῶν ὀρνίθων ἐπὶ προφάσει θήρας ἐξώρμησεν ὁ Δάφνις, ἐμπλήσας μὲν τὴν πῆραν ὀψημάτων μεμελιτωμένων, κομίζων δὲ ἐς πίστιν ἰζὸν καὶ βρόχους. Τὸ μὲν οὖν μεταξὺ σταδίων ἦν οὐ πλέον δέκα: οὐπω δὲ ἡ χιὼν λελυμένη πολὺν αὐτῷ κάματον παρέσχεν: ἔρωτι δὲ ἄρα πάντα βάσιμα καὶ πῦρ καὶ ὕδωρ καὶ Σκυθικὴ χιὼν.

Δρόμῳ οὖν πρὸς τὴν αὐλὴν ἔρχεται καὶ ἀποσεισάμενος τῶν σκελῶν τὴν χιὼνα τοὺς τε βρόχους ἔστησε καὶ τὸν ἰζὸν ράβδοις μακραῖς ἐπήλειψε: καὶ ἐκαθέζετο τὸ ἐντεῦθεν ὀρνίθας καὶ τὴν Χλόην μεριμνῶν. Ἀλλ' ὀρνίθες μὲν καὶ ἦκον πολλοὶ καὶ ἐλήφθησαν ἱκανοί, ὥστε πράγματα μυρία ἔσχε συλλέγων αὐτοὺς καὶ ἀποκτιννὺς καὶ ἀποδύων τὰ πτερά: τῆς δὲ αὐλῆς προῆλθεν οὐδεὶς, οὐκ ἀνὴρ, οὐ γύναιον, οὐ κατοικίδιος ὄρνις, ἀλλὰ πάντες τῷ πυρὶ παραμένοντες ἔνδον κατεκέκλειντο, ὥστε πάνυ ἡπορεῖτο ὁ Δάφνις ὡς οὐκ ἐπ' αἰσίοις ὀρνισιν ἐλθών: καὶ ἐτόλμα πρόφασιν σκηψάμενος ὥσασθαι διὰ θυρῶν καὶ ἐζήτει πρὸς αὐτὸν ὃ τι λεχθῆναι πιθανώτατον. 'Πῦρ ἐνανυόμενος ἦλθον.' 'Μὴ γὰρ οὐκ ἦσαν ἀπὸ σταδίου γεῖτονες;' 'Ἄρτους αἰτησόμενος ἦκον.' 'Ἄλλ' ἢ πῆρα μεστή τροφῆς.' 'Οἶνον δέομαι.' 'Καὶ μὴν χθὲς καὶ πρόην ἐτρύγησας.' 'Λύκος με ἐδίωκε.' 'Καὶ ποῦ τὰ ἵχνη τοῦ λύκου;' 'Θηράσων ἀφικόμην τοὺς ὀρνίθας.' 'Τί οὖν θηράσας οὐκ ἄπει;' 'Χλόην θεάσασθαι βούλομαι.' Πατρὶ δὲ τίς καὶ μητρὶ παρθένου τοῦτο ὁμολογεῖ; Πταίων δὲ πανταχοῦ 'ἀλλ' οὐδὲν' ἔφη 'τούτων ἀπάντων ἀνύποπτον. Ἄμεινον ἄρα σιγᾶν: Χλόην δὲ ἦρος ὄψομαι, ἐπεὶ μὴ εἴμαρτο, ὡς ἔοικε, χειμῶνός με ταύτην ἰδεῖν.' Τοιαῦτα δὴ τινα διανοηθεὶς καὶ σιωπῇ τὰ θηραθέντα συλλαβὼν ὥρμητο ἀπιέναι: καὶ ὥσπερ αὐτὸν οἰκτεῖραντος τοῦ Ἑρωτος τάδε γίνεται.

Περὶ τράπεζαν εἶχον οἱ ἀμφὶ τὸν Δρύαντα: κρέα διηρεῖτο, ἄρτοι παρετίθεντο, κρατὴρ ἐκίρνατο. Εἷς δὲ κύων τῶν προβατευτικῶν ἀμέλειαν φυλάξας, κρέας ἀρπάσας ἔφυγε διὰ θυρῶν. Ἀλγῆσας ὁ Δρύας 'καὶ γὰρ ἦν ἐκείνου μοῖρᾴ ξύλον ἀράμενος ἐδίωκε κατ' ἵχνος ὥσπερ κύων: διώκων δὲ κατὰ τὸν κιττὸν γενόμενος ὁρᾷ τὸν Δάφνιν ἀνατεθειμένον ἐπὶ τοὺς ὤμους τὴν ἄγρην καὶ ἀποσοβεῖν ἐγνωκότα. Κρέως μὲν οὖν καὶ κυνὸς αὐτίκα ἐπελάθετο, μέγα δὲ βοήσας 'χαῖρε, ὦ παῖ' περιεπλέκετο καὶ κατεφίλει καὶ ἦγεν ἔσω λαβόμενος. Μικροῦ μὲν οὖν ἰδόντες ἀλλήλους εἰς τὴν γῆν κατερρύησαν:

μεῖναι δὲ καρτερήσαντες ὀρθοὶ προσηγόρευσάν τε καὶ κατεφίλσαν: καὶ τοῦτο οἶονεῖ ἔρεισμα αὐτοῖς τοῦ μὴ πεσεῖν ἐγένετο.

Τυχὼν οὖν ὁ Δάφνις παρ' ἐλπίδας καὶ φιλήματος καὶ Χλόης τοῦ τε πυρὸς ἐκαθέσθη πλησίον καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν τράπεζαν ἀπὸ τῶν ὤμων τὰς φάττας ἀπεφορτίσατο καὶ τοὺς κοψίχους, καὶ διηγείτο πῶς ἀσχάλλων πρὸς τὴν οἰκουρίαν ὥρμησε πρὸς ἄγραν, καὶ ὅπως τὰ μὲν αὐτῶν βρόχοις τὰ δὲ ἱξῶ λάβοι τῶν μύρτων καὶ τοῦ κιττοῦ γλιχόμενα. Οἱ δὲ ἐπὶ ηὐνουν τὸ ἐνεργὸν καὶ ἐκέλευον ἐσθίειν ὧν ὁ κύων κατέλιπεν, ἐκέλευον δὲ καὶ τῇ Χλόῃ πιεῖν ἐγγχείαι. Καὶ ἡ χαίρουσα τοῖς τε ἄλλοις ὥρεξε καὶ Δάφνιδι μετὰ τοὺς ἄλλους: ἐσκήπτετο γὰρ ὀργίζεσθαι, διότι ἐλθὼν ἐμελλεν ἀποτρέχειν οὐκ ἰδὼν: ὁμως μέντοι πρὶν προσενεγκεῖν ἀπέπιεν, εἴθ' οὕτως ἔδωκεν. Ὁ δέ, καίτοι διψῶν, βραδέως ἔπινε, παρέχων ἑαυτῷ διὰ τῆς βραδυτῆτος μακροτέραν ἡδονήν.

Ἡ μὲν δὴ τράπεζα ταχέως ἐγένετο κενὴ ἄρτων καὶ κρεῶν: καθήμενοι δὲ περὶ τῆς Μυρτάλης καὶ τοῦ Λάμωνος ἐπυνθάνοντο καὶ εὐδαιμονίζον αὐτοὺς τοιοῦτου γηροτρόφου εὐτυχήσαντας. Καὶ τοῖς ἐπαίνοις μὲν ἦδετο Χλόης ἀκροωμένης: ὅτε δὲ κατεῖχον αὐτόν, ὡς θύσοντες Διονύσῳ τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας, μικροῦ δεῖν ὑφ' ἡδονῆς ἐκείνους ἀντὶ τοῦ Διονύσου προσεκύνησεν. Αὐτίκα οὖν ἐκ τῆς πύρας προυκόμιζε μελιτώματα πολλὰ καὶ τοὺς θηραθέντας δὲ τῶν ὀρνίθων: καὶ τοὺτους ἐς τράπεζαν νυκτερινὴν ἠντρέπειζον. Δεύτερος κρατὴρ ἴστατο καὶ δεῦτερον πῦρ ἀνεκάετο. Καὶ ταχὺ μάλα νυκτὸς γενομένης, δευτέρας τραπέζης ἐνεφοροῦντο, μεθ' ἣν τὰ μὲν μυθολογήσαντες τὰ δὲ ἔσαντες εἰς ὕπνον ἐχώρουν, Χλόη μετὰ τῆς μητρός, Δρύας ἅμα Δάφνιδι. Χλόη μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν χρηστὸν ἦν ὅτι μὴ τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας ὀφθισόμενος ὁ Δάφνις: Δάφνις δὲ κενὴν τέρψιν ἐτέρπετο: τερπνὸν γὰρ ἐνόμιζε καὶ πατρὶ συγκοιμηθῆναι Χλόης: ὥστε καὶ περιέβαλλεν αὐτόν καὶ κατεφίλει πολλάκις, ταῦτα πάντα ποιεῖν Χλόην ὄνειροπολούμενος.

Ὡς δὲ ἐγένετο ἡμέρα, κρύος μὲν ἦν ἐξαίσιον καὶ αὔρα βόρειος ἀπέκαε πάντα. Οἱ δὲ ἀναστάντες θύουσι τῷ Διονύσῳ κριὸν ἐνιαύσιον καὶ πῦρ ἀνακαύσαντες μέγα παρεσκευάζοντο τροφήν. Τῆς οὖν Νάπης ἀρτοποιούσης καὶ τοῦ Δρύαντος τὸν κριὸν ἔψοντος, σχολῆς ὁ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη λαβόμενοι προῆλθον τῆς αὐλῆς ἵνα ὁ κιττός: καὶ πάλιν βρόχους στήσαντες καὶ ἱξὼν ἐπαλείψαντες ἐθήρων πλῆθος οὐκ ὀλίγον ὀρνίθων. Ἦν δ' αὐτοῖς καὶ φιλημάτων ἀπόλαυσις συνεχῆς καὶ λόγων ὁμιλία τερπνὴ. 'Διὰ σὲ ἦλθον, Χλόη.' 'Οἶδα, Δάφνι.' 'Διὰ σὲ ἀπολλύω τοὺς ἀθλίους κοψίχους.' 'Τί οὖν σοι γένωμαι;' 'Μέμνησό μου.' 'Μνημονεύω, νῆ τὰς Νύμφας, ἃς ὦμοσά ποτε εἰς ἐκεῖνο τὸ ἄντρον, εἰς ὃ ἤξομεν εὐθύς, ἂν ἡ χιών τακῇ.' 'Ἀλλὰ πολλή ἐστι, Χλόη, καὶ δέδοικα μὴ ἐγὼ πρὸ ταύτης τακῶ.' 'Θάρρει, Δάφνι, θερμός ἐστιν ὁ ἥλιος.' 'Εἰ γὰρ οὕτως γένοιτο. Χλόη, θερμός, ὡς τὸ κᾶον πῦρ τὴν καρδίαν τὴν ἐμήν.' 'ΠΑΪΞΕΙΣ ΑΠΑΤΩΝ ΜΕ.' 'Οὐ μὰ τὰς αἴγας, ἃς σύ με ἐκέλευες ὀμνύειν.'

Τοιαῦτα ἀντιφωνήσασα πρὸς τὸν Δάφνιν ἡ Χλόη καθάπερ ἡχώ, καλούντων αὐτοὺς τῶν περὶ τὴν Νάπην εἰσέδραμον, πολὺ περιττοτέραν τῆς χθιζῆς θήραν κομίζοντες: καὶ ἀπαρξάμενοι τῷ Διονύσῳ κρατῆρος ἥσθιον κιττῷ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἐστεφανωμένοι. Καὶ ἐπεὶ καιρὸς ἦν, ἰακχάσαντες καὶ εὐάσαντες προύπεμπον τὸν Δάφνιν, πλῆσαντες αὐτοῦ τὴν πύραν κρεῶν καὶ ἄρτων.

Ἔδωκαν δὲ καὶ τὰς φάττας καὶ τὰς κίχλας Λάμῳ καὶ Μυρτάλῃ κομίζειν, ὥς αὐτοὶ θηράσοντες ἄλλας, ἔστ' ἂν ὁ χειμὼν μένη καὶ ὁ κιττὸς μὴ λείπῃ. Ὁ δὲ ἀπῆει, φιλήσας αὐτοὺς προτέρους Χλόης, ἵνα τὸ ἐκείνης φίλημα καθαρὸν μείνῃ. Καὶ ἄλλας δὲ πολλὰς ἦλθεν ὁδοὺς ἐπὶ ἄλλαις τέχναις, ὥστε μὴ παντάπασιν αὐτοῖς γενέσθαι τὸν χειμῶνα ἀνέραστον.

Ἦδη δὲ ἦρος ἀρχομένου καὶ τῆς μὲν χιόνος λυομένης, τῆς δὲ γῆς γυμνουμένης καὶ τῆς πόας ὑπανθούσης οἱ τε ἄλλοι νομεῖς ἦγον τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς νομὴν καὶ πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων Χλόη καὶ Δάφνις, οἷα μείζονι δουλεύοντες ποιμένι. Εὐθὺς οὖν δρόμος ἦν ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας καὶ τὸ ἄντρον, ἐντεῦθεν ἐπὶ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν Πίτυν, εἶτα ἐπὶ τὴν δρῦν, ὅφ' ἦν καθίζοντες καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἔνεμον καὶ ἀλλήλους κατεφίλουν. Ἀνεζήτησαν δὲ καὶ ἄνθη στεφανῶσαι θέλοντες τοὺς θεοῦς: τὰ δὲ ἄρτι ὁ ζέφυρος τρέφων καὶ ὁ ἥλιος θερμαίνων ἐξῆγεν: ὁμως δὲ εὐρέθη καὶ ἴα καὶ νάρκισσος καὶ ἀναγαλλίς καὶ ὅσα ἦρος πρωτοφορήματα. Ἡ μὲν οὖν Χλόη καὶ ὁ Δάφνις ἀπὸ αἰγῶν καὶ ἀπὸ οἰῶν τινων γάλα νέον καὶ τοῦτο στεφανοῦντες τὰ ἀγάλματα κατέσπεισαν. Ἀπῆρξαντο καὶ σύριγγος, καθάπερ τὰς ἀηδόνας ἐς τὴν μουσικὴν ἐρεθίζοντες: αἱ δ' ὑπεφθέγγοντο ἐν ταῖς λόχμαις καὶ τὸν Ἴτυν κατ' ὀλίγον ἠκρίβουν, ὥσπερ ἀναμιμνησκόμεναι τῆς ᾠδῆς ἐκ μακρᾶς σιωπῆς.

Ἐβληχίσατό που καὶ ποίμνιον: ἐσκίρτησάν που καὶ ἄρνες καὶ ταῖς μητράσιν ὑποκλάσαντες τὴν θηλὴν ἔσπασαν: τὰς δὲ μήπω τετοκυίας οἱ κριοὶ καταδιώκοντες καὶ κάτω στήσαντες ἔβαινον ἄλλος ἄλλην. Ἐγίνοντο καὶ τράγων διώγματα καὶ ἐς τὰς αἶγας ἐρωτικώτερα πηδήματα, καὶ ἐμάχοντο περὶ τῶν αἰγῶν: καὶ ἕκαστος εἶχεν ἰδίας καὶ ἐφύλαττε μὴ τις αὐτὰς μοιχεύσῃ λαθὼν. Καὶ γέροντας ὀρῶντας ἐξώρμησεν ἂν εἰς ἀφροδίτην τὰ τοιαῦτα θεάματα: οἱ δὲ καὶ νέοι καὶ σφριγῶντες καὶ πολὺν ἤδη χρόνον ἔρωτα ζητοῦντες ἐξεκάνοντο πρὸς τὰ ἀκούσματα καὶ ἐτήκοντο πρὸς τὰ θεάματα καὶ ἐζήτησαν καὶ αὐτοὶ περιττότερόν τι φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, μάλιστα δὲ ὁ Δάφνις. Οἷα γοῦν ἐνηβήσας τῇ κατὰ τὸν χειμῶνα οἰκουρίᾳ καὶ εὐσυχολίᾳ πρὸς τε τὰ φιλήματα ὄργα καὶ πρὸς τὰς περιβολὰς ἐσκιτάλιζε καὶ ἦν ἐς πᾶν ἔργον περιεργότερος καὶ θρασύτερος.

Ἦτοι δὴ τὴν Χλόην χάρισασθαι οἱ πᾶν ὅσον βούλεται καὶ γυμνὴν γυμνῷ συγκατακλινῆναι μακρότερον ἢ πρόσθεν εἰώθεσαν: τοῦτο γὰρ λείπειν τοῖς Φιλητᾷ παιδεύμασιν, ἵνα δὴ γένηται τὸ μόνον ἔρωτα παῦρον φάρμακον. Τῆς δὲ πυνθανομένης τί πλέον ἐστὶ φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς καὶ αὐτῆς κατακλίσεως καὶ τί ἔγνωκε δρᾶσαι γυμνὸς γυμνῇ συγκατακλινεῖς, 'τοῦτο' εἶπεν 'ὁ οἱ κριοὶ ποιοῦσι τὰς οἷς καὶ οἱ τράγοι τὰς αἶγας. Ὅρᾳς ὥς μετὰ τοῦτο τὸ ἔργον οὔτε ἐκεῖναι φεύγουσιν ἔτι αὐτοὺς οὔτε ἐκεῖνοι κάμνουσι διώκοντες, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ κοινῆς λοιπὸν ἀπολαύσαντες ἡδονῆς συννέμονται; Γλυκύ τι, ὥς ἔοικεν, ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον καὶ νικᾷ τὸ ἔρωτος πικρόν.' Εἶτα οὐχ ὀρᾳς, ὦ Δάφνι, τὰς αἶγας καὶ τοὺς τράγους καὶ τοὺς κριοὺς καὶ τὰς οἷς ὥς ὀρθοὶ μὲν ἐκεῖνοι δρῶσιν, ὀρθαὶ δὲ ἐκεῖναι πάσχουσιν, οἱ μὲν ἐπιπηδῆσαντες, αἱ δὲ κατανωπιάμεναι; Σὺ δέ με ἀξιοῖς συγκατακλινῆναι καὶ ταῦτα γυμνῇ; Καίτοιγε ἐκεῖναι πόσον ἐκδεδυμένης ἐμοῦ λασιώτεραι; Πείθεται Δάφνις καὶ συγκατακλινεῖς αὐτῇ πολὺν χρόνον ἔκειτο καὶ οὐδὲν ὦν ἔνεκα ὄργα ποιεῖν ἐπιστάμενος ἀνίστησιν

αὐτὴν καὶ κατόπιν περιεφύετο μιμούμενος τοὺς τράγους. Πολὺ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀπορθηθεὶς, καθίσας ἔκλαεν εἰ καὶ κριῶν ἀμαθέστερος εἰς τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα.

Ἦν δὲ τις αὐτῷ γείτων, γεωργὸς γῆς ἰδίας, Χρῶμις τοῦνομα, παρηβῶν ἤδη τὸ σῶμα. Τούτῳ γύναιον ἦν ἐπακτὸν ἐξ ἄστεος, νέον καὶ ὠραῖον καὶ ἀγροικίας ἀβρότερον· τούτῳ Λυκαίνιον ὄνομα ἦν. Αὕτη ἡ Λυκαίνιον ὀρῶσα τὸν Δάφνιν καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν παρελαύνοντα τὰς αἶγας ἔωθεν εἰς νομὴν, νύκτωρ ἐκ νομῆς, ἐπεθύμησεν ἐραστὴν κτήσασθαι δώροις δελεάσασα. Καὶ δὴ ποτε λοχήσασα μόνον καὶ σύριγγα δῶρον ἔδωκε καὶ μέλι ἐν κηρίῳ καὶ πήραν ἐλάφου· εἰπεῖν δέ τι ὄκνει, τὸν Χλόης ἔρωτα καταμαντευομένη· πάνυ γὰρ ἑώρα προσκείμενον αὐτὸν τῇ κόρῃ. Πρότερον μὲν οὖν ἐκ νευμάτων καὶ γέλωτος συνεβάλετο τοῦτο, τότε δὲ ἐξ ἑωθινοῦ σκηψαμένη πρὸς Χρῶμιν ὡς παρὰ τίκτουςαν ἅπεισι γείτονα κατόπιν τε αὐτοῖς παρηκολούθησε καὶ εἰς τινα λόχμην ἐγκρύψασα ἑαυτήν, ὡς μὴ βλέποιτο, πάντα ἤκουσεν ὅσα εἶπον, πάντα εἶδεν ὅσα ἔπραζαν· οὐκ ἔλαθεν αὐτὴν οὐδὲ κλαύσας ὁ Δάφνις. Συναλγήσασα δὴ τοῖς ἀθλίοις καὶ καιρὸν ἦκειν νομίσασα διττόν, τὸν μὲν εἰς τὴν ἐκεῖνον σωτηρίαν, τὸν δὲ εἰς τὴν ἑαυτῆς ἐπιθυμίαν, ἐπιτεχνᾷται τι τοιόνδε.

Τῆς ἐπιούσης ὡς πάλιν παρὰ τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν τίκτουςαν ἀπιοῦσα φανερῶς ἐπὶ τὴν δρῦν, ἔνθα ἐκαθέζοντο Δάφνις καὶ Χλόη, παραγίνεται καὶ ἀκριβῶς μιμησαμένη τὴν τεταραγμένην ‘σῶσόν με’ εἶπε ‘Δάφνι, τὴν ἀθλίαν· ἐκ γὰρ μοι τῶν χηνῶν τῶν εἴκοσιν ἕνα τὸν κάλλιστον ἀετὸς ἥρπασε καὶ οἶα μέγα φορτίον ἀράμενος οὐκ ἐδυνήθη μετέωρος ἐπὶ τὴν συνήθη τὴν ὑψηλὴν κομίσαι ἐκείνην πέτραν, ἀλλ’ εἰς τήνδε τὴν ὕλην τὴν ταπεινὴν ἔχων κατέπεσε. Σὺ τοίνυν, πρὸς τῶν Νυμφῶν καὶ τοῦ Πανὸς ἐκεῖνου, συνεισελθὼν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ‘μόνη γὰρ δέδοικα σῶσόν μοι τὸν χῆνα, μηδὲ περιύδης ἀτελῇ μοι τὸν ἀριθμὸν γενόμενον. Τάχα δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν ἀετὸν ἀποκτενεῖς καὶ οὐκέτι πολλοὺς ὑμῶν ἄρνας καὶ ἐρίφους ἀρπάσει. Τὴν δὲ ἀγέλην τέως φρουρήσει Χλόη· πάντως αὐτὴν ἴσασιν αἱ αἶγες ἀεὶ σοι συννέμουσαν.’

Οὐδὲν τῶν μελλόντων ὑποπτεύσας ὁ Δάφνις εὐθὺς ἀνίσταται καὶ ἀράμενος τὴν καλαῦροπα κατόπιν ἠκολούθει τῇ Λυκαίνιῳ· ἡ δὲ ἡγεῖτο ὡς μακροτάτῳ τῆς Χλόης. Καὶ ἐπειδὴ κατὰ τὸ πυκνότατον ἐγένοντο, πηγῆς πλησίον καθίσαι κελεύσασα αὐτὸν ‘ἔρῃς’ εἶπε ‘Δάφνι, Χλόης· τοῦτο ἔμαθον ἐγὼ νύκτωρ παρὰ τῶν Νυμφῶν. Δὶ ὀνειράτος ἐμοὶ τὰ χθιῶζ σου διηγῆσαντο δάκρυα καὶ ἐκέλευσάν σε σῶσαι διδασκαμένην τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα. Τὰ δ’ ἐστὶν οὐ φιλήματα καὶ περιβολαὶ καὶ οἶα δρῶσι κριοὶ καὶ τράγοι· ἄλλα ταῦτα πηδήματα καὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ γλυκύτερα· πρόσσεσι γὰρ αὐτοῖς χρόνος μακροτέρας ἡδονῆς. Εἰ δὴ σοι φίλον ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν καὶ ἐν πείρᾳ γενέσθαι τῶν ζητουμένων τερπνῶν, ἴθι, παραδίδου μοι τερπνὸν σαυτὸν μαθητὴν· ἐγὼ δὲ χαριζομένη ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐκεῖνα διδάξω.’

Οὐκ ἐκαρτέρησεν ὁ Δάφνις ὑφ’ ἡδονῆς, ἀλλ’ ἅτε ἄγροικος καὶ αἰπόλος καὶ ἐρῶν καὶ νέος, πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν καταπεσὼν τὴν Λυκαίνιον ἰκέτευσεν ὅτι τάχιστα διδάξαι τὴν τέχνην, δι’ ἧς ὁ βούλεται δράσει Χλόην· καὶ ὥσπερ τι μέγα καὶ θεόπεμπτον ἀληθῶς μέλλων διδάσκεσθαι καὶ ἔριφον αὐτῇ σηκίτην δώσειν ἐπηγγέιλαιτο καὶ τυροὺς ἀπαλοὺς πρωτορρύτου γάλακτος καὶ τὴν αἶγα αὐτήν. Εὐροῦσα δὴ ἡ Λυκαίνιον αἰπολικὴν ἀφθονίαν, οἶαν οὐ προσεδόκησεν, ἤρχετο

παιδεύειν τὸν Δάφνιν τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον. Ἐκέλευσεν αὐτὸν καθίσει πλυσίον αὐτῆς, ὡς εἶχε, καὶ φιλήματα φιλεῖν οἷα εἰώθει καὶ ὅσα, καὶ φιλοῦντα ἅμα περιβάλλειν καὶ κατακλίνεσθαι χαμαί. Ὡς δὲ ἐκαθέσθη καὶ ἐφίλησε καὶ κατεκλίνη, μαθοῦσα ἐνεργεῖν δυνάμενον καὶ σφριγῶντα, ἀπὸ μὲν τῆς ἐπὶ πλευρὰν κατακλίσεως ἀνίστησιν, αὐτὴν δὲ ὑποστορέεσασα ἐντέχνως ἐς τὴν τέως ζητουμένην ὁδὸν ἤγε. Τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν οὐδὲν περιειργάζετο ξένον· αὐτὴ γὰρ ἡ φύσις λοιπὸν ἐπαίδευσεν τὸ πρακτέον.

Τελεσθείσης δὲ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς παιδαγωγίας ὁ μὲν Δάφνις ἔτι ποιμενικὴν γνῶμην ἔχων ὥρμητο τρέχειν ἐπὶ τὴν Χλόην καὶ ὅσα ἐπεπαιδευτο δρᾶν αὐτίκα, καθάπερ δεδοικῶς μὴ βραδύνας ἐπιλάθοιτο· ἡ δὲ Λυκαίνιον κατασχοῦσα αὐτὸν ἔλαξεν ὧδε ‘ἔτι καὶ ταῦτά σε δεῖ μαθεῖν, Δάφνι. Ἐγὼ γυνὴ τυγχάνουσα πέπονθα νῦν οὐδέν· πάλαι γάρ με ταῦτα ἀνὴρ ἄλλος ἐπαίδευσεν, μισθὸν τὴν παρθενίαν λαβών· Χλόη δὲ συμπαλαίουσά σοι ταύτην τὴν πάλην καὶ οἰμώζεται καὶ κλαύσεται καὶ αἵματι ῥεύσεται πολλῷ καθάπερ πεφονευμένη. Ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸ αἷμα μὴ φοβηθῆς, ἀλλ’ ἡνίκα ἂν πείσης αὐτὴν σοι παρασχεῖν, ἄγαγε αὐτὴν εἰς τοῦτο τὸ χωρίον, ἵνα, κἂν βοήσῃ, μηδεὶς ἀκούσῃ, κἂν δακρύσῃ, μηδεὶς ἴδῃ, κἂν αἵμαχθῇ, λούσῃται τῇ πηγῇ· καὶ μέμνησο ὅτι σε ἄνδρα ἐγὼ πρὸ Χλόης πεποίηκα.’

Ἡ μὲν οὖν Λυκαίνιον τοσαῦτα ὑποθεμένη κατ’ ἄλλο μέρος τῆς ὕλης ἀπῆλθεν, ὡς ἔτι ζητοῦσα τὸν χῆνα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις εἰς λογισμὸν ἄγων τὰ εἰρημένα, τῆς μὲν πρότερον ὁρμῆς ἀπῆλλακτο, διοχλεῖν δὲ τῇ Χλόῃ περιττότερον ὥκνει φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, μήτε βοῆσαι θέλων αὐτὴν ὡς πρὸς πολέμιον, μήτε δακρῦσαι ὡς ἀλγοῦσαν, μήτε αἵμαχθῆναι καθάπερ πεφονευμένην· ἀρτιμαθῆς γὰρ ὢν ἐδεδοίκει τὸ αἷμα καὶ ἐνόμιζεν ὅτι ἄρα ἐκ μόνου τραύματος αἷμα γίνεται. Γνοὺς δὲ τὰ συνήθη τέρπεσθαι μετ’ αὐτῆς ἐξέβη τῆς ὕλης· καὶ ἐλθὼν ἵνα ἐκάθητο στεφανίσκον ἱὼν πλέκουσα, τὸν τε χῆνα τῶν τοῦ ἀετοῦ ὀνύχων ἐνεύσατο ἐξαρπάσαι καὶ περιφὺς ἐφίλησεν, οἶον ἐν τῇ τέρψει Λυκαίνιον· τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξῆν ὡς ἀκίνδυνον· ἡ δὲ τὸν στέφανον ἐφήρμοσεν αὐτοῦ τῇ κεφαλῇ καὶ τὴν κόμην ἐφίλησεν ὡς τῶν ἱὼν κρεῖττονα. Καὶ τῆς πῆρας προκομίσασα παλάθης μοῖραν καὶ ἄρτους τινὰς ἔδωκε φαγεῖν· καὶ ἐσθίοντος ἀπὸ τοῦ στόματος ἤρπαζε καὶ οὕτως ἥσθιεν ὥσπερ νεοττός ὄρνιθος.

Ἐσθιόντων δὲ αὐτῶν καὶ περιττότερα φιλοῦντων ὢν ἥσθιον, ναῦς ἀλιέων ὤφθη παραπλέουσα. Ἄνεμος μὲν οὐκ ἦν, γαλήνη δὲ ἦν καὶ ἐρέττειν ἐδόκει. Καὶ ἥρεττον ἐρρωμένως· ἡπείγοντο γὰρ νεαλεῖς ἰχθύς εἰς τὴν πόλιν διασώσασθαι τῶν τινι πλουσίων. Οἶον οὖν εἰώθασι ναῦται δρᾶν ἐς καμάτων ἀμέλειαν, τοῦτο κάκεῖνοι δρῶντες τὰς κόπας ἀνέφερον. Εἷς μὲν αὐτοῖς κελευστής ναυτικὰς ἤδεν ὥδας, οἱ δὲ λοιποὶ καθάπερ χορὸς ὁμοφώνως κατὰ καιρὸν τῇ ἐκείνου φωνῇ ἐβόων. Ἡνίκ’ οὖν ἐν ἀναπεπταμένη τῇ θαλάττῃ ταῦτα ἔπραττον, ἠφανίζετο ἡ βοή χεομένης τῆς φωνῆς εἰς πολλὴν ἀέρα· ἐπεὶ δὲ ἄκρα τινὶ ὑποδραμόντες εἰς κόλπον μηνοειδῇ καὶ κοῖλον εἰσήλασαν, μείζων μὲν ἠκούετο βοή, σαφῇ δὲ ἐξέπιπτεν εἰς τὴν γῆν τὰ τῶν κελευστῶν ῥήματα. Κοῖλος γὰρ τῷ πεδίῳ αὐλῶν ὑποκείμενος καὶ τὸν ἦχον εἰς αὐτὸν ὡς ὄργανον δεχόμενος πάντων τῶν φθεγγομένων μιμητὴν φωνὴν ἀπεδίδου, ἰδίᾳ μὲν τῶν

κωπῶν τὸν ἥχον, ἰδίᾳ δὲ τὴν φωνὴν τῶν ναυτῶν· καὶ ἐγένετο ἄκουσμα
τερπνόν. Φθανούσης γὰρ τῆς ἀπὸ τῆς θαλάττης φωνῆς, ἡ ἐκ τῆς γῆς φωνὴ
τοσοῦτον ἐπαύετο βράδιον, ὅσον ἤρξατο.

Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις εἰδὼς τὸ πραττόμενον μόνῃ τῇ θαλάττῃ προσεῖχε καὶ
ἐτέρπετο τῇ νηὶ παρατρεχούσῃ τὸ πεδίον θάπτον πτεροῦ καὶ ἐπειρᾶτό τινα
διασώσασθαι τῶν ἁσμάτων, ὥς γένοιτο τῆς σύριγγος μέλη· ἡ δὲ Χλόη τότε
πρῶτον πειρωμένη τῆς καλουμένης ἡχοῦς ποτὲ μὲν εἰς τὴν θάλατταν
ἀπέβλεπε, τῶν ναυτῶν κελεύοντων, ποτὲ δὲ εἰς τὴν ὕλην ἐπεστρέφετο,
ζητοῦσα τοὺς ἀντιφωνοῦντας. Καὶ ἐπεὶ παραπλευσάντων ἦν κἂν τῷ αὐλῶνι
σιγῇ, ἐπυνθάνετο τοῦ Δάφνιδος, εἰ καὶ ὀπίσω τῆς ἄκρας ἐστὶ θάλαττα καὶ
ναῦς ἄλλη παρέπλει καὶ ἄλλοι ναῦται τὰ αὐτὰ ἦδον καὶ ἅμα πάντες σιωπῶσι.
Γελάσας οὖν ὁ Δάφνις ἡδὺ καὶ φιλήσας ἥδιον φίλημα καὶ τὸν τῶν ἴων
στέφανον ἐκείνη περιθεις ἤρξατο αὐτῇ μυθολογεῖν τὸν μῦθον τῆς Ἥχους,
αἰτήσας, εἰ διδάξειε, μισθὸν παρ' αὐτῆς ἄλλα φιλήματα δέκα.

‘Νυμφῶν, ὧ κόρη, πολὺ γένος, Μελῖαι καὶ Δρυάδες καὶ Ἑλαιοὶ· πᾶσαι
καλαί, πᾶσαι μουσικαί. Καὶ μιᾷς τούτων θυγάτηρ Ἥχῳ γίνεται, θνητὴ μὲν ὥς
ἐκ πατρὸς θνητοῦ, καλὴ δὲ ὥς ἐκ μητρὸς καλῆς. Τρέφεται μὲν ὑπὸ Νυμφῶν,
παιδεύεται δὲ ὑπὸ Μουσῶν συρίττειν, αὐλεῖν, τὰ πρὸς λύραν, τὰ πρὸς
κιθάραν, πᾶσαν ᾠδὴν, ὥστε καὶ παρθενίας εἰς ἄνθος ἀκμάσασα ταῖς Νύμφαις
συνεχόρευε, ταῖς Μούσαις συνῆδεν· ἄρρενας δὲ ἔφευγε πάντας, καὶ
ἀνθρώπους καὶ θεοὺς, φιλοῦσα τὴν παρθενίαν. Ὁ Πᾶν ὀργίζεται τῇ κόρῃ, τῆς
μουσικῆς φθονῶν, τοῦ κάλλους μὴ τυχόν, καὶ μανίαν ἐμβάλλει τοῖς ποιμέσι
καὶ τοῖς αἰπόλοις. Οἱ δὲ ὥσπερ κύνες ἢ λύκοι διασπῶσιν αὐτὴν καὶ ρίπτουσιν
εἰς πᾶσαν γῆν ἔτι ἄδοντα τὰ μέλη. Καὶ τὰ μέλη Γῇ χαριζομένη Νύμφαις
ἐκρυσσε πάντα. Καὶ ἐτήρησε τὴν μουσικὴν καὶ γνώμῃ Μουσῶν ἀφίησι φωνὴν
καὶ μιμεῖται πάντα, καθάπερ τότε ἡ κόρη, θεοὺς, ἀνθρώπους, ὄργανα, θηρία·
μιμεῖται καὶ αὐτὸν συρίττοντα τὸν Πᾶνα. Ὁ δὲ ἀκούσας ἀναπηδᾷ καὶ διώκει
κατὰ τῶν ὀρῶν, οὐκ ἐρῶν τυχεῖν ἀλλ’ ἡ τοῦ μαθεῖν, τίς ἐστὶν ὁ λανθάνων
μαθητής.’ Ταῦτα μυθολογήσαντα τὸν Δάφνιν οὐ δέκα μόνον φιλήματα ἀλλὰ
πάνυ πολλὰ κατεφίλησεν ἡ Χλόη· μικροῦ δὲ καὶ τὰ αὐτὰ εἶπεν ἡ Ἥχῳ,
καθάπερ μαρτυροῦσα ὅτι μηδὲν ἐψεύσατο.

Θερμότερου δὲ καθ’ ἐκάστην ἡμέραν γινομένου τοῦ ἡλίου, οἷα τοῦ μὲν
ἥρος παυομένου τοῦ δὲ θέρου ἀρχομένου, πάλιν αὐτοῖς ἐγίνοντο καιναὶ
τέρψεις καὶ θέρειοι. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἐνήχετο ἐν τοῖς ποταμοῖς, ἡ δὲ ἐν ταῖς πηγαῖς
ἐλούετο· ὁ μὲν ἐσύριττεν ἀμιλλώμενος πρὸς τὰς πίτυς, ἡ δὲ ἦδε ταῖς ἀηδόσιν
ἐρίζουσα· ἐθήρων ἀκρίδας λάλους, ἐλάμβανον τέττιγας ἡχοῦντας, ἄνθη
συνέλεγον, δένδρα ἔσειον, ὀπώραν ἥσθιον· ἦδη ποτὲ καὶ γυμνοὶ
συγκατεκλίνησαν καὶ ἐν δέρμα αἰγὸς ἐπεσύραντο. Καὶ ἐγένετο ἂν γυνὴ Χλόη
ῥαδίως, εἰ μὴ Δάφνιν ἐτάραξε τὸ αἶμα. Ἀμέλει καὶ δεδοικὼς μὴ νικηθῇ τὸν
λογισμὸν ποτε, πολλὰ γυμνοῦσθαι τὴν Χλόην οὐκ ἐπέτρεπεν, ὥστε ἐθαύμαζε
μὲν ἡ Χλόη, τὴν δὲ αἰτίαν ἠδεῖτο πυθέσθαι.

Ἐν τῷ θέρει τῷδε καὶ μνηστήρων πλῆθος ἦν περὶ τὴν Χλόην καὶ πολλοὶ
πολλαχόθεν ἐφοίτων παρὰ τὸν Δρύαντα πρὸς γάμον αἰτοῦντες αὐτήν. Καὶ οἱ
μὲν τι δῶρον ἔφερον, οἱ δὲ ἐπηγγέλλοντο μεγάλα. Ἡ μὲν οὖν Νάπη ταῖς

ἐλπίσιν ἐπαιρομένη συνεβούλευεν ἐκδιδόναι τὴν Χλόην μηδὲ κατέχειν οἶκοι πρὸς πλεόν τηλικαύτην κόρην, ἣ τάχα μικρὸν ὕστερον νέμουσα τὴν παρθενίαν ἀπολέσει καὶ ἄνδρα ποιήσεται τινα τῶν ποιμένων ἐπὶ μήλοις ἢ ρόδοις, ἀλλ' ἐκείνην τε ποιῆσαι δέσποιναν οἰκίας καὶ αὐτοὺς πολλὰ λαβόντας ἰδίῳ φυλάττειν αὐτὰ καὶ γνησίῳ παιδίῳ ἔγεγονε γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἄρρεν παιδίον οὐ πρὸ πολλοῦ τινος· ὁ δὲ Δρύας ποτὲ μὲν ἐθέλγετο τοῖς λεγομένοις ἑμίζονα γὰρ ἢ κατὰ ποιμαίνουσαν κόρην δῶρα ὠνομάζετο παρ' ἐκάστου, ποτὲ δὲ ἐννοήσας ὥς κρείττων ἐστὶν ἡ παρθένος μνηστήρων γεωργῶν καὶ ὥς, εἴ ποτε τοὺς ἀληθινοὺς γονέας εὗροι, μεγάλως αὐτοὺς εὐδαίμονας θήσει, ἀνεβάλλετο τὴν ἀπόκρισιν καὶ εἶλκε χρόνον ἐκ χρόνου καὶ ἐν τῷ τέως ἀπεκέρδαιεν οὐκ ὀλίγα δῶρα. Ἡ μὲν δὴ μαθοῦσα λυπηρῶς πάνυ διήγε καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐλάνθανεν ἐπὶ πολὺ, λυπεῖν οὐ θέλουσα· ὥς δὲ ἐλπίζει καὶ ἐνέκειτο πυνθανόμενος καὶ ἐλυπεῖτο μᾶλλον μὴ μανθάνων ἢ ἐμελλε μαθὼν, πάντα αὐτῷ διηγεῖται, τοὺς μνηστευομένους ὥς πολλοὶ καὶ πλούσιοι, τοὺς λόγους οὗς ἡ Νάπη σπεύδουσα τὸν γάμον ἔλεγεν, καὶ ὥς οὐκ ἀπείπατο Δρύας, ἀλλ' ὥς εἰς τὸν τρυγητὸν ἀναβέβληται.

Ἐκφρων ἐπὶ τούτοις ὁ Δάφνις γίνεται καὶ ἐδάκρυσε καθήμενος, ἀποθανεῖσθαι μηκέτι συννεμούσης Χλόης λέγων· καὶ οὐκ αὐτὸς μόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μετὰ τοιοῦτον ποιμένα. Εἴτα ἀνενεγκὼν ἐθάρρει καὶ πείσειν ἐνενόει τὸν πατέρα καὶ ἓνα τῶν μνωμένων αὐτὸν ἡρίθμει καὶ πολὺ κρατήσιν ἡλπίζε τῶν ἄλλων. Ἐν αὐτὸν ἐτάρατten· οὐκ ἦν Λάμων πλούσιος· τοῦτο μόνον αὐτοῦ τὴν ἐλπίδα λεπτὴν εἰργάζετο· ὅμως δὲ ἐδόκει μῶσθαι, καὶ τῇ Χλόῃ συνδόκει. Τῷ Λάμωνι μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν ἐτόλμησεν εἰπεῖν, τῇ Μυρτάλῃ δὲ θαρρήσας καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα ἐμήνυσε καὶ περὶ τοῦ γάμου λόγους προσήνεγκεν· ἡ δὲ τῷ Λάμωνι νύκτωρ ἐκοινώσατο. Σκληρῶς δὲ ἐκείνου τὴν ἔντευξιν ἐνεγκόντος καὶ λοιδορήσαντος εἰ παιδί θυγάτριον ποιμένων προξενεῖ μεγάλην ἐν τοῖς γνωρίσμασιν ἐπαγγελλομένῳ τύχην, ὃς αὐτοῦς, εὐρὼν τοὺς οἰκείους, καὶ ἐλευθέρους θήσει καὶ δεσπότης ἀγρῶν μειζόνων, ἡ Μυρτάλη διὰ τὸν ἔρωτα φοβουμένη μὴ τελέως ἀπελπίσας ὁ Δάφνις τὸν γάμον τολμήσῃ τι θανατῶδες, ἄλλας αὐτῷ τῆς ἀντιρρήσεως αἰτίας ἀπήγγειλε. Ἐπένητες ἐσμέν, ὦ παῖ, καὶ δεόμεθα νύμφης φερούσης τι μᾶλλον· οἱ δὲ πλούσιοι καὶ πλουσίων νυμφίων δεόμενοι. Ἰθι δὴ, πείσον Χλόην, ἡ δὲ τὸν πατέρα, μηδὲν αἰτεῖν μέγα· πάντως δὴ που κάκειν φιλεῖ σε καὶ βούλεται συγκαθεύδειν πένητι καλῷ μᾶλλον ἢ πιθήκῳ πλουσίῳ.

Μυρτάλη μὲν οὐποτε ἐλπίσασα Δρύαντα τούτοις συνθήσεσθαι μνηστῆρας ἔχοντα πλουσιωτέρους εὐπρεπῶς ᾤετο παρητηῆσθαι τὸν γάμον· Δάφνις δὲ οὐκ εἶχε μέμφεσθαι τὰ λελεγμένα. Λειπόμενος δὲ πολὺ τῶν αἰτουμένων τὸ σύνηθες ἐρασταῖς πενομένοις ἔπρατten· ἐδάκρυε καὶ τὰς Νύμφας αὐθις ἐκάλει βοηθοῦς. Αἱ δὲ αὐτῷ καθεύδοντι νύκτωρ ἐν τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἐφίστανται σχήμασιν, ἐν οἷς καὶ πρότερον· ἔλεγε δὲ ἡ πρεσβυτάτη πάλιν ἑγὰρ γάμου μὲν μέλει τῆς Χλόης ἄλλῳ θεῷ, δῶρα δὲ σοι δώσομεν ἡμεῖς, ἃ θέλξει Δρύαντα. Ἡ ναῦς ἡ τῶν Μηθυμναίων νεανίσκων, ἥς τὴν λύγον αἱ σαί ποτε αἶγες κατέφαγον, ἡμέρᾳ μὲν ἐκείνῃ μακρὰν τῆς γῆς ὑπηνέχθη πνεύματι· νυκτὸς δὲ πελαγίου ταραξάντος ἀνέμου τὴν θάλατταν εἰς τὴν γῆν εἰς τὰς τῆς ἄκρας πέτρας

ἐξεβράσθη. Αὐτὴ μὲν οὖν διεφθάρη καὶ πολλὰ τῶν ἐν αὐτῇ: βαλάντιον δὲ τρισχιλίων δραχμῶν ὑπὸ τοῦ κύματος ἀπεπτύσθη καὶ κεῖται φυκίους κεκαλυμμένον πλησίον δελφίνος νεκροῦ, δι' ὃν οὐδεὶς προσῆλθεν ὁδοιπóρος, τὸ δυσῶδες τῆς σηπεδόνης παρατρέχων. Ἀλλὰ σὺ πρόσελθε καὶ προσελθὼν ἀνελοῦ καὶ ἀνελόμενος δός. Ἰκανόν σοι νῦν μὲν δόξαι μὴ πένητι, χρόνῳ δὲ ὕστερον ἔση καὶ πλούσιος.'

Αἱ μὲν ταῦτα εἰποῦσαι τῇ νυκτὶ συναπῆλθον: γενομένης δὲ ἡμέρας ἀναπηδήσας ὁ Δάφνις περιχαρὴς ἤλανε ροίζῳ πολλῷ τὰς αἶγας εἰς τὴν νομὴν: καὶ τὴν Χλόην φιλήσας καὶ τὰς Νύμφας προσκυνήσας κατῆλθεν ἐπὶ θάλατταν, ὥς περιπράνασθαι θέλων: καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς ψάμμου πλησίον τῆς κυματωγῆς ἐβάδιζε ζητῶν τὰς τρισχιλίας. Ἐμελλε δὲ ἄρ' οὐ πολὺν κάματον ἔξειν: ὁ γὰρ δελφίς ὁ οὐκ ἀγαθὸν ὁδῶδώς αὐτῷ προσέπιπτεν ἐρριμμένος καὶ μυδῶν: οὗ τῇ σηπεδόνι καθάπερ ἡγεμόνι χρώμενος ὁδοῦ προσῆλθε τε εὐθὺς καὶ τὰ φυκία ἀφελὼν εὐρίσκει τὸ βαλάντιον ἀργυρίου μεστόν. Τοῦτο ἀνελόμενος καὶ εἰς τὴν πῆραν ἐνθέμενος οὐ πρόσθεν ἀπῆλθε, πρὶν τὰς Νύμφας εὐφημῆσαι καὶ αὐτὴν τὴν θάλατταν: καίπερ γὰρ αἰπόλος ὢν, ἥδη καὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἐνόμιζε τῆς γῆς γλυκυτέραν, ὥς εἰς τὸν γάμον αὐτῷ τὸν Χλόης συλλαμβάνουσαν.

Εἰλημμένος δὲ τῶν τρισχιλίων οὐκέτ' ἔμελλεν, ἀλλ' ὥς πάντων ἀνθρώπων πλουσιώτατος, οὐ μόνον τῶν ἐκεῖ γεωργῶν, αὐτίκα ἐλθὼν παρὰ τὴν Χλόην διηγεῖται τὸ ὄναρ, δέικνυσι τὸ βαλάντιον, κελεύει τὰς ἀγέλας φυλάττειν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐπανέλθῃ, καὶ συντείνας σοβεῖ παρὰ τὸν Δρύαντα. Καὶ εὐρὼν πυρούς τινας ἀλωνοτριβοῦντα μετὰ τῆς Νάπης πάνυ θρασὺν ἐμβάλλει λόγον περὶ γάμου. 'Ἐμοὶ δὸς Χλόην γυναικα: ἐγὼ καὶ συρίττειν οἶδα καλῶς καὶ κλᾶν ἄμπελον καὶ φυτὰ κατορύττειν: οἶδα καὶ γῆν ἄρουν καὶ λικμῆσαι πρὸς ἄνεμον. Ἀγέλην δὲ ὅπως νέμω μάρτυς Χλόη: πεντήκοντα αἶγας παραλαβὼν διπλασίονα πεποίηκα: ἔθρεψα καὶ τράγους μεγάλους καὶ καλοὺς: πρότερον δὲ ἄλλοτρίοις τὰς αἶγας ὑπεβάλλομεν. Ἀλλὰ καὶ νέος εἰμὶ καὶ γείτων ὑμῖν ἄμεμπτος: καὶ με ἔθρεψεν αἶξ, ὥς Χλόην οἷς. Τοσοῦτον δὲ τῶν ἄλλων κρατῶν οὐδὲ δώροις ἡττηθήσομαι. Ἐκεῖνοι δώσουσιν αἶγας καὶ πρόβατα καὶ ζευγὸς ψωραλέων βοῶν καὶ σῖτον μὴδὲ ἀλεκτορίδας θρέψαι δυνάμενον: παρ' ἐμοῦ δὲ αἶδε ὑμῖν τρισχίλια. Μόνον ἴστω τοῦτο μὴδεῖς, μὴ Λάμων αὐτὸς οὐμὸς πατήρ.' Ἄμα τ' ἐδίδου καὶ περιβαλὼν κατεφίλει.

Οἱ δὲ παρ' ἐλπίδα ἰδόντες τοσοῦτον ἀργύριον, αὐτίκα τε δώσειν ἐπηγγέλλοντο τὴν Χλόην καὶ πείσειν ὑπισχοῦντο τὸν Λάμωνα. Ἡ μὲν δὲ Νάπη μετὰ τοῦ Δάφνιδος αὐτοῦ μένουσα περιήλανε τὰς βοῦς καὶ τοῖς τριβόλοις κατειργάζετο τὸν στάχυν: ὁ δὲ Δρύας θησαυρίσας τὸ βαλάντιον ἔνθα ἀπέκειτο τὰ γνωρίσματα, ταχὺ παρὰ τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην ἐφέρετο, μέλλων παρ' αὐτῶν, τὸ καινότετον, μνασθαι νυμφίον. Εὐρὼν δὲ κάκείνους κριθία μετροῦντας οὐ πρὸ πολλοῦ λελικμημένα ἀθύμως τε ἔχοντας ὅτι μικροῦ δεῖν ὀλιγώτερα ἢν τῶν καταβληθέντων σπερμάτων, ἐπ' ἐκείνοις μὲν παρεμυθήσατο, κοινὴν ὁμολογήσας ἀφορίαν πανταχοῦ γεγονέναι, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ἡτεῖτο Χλόη καὶ ἔλεγεν ὅτι πολλὰ ἄλλων διδόντων, οὐδὲν παρ' αὐτῶν λήψεται, μᾶλλον δὲ τι οἴκοθεν αὐτοῖς ἐπιδώσει: συντετράφθαι γὰρ ἀλλήλοις

κάν τῷ νέμειν συνῆφθαι φιλία ῥαδίως λυθῆναι μὴ δυναμένη: ἤδη δὲ καὶ ἡλικίαν ἔχειν ὥς καθεύδειν μετ' ἀλλήλων. Ὁ μὲν οὖν ταῦτα καὶ ἔτι πλείω ἔλεγεν, οἷα τοῦ πείσαι ἄθλον ἔχων τὰς τρισχιλίας: ὁ δὲ Λάμων μήτε πενίαν ἔτι προβάλλεσθαι δυνάμενος 'αὐτοὶ γὰρ οὐχ ὑπερηφάνουν' μήτε ἡλικίαν Δάφνιδος ἥδη γὰρ μεираκίον ἦν τὸ μὲν ἀληθές οὐδ' ὥς ἐξηγόρευσεν, ὅτι κρεῖττων ἐστὶ τοιοῦτου γάμου, χρόνον δὲ σιωπήσας ὀλίγον οὕτως ἀπεκρίνατο

‘Δίκαια ποιεῖτε τοὺς γείτονας προτιμῶντες τῶν ξένων καὶ πενίας ἀγαθῆς πλοῦτον μὴ νομίζοντες κρεῖττονα. Ὁ Πάν ὑμᾶς καὶ αἱ Νύμφαι ἀντὶ τῶνδε φιλήσειαν. Ἐγὼ δὲ σπεύδω μὲν καὶ αὐτὸς τὸν γάμον τοῦτον: καὶ γὰρ ἂν μαινοίμην, εἰ μὴ γέρων τε ὢν ἤδη καὶ χειρὸς εἰς τὰ ἔργα περιττοτέρας δεόμενος ᾧμην καὶ τὸν ὑμέτερον οἶκον φίλον προσλαβεῖν: περισπούδαστος δὲ καὶ Χλόη, καλὴ καὶ ὠραία κόρη καὶ πάντα ἀγαθῇ: δοῦλος δὲ ὢν οὐδενός εἰμι τῶν ἐμῶν κύριος, ἀλλὰ δεῖ τὸν δεσπότην μανθάνοντα ταῦτα συγχωρεῖν. Φέρε οὖν ἀναβαλώμεθα τὸν γάμον εἰς τὸ μετόπωρον. Ἀφίξεσθαι τότε λέγουσιν αὐτὸν οἱ παραγενόμενοι πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐξ ἄστεος. Τότε ἔσονται ἀνὴρ καὶ γυνή: νῦν δὲ φιλείωσαν ἀλλήλους ὥς ἀδελφοί. Ἴσθι μόνον, ὦ Δρύα, τοσοῦτον: σπεύδεις περὶ μεираκίον κρεῖττον ἡμῶν.’

Καὶ ὁ μὲν ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐφίλησέ τε αὐτὸν καὶ ὥρεξε πότον ἤδη μεσημβρίας ἀκμαζούσης καὶ προύπεμψε μέχρι τινός, φιλοφρονούμενος πάντα: ὁ δὲ Δρύας οὐ παρέργως ἀκούσας τὸν ὕστερον λόγον τοῦ Λάμωνος ἐφρόντιζε βαδίζων καθ' αὐτὸν ὅστις ὁ Δάφνις. ‘Ἐτράφη μὲν ὑπ' αἰγὸς ὥς κηδομένων θεῶν: ἔστι δὲ καλὸς καὶ οὐδὲν ἐοικὼς σιμῷ γέροντι καὶ μαδώσῃ γυναικί: εὐπόρησε δὲ καὶ τρισχιλίων, ὅσον οὐδὲ ἀχράδων εἰκὸς ἔχειν αἰπόλον. Ἄρα καὶ τοῦτον ἐξέθηκέ τις ὥς Χλόην; Ἄρα καὶ τοῦτον εὔρε Λάμων ὥς ἐκείνην ἐγώ; Ἄρα καὶ γνωρίσματα ὅμοια παρέκειτο τοῖς εὐρεθεῖσιν ὑπ' ἐμοῦ; Ἐὰν ταῦτα οὕτως, ὦ δέσποτα Πάν καὶ Νύμφαι φίλαι, τάχα οὗτος τοὺς ἰδίους εὐρὼν εὐρήσει τι καὶ τῶν Χλόης ἀπορρήτων.’ Τοιαῦτα μὲν πρὸς αὐτὸν ἐφρόντιζε καὶ ὠνειροπόλει μέχρι τῆς ἄλω: ἐλθὼν δὲ ἐκεῖ καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν μετέωρον πρὸς τὴν ἀκοὴν καταλαβὼν ἀνέρρωσέ τε γαμβρὸν προσαγορεύσας καὶ τῷ μετοπώρῳ τοὺς γάμους θύσειν ἐπαγγέλλεται, δεξιάν τε ἔδωκεν ὥς οὐδενὸς ἐσομένης ὅτι μὴ Δάφνιδος Χλόης.

Θᾶπτον οὖν νοήματος, μηδὲν πῶν μηδὲ φαγὼν παρὰ τὴν Χλόην κατέδραμε: καὶ εὐρὼν αὐτὴν ἀμέλγουσαν καὶ τυροποιοῦσαν, τόν τε γάμον εὐηγγελίζετο καὶ ὥς γυναῖκα λοιπὸν μὴ λανθάνων κατεφίλει καὶ ἐκοινώνει τοῦ πόνου. Ἦμελγε μὲν εἰς γαυλοὺς τὸ γάλα, ἐνεπήγνυ δὲ ταρσοῖς τοὺς τυρούς, προσέβαλλε δὲ ταῖς μητράσι τοὺς ἄρνας καὶ τοὺς ἐρίφους. Καλῶς δὲ ἐχόντων τούτων ἀπελούσαντο, ἐνέφαγον, ἔπιον, περιήεσαν ζητοῦντες ὁπώραν ἀκμάζουσιν. Ἦν δὲ ἀφθονία πολλὴ διὰ τὸ τῆς ὥρας πάμφορον: πολλαὶ μὲν ἀχράδες, πολλαὶ δὲ ὄχναι, πολλὰ δὲ μῆλα: τὰ μὲν ἤδη πεπτωκότα κάτω, τὰ δὲ ἔτι ἐπὶ τῶν φυτῶν: τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς εὐωδέστερα, τὰ ἐπὶ τῶν κλάδων εὐανθέστερα: τὰ μὲν οἶον οἶνος ἀπῶξε, τὰ δὲ οἶον χρυσὸς ἀπέλαμπε. Μία μὴλέα ἐτετρύγητο καὶ οὔτε καρπὸν εἶχεν οὔτε φύλλον: γυμνοὶ πάντες ἦσαν οἱ κλάδοι: καὶ ἐν μῆλον ἐλέλειπτο ἐν αὐτοῖς ἄκροις ἀκρότατον, μέγα καὶ καλὸν καὶ τῶν πολλῶν τὴν εὐωδίαν ἐνίκα μόνον: ἔδεισεν ὁ τρυγῶν ἀνελθεῖν,

ἡμέλησε καθελεῖν: τάχα δὲ καὶ ἐφύλαττε τὸ καλὸν μῆλον ἐρωτικῶς ποιμένι.

Τοῦτο τὸ μῆλον ὡς εἶδεν ὁ Δάφνις, ὥρμα τρυγᾶν ἀνελθὼν καὶ Χλόης κωλυούσης ἡμέλησεν: ἡ μὲν ἀμεληθεῖσα, ὀργισθεῖσα πρὸς τὰς ἀγέλας ἀπῆλθε: Δάφνις δὲ ἀναδραμὼν ἐφίκετο τρυγῆσαι καὶ ἐκόμισε δῶρον Χλόη καὶ λόγον τοιόνδ' εἶπεν ὀργισμένη 'ὦ παρθέने, τοῦτο τὸ μῆλον ἔφυσαν Ὁραι καλαὶ καὶ φυτὸν καλὸν ἔθρεψε πεπαίνοντος ἡλίου, καὶ ἐτήρησε Τύχη. Καὶ οὐκ ἔμελλον αὐτὸ καταλιπεῖν ὀφθαλμοὺς ἔχων, ἵνα πέσῃ χαμαὶ καὶ ἡ ποιμνιον αὐτὸ πατήσῃ νεμόμενον ἢ ἐρπετὸν φαρμάξῃ συρόμενον ἢ χρόνος δαπανήσῃ κείμενον. Βλεπόμενον ἐπαινούμενον. Τοῦτο Ἀφροδίτη κάλλους ἔλαβεν ἄθλον: τοῦτο ἐγὼ σοὶ δίδωμι νικητήριον. Ὅμοίως ἔχομεν τοὺς σοὺς μάρτυρας: ἐκεῖνος ἦν ποιμήν, αἰπόλος ἐγώ.' Ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐντίθησι τοῖς κόλποις: ἡ δὲ ἐγγὺς γενόμενον κατεφίλησεν, ὥστε ὁ Δάφνις οὐ μετέγνω τολμήσας ἀνελθεῖν εἰς τοσοῦτον ὕψος: ἔλαβε γὰρ κρεῖττον καὶ χρυσοῦ μῆλου φίλημα.

BOOK IV.

Ἦκων δέ τις ἐκ τῆς Μυτιλήνης ὁμόδουλος τοῦ Λάμωνος ἡγγεilen ὅτι ὀλίγον πρὸ τοῦ τρυγητοῦ ὁ δεσπότης ἀφίξεται μαθησόμενος μὴ τι τοὺς ἀγροὺς ὁ τῶν Μηθυμναίων ἐπίπλους ἐλυμήνατο. Ἦδη οὖν τοῦ θέρου ἀπionτος καὶ τοῦ μετοπώρου προσiόντος παρεσκεύαζεν αὐτῷ τὴν καταγωγὴν ὁ Λάμων εἰς πᾶσαν θέας ἡδονήν. Πηγὰς ἐξεκάθαιρεν, ὥς τὸ ὕδωρ καθαρὸν ἔχοιεν: τὴν κόπρον ἐξεφόρει τῆς αὐλῆς, ὥς ἀπόζουσα μὴ διοχλοίη: τὸν παράδεισον ἐθεράπευεν, ὥς ὀφθεῖη καλός.

Ἦν δὲ ὁ παράδεισος πάγκαλόν τι χρῆμα καὶ κατὰ τοὺς βασιλικούς. Ἐξετέτατο μὲν εἰς σταδίου μῆκος, ἐπέκειτο δὲ ἐν χώρῳ μετεώρῳ, τὸ εὖρος ἔχων πλέθρων τεττάρων. Εἶκασεν ἄν τις αὐτὸν πεδίῳ μακρῷ. Εἶχε δὲ πάντα δένδρα, μηλέας, μυρρίνας, ὄχνας καὶ ροιάς καὶ συκῆν καὶ ἐλαίας: ἐτέρωθι ἄμπελον ὑψηλήν: καὶ ἐπέκειτο ταῖς μηλέαις καὶ ταῖς ὄχναις περκάζουσα, καθάπερ περὶ τοῦ καρποῦ αὐταῖς προσερίζουσα. Τοσαῦτα τὰ ἡμερα. Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ κυάριττοι καὶ δάφναι καὶ πλάτανοι καὶ πίτυς. Ταύταις πάσαις ἀντὶ τῆς ἀμπέλου κιττὸς ἐπέκειτο: καὶ ὁ κόρυμβος αὐτοῦ μέγας ὢν καὶ μελαινόμενος βότρυν ἐμιμῆτο. Ἐνδον ἦν τὰ καρποφόρα φυτά, καθάπερ φρουρούμενα: ἔξωθεν περιειστῆκει τὰ ἄκαρπα, καθάπερ θριγκὸς χειροποίητος: ταῦτα μέντοι λεπτῆς αἵμασιᾶς περιέθει περίβολος. Ἐτέμνητο καὶ διακέκριτο πάντα καὶ στέλεχος στελέχους ἀφειστήκει, ἐν μετεώρῳ δὲ οἱ κλάδοι συνέπιπτον ἀλλήλοις καὶ ἐπήλλαττον τὰς κόμας: ἐδόκει μέντοι καὶ ἡ τούτων φύσις εἶναι τέχνη. Ἦσαν καὶ ἀνθῶν πρασιαί, ὧν τὰ μὲν ἔφερεν ἡ γῆ, τὰ δὲ ἐποίει τέχνη: ῥοδωνιά καὶ ὑάκινθοι καὶ κρίνα χειρὸς ἔργα: ἰωνιάς καὶ ναρκίσσους καὶ ἀναγαλλίδας ἔφερεν ἡ γῆ. Σκιά τε ἦν θερούς καὶ ἥρος ἄνθη καὶ μετοπώρου ὁπώρα καὶ κατὰ πᾶσαν ὥραν τρυφή.

Ἐντεῦθεν εὖοπτον μὲν ἦν τὸ πεδῖον καὶ ἦν ὁρᾶν τοὺς νέμοντας, εὖοπτος δ' ἡ θάλαττα καὶ ἐωρῶντο οἱ παραπλέοντες: ὥστε καὶ ταῦτα μέρος ἐγίνετο τῆς ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ τρυφῆς. Ἵνα τοῦ παραδείσου τὸ μεσαίτατον ἐπὶ μῆκος καὶ εὖρος ἦν, νεὼς Διονύσου καὶ βωμὸς ἦν: περιεῖχε τὸν μὲν βωμὸν κιττὸς, τὸν νεῶν δὲ κλήματα. Εἶχε δὲ καὶ ἐνδοθεν ὁ νεὼς Διονυσιακὰς γραφάς: Σεμέλην τίκτουςαν, Ἀριάδνην καθεύδουσαν, Λυκοῦργον δεδεμένον, Πενθέα διαιρούμενον: ἐπῆσαν καὶ Ἰνδοὶ νικῶμενοι καὶ Τυρρηνοὶ μεταμορφούμενοι: πανταχοῦ Σάτυροι πατοῦντες, πανταχοῦ Βάκχαι χορεύουσαι: οὐδὲ ὁ Πάν ἡμέλητο: ἐκαθέζετο δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς συρίττων ἐπὶ πέτρας, ὁμοῖος ἐνδιδόντι κοινὸν μέλος καὶ τοῖς πατοῦσι καὶ ταῖς χορευούσαις.

Τοιοῦτον ὄντα τὸν παράδεισον ὁ Λάμων ἐθεράπευε, τὰ ξηρὰ ἀποτέμνων, τὰ κλήματα ἀναλαμβάνων. Τὸν Διόνυσον ἐστεφάνωσε: τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ὕδωρ ἐπωχέτευσε. Πηγὴ τις ἦν, ἣν εὖρεν ἐς τὰ ἄνθη Δάφνις: ἐσχόλαζε μὲν τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ἡ πηγὴ, Δάφνιδος δὲ ὁμῶς ἐκαλεῖτο πηγὴ. Παρεκελεύετο δὲ καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι ὁ Λάμων παιίνειν τὰς αἴγας ὥς δυνατόν μάλιστα, πάντως πού κάκεινας λέγων ὄψεσθαι τὸν δεσπότην ἀφικόμενον διὰ μακροῦ. Ὁ δὲ ἐθάρρει μὲν ὥς ἐπαινethσόμενος ἐπ' αὐταῖς: διπλασίονάς τε γὰρ ὢν ἔλαβεν ἐποίησε

καὶ λύκος οὐδὲ μίαν ἤρπασε, καὶ ἦσαν πότεραι τῶν οἰῶν: βουλόμενος δὲ προθυμότερον αὐτὸν γενέσθαι πρὸς τὸν γάμον πᾶσαν θεραπείαν καὶ προθυμίαν προσέφερεν, ἐξάγων τε αὐτὰς πάνυ ἔωθεν καὶ ἀπάγων τὸ δειλινόν. Δις ἡγεῖτο ἐπὶ πότον: ἀνεζήτει τὰ εὐνομώτατα τῶν χωρίων: ἐμέλησεν αὐτῷ καὶ σκαφίδων καινῶν καὶ γαυλῶν πολλῶν καὶ ταρσῶν μειζόνων: τοσαύτη δὲ ἦν κηδεμονία, ὥστε καὶ τὰ κέρατα ἤλειφε καὶ τὰς τρίχας ἐθεράπευε. Πανὸς ἄν τις ἱερὰν ἀγέλην ἔδοξεν ὀρᾶν. Ἐκοινῶνει δὲ παντὸς εἰς αὐτὰς καμάτου καὶ ἡ Χλόη, καὶ τῆς ποιμένης παραμελοῦσα τὸ πλεον ἐκείναις ἐσχόλαζεν, ὥστε ἐνόμιζεν ὁ Δάφνις δι' ἐκείνην αὐτὰς φαίνεσθαι καλὰς.

Ἐν τούτοις οὖσιν αὐτοῖς δευτερος ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν ἐξ ἄστεος ἐκέλευεν ἀποτρυγᾶν τὰς ἀμπέλους ὅτι τάχιστα, καὶ αὐτὸς ἔφη παραμενεῖν ἕστ' ἂν τοὺς βότρυς ποιήσωσι γλεῦκος, εἴτα οὕτως κατελθὼν εἰς τὴν πόλιν ἄξειν τὸν δεσπότην ἤδη τῆς μετοπωρινῆς τρύγης. Τοῦτόν τε οὖν τὸν Εὐδρόμον οὕτω γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο, ὅτι ἦν αὐτῷ ἔργον τρέχειν' ἐδεξιοῦντο πᾶσαν δεξίωσιν καὶ ἅμα τὰς ἀμπέλους ἀπετρύγων, τοὺς βότρυς ἐς τὰς ληνοὺς κομίζοντες, τὸ γλεῦκος εἰς τοὺς πίθους φέροντες, τῶν βοτρυῶν τοὺς ἡβῶντας ἐπὶ κλημάτων ἀφαιροῦντες, ὡς εἶη καὶ τοῖς ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐλθοῦσιν ἐν εἰκόνι καὶ ἡδονῇ γενέσθαι τρυγητοῦ.

Μέλλοντος δὲ ἡδὴ σοβεῖν ἐς ἄστὺ τοῦ Εὐδρόμου καὶ ἄλλα μὲν οὐκ ὀλίγα αὐτῷ Δάφνις ἔδωκεν, ἔδωκε δὲ καὶ ὅσα ἀπ' αἰπολίου δῶρα, τυροὺς εὐπαγεῖς, ἔριφον ὀψίγονον, δέρμα αἰγὸς λευκὸν καὶ λάσιον, ὡς ἔχοι χειμῶνος ἐπιβάλλεσθαι τρέχων. Ὁ δὲ ἤδετο καὶ ἐφίλει τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ ἀγαθὸν τι εἶναι περὶ αὐτοῦ πρὸς τὸν δεσπότην ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ ὁ μὲν ἀπῆει φίλα φρονῶν, ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἀγωνιῶν τῇ Χλόῃ συνένεμεν. Εἶχε δὲ κακείνην πολὺ δέος: μειράκιον γὰρ εἰωθὸς αἶγας βλέπειν καὶ οἷς καὶ γεωργοὺς καὶ Χλόην πρῶτον ἔμελλεν ὀψεσθαι δεσπότην, οὐ πρότερον μόνον ἦκουε τοῦνομα. Ὑπὲρ τε οὖν τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἐφρόντιζεν, ὅπως ἐντεύξεται τῷ δεσπότηι καὶ περὶ τοῦ γάμου τὴν ψυχὴν ἐταράττετο, μὴ μάτην ὄνειροπολοῦσιν αὐτόν. Συνεχῇ μὲν οὖν τὰ φιλήματα καὶ ὥσπερ συμπεφυκότων αἱ περιβολαί: καὶ τὰ φιλήματα δειλὰ ἦν καὶ αἱ περιβολαὶ σκυθρωπαί, καθάπερ ἤδη παρόντα τὸν δεσπότην φοβουμένων ἢ λανθανόντων. Προσγίνεται δὲ τις αὐτοῖς καὶ τοιόσδε τάραχος.

Λάμπις τις ἦν ἀγέρωχος βουκόλος. Οὗτος καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμνάτο τὴν Χλόην παρὰ τοῦ Δρύαντος καὶ δῶρα ἤδη πολλὰ ἐδέδωκεν σπεύδων τὸν γάμον. Αἰσθόμενος οὖν ὥς, εἰ συγχωρηθεῖ παρὰ τοῦ δεσπότη, Δάφνις αὐτὴν ἄζεται, τέχνην ἐξήτει, δι' ἧς τὸν δεσπότην αὐτοῖς ποιήσει πικρόν: καὶ εἰδὼς πάνυ αὐτὸν τῷ παραδείσῳ τερπόμενον, ἔγνω τοῦτον ὅσον οἶός τέ ἐστι διαφθεῖραι καὶ ἀποκοσμησαί. Δένδρα μὲν οὖν τέμνων ἔμελλεν ἀλώσεσθαι διὰ τὸν κτύπον: ἐπέιχε δὲ τοῖς ἄνθεσιν, ὥστε διαφθεῖραι αὐτά. Νύκτα δὲ φυλάζας καὶ ὑπερβάς τὴν αἵμασιαν τὰ μὲν ἀνῶρυξε, τὰ δὲ κατέκλασε, τὰ δὲ κατεπάτησεν ὥσπερ σῦς. Καὶ ὁ μὲν λαθὼν ἀπεληλύθει: Λάμων δὲ τῆς ἐπιούσης παρελθὼν εἰς τὸν κήπον ἔμελλεν ὕδωρ αὐτοῖς ἐκ τῆς πηγῆς ἐπάξειν. Ἰδὼν δὲ πᾶν τὸ χωρίον δεδηωμένον καὶ ἔργον οἶον ἂν ἐχθρός, οὐ ληστής ἐργάσαιτο, κατερρήξατο μὲν εὐθὺς τὸν χιτωνίσκον, βοῇ δὲ μεγάλῃ θεοὺς ἀνεκάλει, ὥστε καὶ ἡ Μυρτάλη τὰ ἐν χερσὶ καταλιποῦσα ἐξέδραμε καὶ ὁ

Δάφνις ἐάσας τὰς αἴγας ἀνέδραμε· καὶ ἰδόντες ἐβόων καὶ βοῶντες ἐδάκρουν.

Ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν πτοοῦμενοι τὸν δεσπότην ἔκλαον· ἔκλαυσε δ' ἂν τις καὶ ξένος ἐπιστάς· ἀπεκεκόσμητο γὰρ ὁ τόπος καὶ ἦν λοιπὸν γῆ πηλώδης. Τῶν δὲ εἴ τι διέφυγε τὴν ὕβριν, ὑπὴνθει καὶ ἔλαμπε καὶ ἦν ἔτι καλὸν καὶ κείμενον. Ἐπέκειντο δὲ αὐτοῖς καὶ μέλιτται συνεχῆς καὶ ἄπαυστον βομβοῦσαι καὶ θρηνοῦσαις ὅμοιον. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Λάμων ὑπ' ἐκπλήξεως κάκεῖνα ἔλεγε 'Φεῦ τῆς ῥοδωνιάς, ὡς κατακέκλασται· φεῦ τῆς ἰωνιάς, ὡς πεπάτῃται· φεῦ τῶν ὑακίνθων καὶ τῶν ναρκίσσων, οὓς ἀνώρυξέ τις πονηρὸς ἄνθρωπος. Ἀφίξεται τὸ ἦρ, τὰ δὲ οὐκ ἀνθήσει· ἔσται τὸ θέρος, τὰ δὲ οὐκ ἀκμάσει· τὸ μετόπωρον, τὰ δὲ οὐδένα στεφανώσει. Οὐδὲ σύ, δέσποτα Διόνυσε, τὰ ἄθλια ταῦτα ἠλέησας ἄνθη, οἷς παρῶκεις, ἃ ἔβλεπες, ἀφ' ὧν ἐστεφάνωσά σε πολλάκις; Πῶς δείξω νῦν τὸν παράδεισον τῷ δεσπότη; Τίς ἐκεῖνος θεασάμενος ἔσται; Κρεμᾷ γέροντα ἄνθρωπον ἐκ μιᾶς πίτυος ὡς Μαρσύαν· τάχα δὲ καὶ Δάφνιν, ὡς τῶν αἰγῶν ταῦτα εἰργασμένων.'

Δάκρυα ἦν ἐπὶ τούτοις θερμότερα, καὶ ἐθρήνουν τὰ ἄνθη λοιπόν, ἀλλὰ τὰς αὐτῶν συμφοράς. Ἐθρήνει καὶ Χλόη Δάφνιν εἰ κρεμήσεται καὶ εὐχετο μηκέτι ἔλθειν τὸν δεσπότην αὐτῶν καὶ ἡμέρας διήντλει μοχθηράς, ὡς ἤδη Δάφνιν βλέπουσα μαστιγούμενον. Καὶ δὴ νυκτὸς ἀρχομένης ὁ Εὐδρομος αὐτοῖς ἀπήγγελλεν ὅτι ὁ μὲν πρεσβύτερος δεσπότης μεθ' ἡμέρας ἀφίξεται τρεῖς, ὁ δὲ παῖς αὐτοῦ τῆς ἐπιούσης πρόσεισι. Σκέψις οὖν ἦ περὶ τῶν συμβεβηκότων καὶ κοινῶν εἰς τὴν γνώμην τὸν Εὐδρομον παρελάβανον· ὁ δὲ εὐνοὺς ὦν τῷ Δάφνιδι παρήγει τὸ συμβὰν ὁμολογῆσαι πρότερον τῷ νέῳ δεσπότῃ καὶ αὐτὸς συμπράξειν ἐπηγγέλλετο, τιμώμενος ὡς ὁμογάλακτος· καὶ ἡμέρας γενομένης οὕτως ἐποίησαν.

Ἦκε μὲν ὁ Ἀστύλος ἐπὶ ἵππου καὶ παράσιτος αὐτοῦ, καὶ οὗτος ἐπὶ ἵππου· ὁ μὲν ἀρτιγένειος, ὁ δὲ Γνάθων 'τουτὶ γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο τὸν πώγωνα ξυρῶμενος πάλαι· ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἅμα τῇ Μυρτάλῃ καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν αὐτοῦ καταπεσὼν ἰκέτευεν οἰκτεῖραι γέροντα ἀτυχή καὶ πατρώας ὀργῆς ἐξαρπάσαι τὸν οὐδὲν ἀδικήσαντα, ἅμα τε αὐτῷ καταλέγει πάντα. Οἰκτεῖρει τὴν ἰκεσίαν ὁ Ἀστύλος καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν παράδεισον ἐλθὼν καὶ τὴν ἀπώλειαν τῶν ἀνθέων ἰδὼν αὐτὸς ἔφη παραιτήσεσθαι τὸν πατέρα καὶ κατηγορήσειν τῶν ἵππων, ὡς ἐκεῖ δεθέντες ἐξύβρισαν καὶ τὰ μὲν κατέκλασαν, τὰ δὲ κατεπάτησαν, τὰ δὲ ἀνώρυξαν λυθέντες. Ἐπὶ τούτοις εὐχοντο μὲν αὐτῷ πάντα τὰ ἀγαθὰ Λάμων καὶ Μυρτάλη· Δάφνις δὲ δῶρα προσεκόμισεν ἐρίφους, τυρούς, ὄρνιθας καὶ τὰ ἔκγονα αὐτῶν, βότρυς ἐπὶ κλημάτων, μῆλα ἐπὶ κλάδων. Ἦν ἐν τοῖς δώροις καὶ ἀνθοσμίας οἶνος Λέσβιος, ποθῆναι κάλλιστος οἶνος.

Ὁ μὲν δὴ Ἀστύλος ἐπὶ ταῦτα καὶ περὶ θήραν εἶχε λαγῶν, οἷα πλούσιος νεανίσκος καὶ τρυφῶν ἀεὶ καὶ ἀφιγμένος εἰς τὸν ἀγρὸν εἰς ἀπόλαυσιν ξένης ἡδονῆς. Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων, οἷα μαθὼν ἐσθίειν ἄνθρωπος καὶ πίνειν εἰς μέθην καὶ λαγνεύειν μετὰ τὴν μέθην καὶ οὐδὲν ἄλλο ὦν ἢ γνάθος καὶ γαστήρ καὶ τὰ ὑπὸ γαστέρα, οὐ παρέργως εἶδε τὸν Δάφνιν τὰ δῶρα κομίσαντα, ἀλλὰ καὶ φύσει παιδεραστῆς ὦν καὶ κάλλος οἶον οὐδὲ ἐπὶ τῆς πόλεως εὐρών, ἐπιθέσθαι ἔγνω τῷ Δάφνιδι καὶ πείσειν ᾧετο ῥαδίως ὡς αἰπόλον. Γνοὺς δὲ ταῦτα θήρας μὲν οὐκ ἐκοινώνει τῷ Ἀστύλῳ, κατιῶν δὲ ἵνα ἔνεμεν ὁ Δάφνις, λόγῳ μὲν τῶν

αἰγῶν, τὸ δὲ ἀληθὲς Δάφνιδος ἐγένετο θεατῆς· μαλθαῶν δὲ αὐτὸν τὰς τε αἴγας ἐπῆναι καὶ συρίσαι τὸ αἰπολικὸν ἤξιωσε καὶ ἔφη ταχέως ἐλεύθερον θήσιν τὸ πᾶν δυνάμενος.

Ὡς δὲ εἶχε χειροήθη, νύκτωρ λοχήσας ἐκ τῆς νομῆς ἐλαύνοντα τὰς αἴγας πρῶτον μὲν ἐφύλησε προσδραμών, εἶτα ὀπισθεν παρασχεῖν τοιοῦτον οἶον αἱ αἴγες τοῖς τράγοις. Τοῦ δὲ βραδέως νοήσαντος καὶ λέγοντος, ὡς αἴγας μὲν βαίνειν τράγους καλόν, τράγον δὲ οὐπώποτε εἶδε τις βαίνοντα τράγον οὐδὲ κριὸν ἀντὶ τῶν οἴων κριὸν οὐδὲ ἀλεκτρυόνας ἀντὶ τῶν ἀλεκτοριδῶν ἀλεκτρυόνας, οἷος ἦν ὁ Γνάθων βιάζεσθαι τὰς χεῖρας προσφέρων· ὁ δὲ μεθύοντα ἄνθρωπον καὶ ἐστῶτα μόλις παρωσάμενος ἐσφηλεν εἰς τὴν γῆν καὶ ὥσπερ σκύλαξ ἀποδραμὼν κείμενον κατέλιπεν ἀνδρὸς, οὐ παιδὸς πρὸς χειραγωγίαν δεόμενον· καὶ οὐκέτι προσίετο ὅλως, ἀλλ' ἄλλοτε ἄλλη τὰς αἴγας ἔνεμεν, ἐκεῖνον μὲν φεύγων, Χλόην δὲ τηρῶν. Οὐδὲ ὁ Γνάθων ἔτι περιεργάζετο, καταμαθὼν ὡς οὐ μόνον καλὸς, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἰσχυρὸς ἐστίν· ἐπετῆρει δὲ καιρὸν διαλεχθῆναι περὶ αὐτοῦ τῷ Ἀστύλῳ καὶ ἡλπιζε δῶρον αὐτὸν ἔξειν παρὰ τοῦ νεανίσκου πολλὰ καὶ μεγάλα χαρίζεσθαι θέλοντος.

Τότε μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἡδυνήθη, προσῆι γὰρ ὁ Διονυσοφάνης ἅμα τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ, καὶ ἦν θόρυβος πολὺς κτηνῶν, οἰκετῶν, ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν· μετὰ δὲ τοῦτο συνέταττε λόγον καὶ ἐρωτικὸν καὶ μακρόν. Ἦν δὲ ὁ Διονυσοφάνης μεσαιπόλιος μὲν ἦδη, μέγας δὲ καὶ καλὸς καὶ μειρακίοις ἀμιλλᾶσθαι δυνάμενος· ἀλλὰ καὶ πλούσιος ἐν ὀλίγοις καὶ χρηστὸς ὡς οὐδεὶς ἕτερος. Οὗτος ἐλθὼν τῇ πρώτῃ μὲν ἡμέρᾳ θεοῖς ἔθυσεν, ὅσοι προεστᾶσιν ἀγροικίας, Δήμητρι καὶ Διονύσῳ καὶ Πανὶ καὶ Νύμφαις, καὶ κοινὸν πᾶσι τοῖς παροῦσιν ἔστησε κρατῆρα· ταῖς δὲ ἄλλαις ἡμέραις ἐπεσκόπει τὰ τοῦ Λάμωνος ἔργα. Καὶ ὁρῶν τὰ μὲν πεδία ἐν αὐλακί, τὰς δὲ ἀμπέλους ἐν κλήματι, τὸν δὲ παράδεισον ἐν κάλλει· περὶ γὰρ τῶν ἀνθέων Ἀστύλος τὴν αἰτίαν ἀνελάμβανε· ἦδετο περιττῶς καὶ τὸν Λάμωνα ἐπῆναι καὶ ἐλεύθερον θήσιν ἐπηγγέλλετο. Κατήλθε μετὰ ταῦτα καὶ εἰς τὸ αἰπόλιον τὰς τε αἴγας ὀψόμενος καὶ τὸν νέμοντα.

Χλόη μὲν οὖν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ἔφυγεν, ὄχλον τοσοῦτον αἰδεσθεῖσα καὶ φοβηθεῖσα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις εἰστήκει δέρμα λάσιον αἰγὸς ἐξωσμένος, πήραν νεορραφῇ κατὰ τῶν ὤμων ἐξηρημένος, κρατῶν ταῖς χερσὶν ἀμφοτέραις τῇ μὲν ἄρτιπαγεῖς τυρούς, τῇ δὲ ἐρίφους γαλαθηνούς. Εἴ ποτε Ἀπόλλων Λαομέδοντι θητεύων ἐβουκόλησε, τοιόσδε ἦν, οἷος τότε ὦφθη Δάφνις. Αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν εἶπεν οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ ἐρυθήματος πλησθεὶς ἔνευσε κάτω, προτείνας τὰ δῶρα· ὁ δὲ Λάμων 'οὔτος' εἶπε 'σοί, δέσποτα, τῶν αἰγῶν αἰπόλος. Σὺ μὲν ἐμοὶ πεντήκοντα νέμειν δέδωκας καὶ δύο τράγους, οὗτος δὲ σοι πεποίηκεν ἑκατὸν καὶ δέκα τράγους. Ὅρᾳς ὡς λιπαραὶ καὶ τὰς τρίχας λάσαι καὶ τὰ κέρατα ἄθραυστοι. Πεποίηκε δὲ αὐτὰς καὶ μουσικὰς· σύριγγος γοῦν ἀκούουσαι ποιοῦσι πάντα.'

Παροῦσα δὲ τοῖς λεγομένοις ἡ Κλεαρίστη πεῖραν ἐπεθύμησε τοῦ λεχθέντος λαβεῖν καὶ κελεύει τὸν Δάφνιν ταῖς αἰξὶν οἶον εἴωθε συρίσαι καὶ ἐπαγγέλλεται συρίσαντι χαριεῖσθαι χιτῶνα καὶ χλαῖναν καὶ ὑποδήματα. Ὁ δὲ καθίσας αὐτοὺς ὥσπερ θέατρον, στὰς ὑπὸ τῇ φηγῷ κάκ τῆς πήρας τὴν σύριγγα

προκομίσας πρώτα μὲν ὀλίγον ἐνέπνευσε· καὶ αἱ αἶγες ἔστησαν τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀράμεναι· εἶτα ἐνέπνευσε τὸ νόμιον, καὶ αἱ αἶγες ἐνέμοντο νεύσασαι κάτω· αὐθις λιγυρὸν ἐνέδωκε, καὶ ἄθροαι κατεκλίνησαν· ἐσύρισε τι καὶ ὄξυ μέλος, αἱ δὲ ὥσπερ λύκου προσιόντος εἰς τὴν ὕλην κατέφυγον· μετ' ὀλίγον ἀνακλητικὸν ἐφθέγγατο, καὶ ἐξελθοῦσαι τῆς ὕλης πλησίον αὐτοῦ τῶν ποδῶν συνέδραμον. Οὐδὲ ἀνθρώπους οἰκέτας εἶδεν ἄν τις οὕτω πειθομένους προστάγματι δεσπότη. Οἱ τε οὖν ἄλλοι πάντες ἐθαύμαζον καὶ πρὸ πάντων ἡ Κλεαρίστη καὶ τὰ δῶρα ἀποδώσειν ὥμοσε καλῶ τε ὄντι αἰπόλῳ καὶ μουσικῷ· καὶ ἀνελθόντες εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν ἀμφὶ ἄριστον εἶχον καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι ἀφ' ὧν ἥσθιον ἔπεμψαν.

Ὁ δὲ μετὰ τῆς Χλόης ἥσθιε καὶ ἦδετο γευόμενος ἀστικῆς ὀσφαρτυσίας καὶ εὐελπὶς ἦν τεύξεσθαι τοῦ γάμου, πείσας τοὺς δεσπότης. Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων προσεκκαυθεὶς τοῖς κατὰ τὸ αἰπόλιον γεγεννημένοις καὶ ἀβίωτον νομίζων τὸν βίον, εἰ μὴ τεύζεται Δάφνιδος, περιπατοῦντα τὸν Ἀστύλον ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ φυλάξας καὶ ἀναγαγὼν εἰς τὸν τοῦ Διονύσου νεῶν πόδας καὶ χεῖρας κατεφίλει. Τοῦ δὲ πυνθανομένου τίνος ἔνεκα ταῦτα δρᾷ, καὶ λέγειν κελεύοντος καὶ ὑπουργήσειν ὁμνύοντος, 'οἶχεται σοι Γνάθων' ἔφη 'δέσποτα. Ὁ μέχρι νῦν μόνης τραπέζης τῆς σῆς ἐρῶν, ὁ πρότερον ὁμνύς ὅτι μηδέν ἐστιν ὠραιότερον οἴνου γέροντος, ὁ κρείττους τῶν ἐφήβων τῶν ἐν Μυτιλήνῃ τοὺς σοὺς ὀσφαρτυτὰς λέγων, μόνον λοιπὸν καλὸν εἶναι Δάφνιν νομίζω. Καὶ τροφῆς μὲν τῆς πολυτελοῦς οὐ γεύομαι, καίτοι τοσοῦτων παρασκευαζομένων ἐκάστης ἡμέρας κρεῶν, ἰχθύων, μελιτωμάτων, ἡδέως δ' ἂν αἷξ γενόμενος πόαν ἐσθίοιμι καὶ φύλλα, τῆς Δάφνιδος ἀκούων σύριγγος καὶ ὑπ' ἐκείνου νεμόμενος. Σὺ δὲ σῶσον Γνάθωνα τὸν σὸν καὶ τὸν ἀήτητον ἔρωτα νίκησον. Εἰ δὲ μὴ, σὲ ἐπόμενυμι, τὸν ἐμὸν θεόν, ξιφίδιον λαβὼν καὶ ἐμπλήσας τὴν γαστέρα τροφῆς ἐμαυτὸν ἀποκτενῶ πρὸ τῶν Δάφνιδος θυρῶν· σὺ δὲ οὐκέτι καλέσεις Γναθωνάριον, ὥσπερ εἰώθεις παίζων ἀεί.'

Οὐκ ἀντέσχε κλάοντι καὶ αὐθις τοὺς πόδας καταφιλοῦντι νεανίσκος μεγάλοφρων καὶ οὐκ ἄπειρος ἐρωτικῆς λύπης, ἀλλ' αἰτήσιν αὐτὸν παρὰ τοῦ πατρὸς ἐπηγγέιλαι καὶ κομεῖν εἰς τὴν πόλιν αὐτῷ μὲν δοῦλον, ἐκείνῳ δὲ ἐρώμενον. Εἰς εὐθυμίαν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ἐκείνον θέλων προαγαγεῖν ἐπυνθάνετο μειδιῶν εἰ οὐκ αἰσχύνεται Λάμωνος υἱὸν φιλῶν, ἀλλὰ καὶ σπουδάζει συγκατακλινῆναι νέμοντι αἶγας μεираκίῳ· καὶ ἅμα ὑπεκρίνετο τὴν τραγικὴν δυσωδίαν μυσάττεσθαι. Ὁ δέ, οἷα πᾶσαν ἐρωτικὴν μυθολογίαν ἐν τοῖς τῶν ἀσώτων συμποσίοις πεπαιδευμένος, οὐκ ἀπὸ σκοποῦ καὶ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ καὶ ὑπὲρ τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἔλεγεν 'οὐδεὶς ταῦτα, δέσποτα, ἐραστῆς πολυπραγμονεῖ· ἀλλ' ἐν οἷῳ ποτε ἂν σώματι εὗρη τὸ κάλλος, ἐάλωκε. Διὰ τοῦτο καὶ φυτοῦ τις ἡράσθη καὶ ποταμοῦ καὶ θηρίου. Καίτοι τίς οὐκ ἂν ἐραστὴν ἠλέησεν, ὃν ἔδει φοβεῖσθαι τὸν ἐρώμενον; Ἐγὼ δὲ σώματος μὲν ἐρῶ δούλου, κάλλους δὲ ἐλευθέρου. Ὅρᾳς ὡς ὑακίνθῳ μὲν τὴν κόμην ὁμοίαν ἔχει, λάμπουσι δὲ ὑπὸ ταῖς ὀφρύσιν οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ καθάπερ ἐν χρυσῇ σφενδόνῃ ψηφίς; Καὶ τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐρυθίματος μεστόν, τὸ δὲ στόμα λευκῶν ὀδόντων ὥσπερ ἐλέφαντος. Τίς ἐκεῖθεν οὐκ ἂν εὖξαιτο λαβεῖν ἐραστῆς γλυκεὰ φιλήματα; Εἰ δὲ νέμοντος ἡράσθη, θεοὺς ἐμιμησάμην. Βουκόλος ἦν Ἀγχίσης, καὶ ἔσχεν

αὐτὸν Ἀφροδίτῃ· αἶγας ἔνεμε Βράγχος, καὶ Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸν ἐφίλησε· ποιμὴν ἦν Γανυμήδης, καὶ αὐτὸν ὁ Ζεὺς ἥρπασε. Μὴ καταφρονῶμεν παιδός, ᾧ καὶ αἶγας ὡς ἐρώσας πειθομένης εἶδομεν· ἀλλὰ ὅτι μένειν ἐπὶ γῆς ἐπιτρέπουσι τοιοῦτον κάλλος χάριν ἔχωμεν τοῖς Διὸς ἀετοῖς.’

Ἦδὺ γελάσας ὁ Ἀστύλος ἐπὶ τούτῳ μάλιστα τῷ λεχθέντι καὶ ὡς μεγάλους ὁ Ἔρως ποιεῖ σοφιστὰς εἰπὼν ἐπετήρει καιρόν, ἐν ᾧ τῷ πατρὶ περὶ Δάφνιδος διαλέξεται. Ἀκούσας δὲ τὰ λεχθέντα κρύφα πάντα ὁ Εὐδρομος καὶ τὰ μὲν τὸν Δάφνιν φιλῶν ὡς ἀγαθὸν νεανίσκον, τὰ δὲ ἀχθόμενος εἰ Γνάθωνος ἐμπαροίνημα γενήσεται τοιοῦτον κάλλος, αὐτίκα καταλέγει πάντα κάκεινῳ καὶ Λάμῳ. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις ἐκ πλαγίαις ἐγίνωσκεν ἅμα τῇ Χλόῃ τολμῆσαι φυγεῖν ἢ ἀποθανεῖν, κοινωνὸν κάκεινῳ λαβών· ὁ δὲ Λάμων προκαλεσάμενος ἔξω τῆς αὐλῆς τὴν Μυρτάλην ‘οἰχόμεθα’ εἶπεν ὧ γύναι. Ἦκει καιρὸς ἐκκαλύπτειν τὰ κρυπτά. Ἐρρει μοι καὶ αἱ αἶγες καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ πάντα· ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς Νύμφας, οὐδ’ εἰ μέλλω βοῦς, φασίν, ἐν αὐλῳ καταλείπεσθαι, τὴν Δάφνιδος τύχην ἣτις ἐστὶν οὐ σιωπήσομαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὅτι εὖρον ἐκκείμενον ἐρῶ καὶ ὅπως τρεφόμενον μηνύσω καὶ ὅσα εὖρον συνεκκείμενα δείξω. Μαθέτω Γνάθων ὁ μισθὸς οἷος ὦν οἷων ἐρᾷ. Παρασκεύαζε μοι μόνον εὐτρεπῆ τὰ γνωρίσματα.’

Καὶ οἱ μὲν ταῦτα συνθέμενοι ἀπῆλθον εἰσω πάλιν· ὁ δὲ Ἀστύλος σχολὴν ἄγοντι τῷ πατρὶ προσρυεῖς αἰτεῖ τὸν Δάφνιν εἰς τὴν πόλιν καταγαγεῖν ὡς καλὸν τε ὄντα καὶ ἀγροικίας κρεῖττοντα καὶ ταχέως ὑπὸ Γνάθωνος καὶ τὰ ἀστικά διδαχθῆναι δυνάμενον. Χαίρων ὁ πατὴρ δίδωσι καὶ μεταπεμπάμενος τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην εὐηγγελίζετο μὲν αὐτοῖς ὅτι Ἀστύλον θεραπεύσει λοιπὸν ἀντὶ αἰγῶν καὶ τράγων Δάφνις, ἐπηγγέλλετο δὲ δύο ἀντὶ ἐκείνου δώσειν αὐτοῖς αἰπόλους. Ἐνταῦθα ὁ Λάμων, πάντων ἤδη συνερρηκότων καὶ ὅτι καλὸν ὁμόδουλον ἔξουσιν ἡδομένων, αἰτήσας λόγον ἥρξατο λέγειν ἄκουσον, ὧ δέσποτα, παρ’ ἀνδρὸς γέροντος ἀληθῆ λόγον· ἐπόμενυμι δὲ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς Νύμφας ὡς οὐδὲν ψεύσομαι. Οὐκ εἰμὶ Δάφνιδος πατήρ, οὐδ’ εὐτύχησέ ποτε Μυρτάλη μήτηρ γενέσθαι. Ἄλλοι πατέρες ἐξέθηκάν τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον, ἴσως παιδίων πρεσβυτέρων ἅλεις ἔχοντες· ἐγὼ δὲ εὖρον ἐκκείμενον καὶ ὑπὸ αἰγῶν ἐμῆς τρεφόμενον, ἦν καὶ ἀποθανοῦσαν ἔθαψα ἐν τῷ περικλήτῳ φιλῶν ὅτι ἐποίησε μητρὸς ἔργα. Εὖρον αὐτῷ καὶ γνωρίσματα συνεκκείμενα ὁμόλογα, ὧ δέσποτα, καὶ φυλάττω· τύχης γάρ ἐστι μείζονος ἢ καθ’ ἡμᾶς σύμβολα. Ἀστύλου μὲν οὖν εἶναι δοῦλον αὐτὸν οὐχ ὑπερφηναῖ, καλὸν οἰκέτην καλοῦ κάγαθοῦ δεσπότου· παροίνημα δὲ Γνάθωνος οὐ δύναμαι περιδεῖν γενόμενον, ὃς ἐς Μυτιλήνην αὐτὸν ἄγειν ἐπὶ γυναικῶν ἔργα σπουδάζει.’

Ὁ μὲν Λάμων ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐσιώπησε καὶ πολλὰ ἀφῆκε δάκρυα· τοῦ δὲ Γνάθωνος θρασυνομένου καὶ πληγὰς ἀπειλοῦντος, ὁ Διονυσοφάνης τοῖς εἰρημένοις ἐκπλαγεὶς τὸν μὲν Γνάθωνα σιωπᾶν ἐκέλευσε, σφόδρα τὴν ὀφρὺν εἰς αὐτὸν τοξοποιήσας, τὸν δὲ Λάμωνα πάλιν ἀνέκρινε καὶ παρεκελεύετο τάληθ’ εἰπεῖν μηδὲ ὅμοια πλάττειν μύθοις ἐπὶ τῷ κατέχειν τὸν υἱόν. Ὡς δ’ ἀτενὴς ἦν καὶ κατὰ πάντων ὤμνυε θεῶν καὶ ἐδίδου βασανίζειν αὐτόν, εἴ τι ψεύδεται, παρακαθημένης τῆς Κλεαρίστης ἐβασάνιζε τὰ λελεγμένα. ‘Τί δ’ ἂν

ἐπεύδeto Λάμων, μέλλων ἀνθ' ἐνὸς δύο λαμβάνειν αἰπόλους; Πῶς δ' ἂν καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπλασσεν ἄγροικος; Οὐ γὰρ εὐθὺς ἦν ἄπιστον ἐκ τοιούτου γέροντος καὶ μητρὸς εὐτελοῦς υἱὸν καλὸν οὕτω γενέσθαι;'

Ἐδόκει μὴ μαντεύεσθαι ἐπὶ πλέον, ἀλλὰ ἤδη τὰ γνωρίσματα σκοπεῖν εἰ λαμπρᾶς καὶ ἐνδοξοτέρας τύχης. Ἀπῆει μὲν Μυρτάλη κομιοῦσα πάντα φυλαττόμενα ἐν πῆρᾳ παλαιᾷ: κομισθέντα δὲ πρῶτος Διονυσοφάνης ἐπέβλεπε καὶ ἰδὼν χλαμύδιον ἀλουργές, πόρπην χρυσήλατον, ξιφίδιον ἐλεφαντόκωπον, μέγα βοήσας 'ὦ Ζεῦ δέσποτα' καλεῖ τὴν γυναῖκα θεασομένην. Ἡ δὲ ἰδοῦσα μέγα καὶ αὐτὴ βοᾷ 'φίλοι Μοῖραι: οὐ ταῦτα ἡμεῖς συνεξεθήκαμεν ἰδίῳ παιδί; Οὐκ εἰς τούτους τοὺς ἀγροὺς κομιοῦσαν Σωφροσύνην ἀπεστείλαμεν; Οὐκ ἄλλα μὲν οὖν, ἀλλ' αὐτὰ ταῦτα. Φίλε ἄνερ, ἡμέτερόν ἐστι τὸ παιδίον: σὸς υἱὸς ἐστι Δάφνης, καὶ πατρῴας ἔνεμεν αἶγας.'

Ἔτι λεγούσης αὐτῆς καὶ τοῦ Διονυσοφάνους τὰ γνωρίσματα φιλοῦντος καὶ ὑπὸ περιττῆς ἡδονῆς δακρύνοντος ὁ Ἀστύλος συνεῖς ὡς ἀδελφός ἐστι, ρίψας θοιμάτιον ἔθει κατὰ τοῦ παραδείσου, πρῶτος τὸν Δάφνιν φιλῆσαι θέλων. Ἰδὼν δὲ αὐτὸν ὁ Δάφνης θέοντα μετὰ πολλῶν καὶ βοῶντα 'Δάφνι,' νομίσας ὅτι συλλαβεῖν αὐτὸν βουλόμενος τρέχει, ρίψας τὴν πῆραν καὶ τὴν σύριγγα πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν ἐφέρετο ρίψων ἑαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς μεγάλης πέτρας. Καὶ ἴσως ἂν, τὸ καινότατον, εὐρεθεὶς ἀπωλώλει Δάφνης, εἰ μὴ συνεῖς ὁ Ἀστύλος ἐβόα πάλιν 'στῆθι, Δάφνι, μηδὲν φοβηθῆς: ἀδελφός εἰμί σου, καὶ γονεῖς οἱ μέχρι νῦν δεσπόται. Νῦν ἡμῖν Λάμων τὴν αἶγα εἶπε καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα ἔδειξεν: ὅρα δὲ ἐπιστραφεὶς πῶς ἐπίασι φαιδροὶ καὶ γελῶντες. Ἀλλ' ἐμὲ πρῶτον φίλησον: ὄμνυμι δὲ τὰς Νύμφας ὡς οὐ ψεύδομαι.'

Μόλις μετὰ τὸν ὄρκον ἔσθη καὶ τὸν Ἀστύλον τρέχοντα περιέμεινε καὶ προσελθόντα κατεφίλησεν. Ἐν ᾧ δὲ ἐκείνον ἐφίλει, πλήθος τὸ λοιπὸν ἐπὶ ῥεῖ θεραπόντων, θεραπαινῶν, αὐτὸς ὁ πατήρ, ἡ μήτηρ μετ' αὐτοῦ. Οὗτοι πάντες περιέβαλλον, κατεφίλουν, χαίροντες κλάοντες. Ὁ δὲ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων ἐφιλοφρονεῖτο, καὶ ὡς πάλοι εἰδὼς προσεστερνίζετο καὶ ἐξελθεῖν τῶν περιβολῶν οὐκ ἤθελεν: οὕτω φύσις ταχέως πιστοῦται. Ἐξελάθετο καὶ Χλόης πρὸς ὀλίγον: καὶ ἔλθων εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν ἐσθῆτά εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν ἐσθῆτά τε ἔλαβε πολυτελῆ καὶ παρὰ τὸν πατέρα τὸν ἴδιον καθεσθεῖς ἤκουεν αὐτοῦ λέγοντος οὕτως:

'Ἐγγημα, ὦ παῖδες, κομιδῇ νέος. Καὶ χρόνου διελθόντος ὀλίγου πατήρ, ὡς ὦμην, εὐτυχὴς ἐγεγόνειν: ἐγένετο γάρ μοι πρῶτος υἱὸς καὶ δευτέρα θυγάτηρ καὶ τρίτος Ἀστυλος. Ὡμην ἱκανὸν εἶναι τὸ γένος, καὶ γενόμενον ἐπὶ πᾶσι τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον ἐξέθηκα, οὐ γνωρίσματα ταῦτα συνεκθεῖς, ἀλλ' ἐντάφια. Τὰ δὲ τῆς Τύχης ἄλλα βουλευματα. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ πρεσβύτερος παῖς καὶ ἡ θυγάτηρ ὁμοίᾳ νόσῳ μιᾷς ἡμέρας ἀπώλοντο: σὺ δέ μοι προνοία θεῶν ἐσώθης, ἵνα πλείους ἔχωμεν χειραγωγούς. Μῆτ' οὖν σὺ μοι μνησικακῆσης ποτὲ τῆς ἐκθέσεως — ἐκὼν γὰρ οὐκ ἐβουλεύσάμην — , μῆτε σὺ λυπηθῆς, Ἀστυλε, μέρος ληψόμενος ἀντὶ πάσης τῆς οὐσίας — κρεῖττον γὰρ τοῖς εὖ φρονοῦσιν ἀδελφοῦ κτῆμα οὐδέν — , ἀλλὰ φιλεῖτε ἀλλήλους καὶ χρημάτων ἕνεκα καὶ βασιλεῦσιν ἐρίζετε. Πολλὴν μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼ ὑμῖν καταλείψω γῆν, πολλοὺς δὲ οἰκέτας δεξιούς, χρυσόν, ἄργυρον καὶ ὅσα ἄλλα εὐδαιμόνων κτήματα. Μόνον

ἐξαίρετον τοῦτο Δάφνιδι τὸ χωρίον δίδωμι καὶ Λάμωνα καὶ Μυρτάλην καὶ τὰς αἴγας, ἃς αὐτὸς ἔνεμεν.'

Ἔτι αὐτοῦ λέγοντος Δάφνις ἀναπηδήσας 'καλῶς με' εἶπε 'ταῦτα, πάτερ, ἀνέμνησας. Ἄπειμι τὰς αἴγας ἀπᾶξων ἐπὶ ποτόν, αἷ που νῦν διψῶσαι περιμένουσι τὴν σύριγγα τὴν ἐμήν: ἐγὼ δὲ ἐνταυθοῖ καθέξομαι.' Ἦδὺ πάντες ἐξεγέλασαν ὅτι δεσπότης γεγενημένος ἔτι θέλει εἶναι αἰπόλος: κάκεινας μὲν θεραπεύσων ἐπέμφθη τις ἄλλος, οἱ δὲ θύσαντες Διὶ Σωτῆρι συμπόσιον συνεκρότουν. Εἰς τοῦτο τὸ συμπόσιον μόνος οὐχ ἦκε Γνάθων, ἀλλὰ φοβούμενος ἐν τῷ νεφί τοῦ Διονύσου καὶ τὴν ἡμέραν ἔμεινε καὶ τὴν νύκτα, ὥσπερ ἱκέτης. Ταχέας δὲ φήμης εἰς πάντας ἐλθούσης ὅτι Διονυσοφάνης εὗρεν υἱόν, καὶ ὅτι Δάφνις ὁ αἰπόλος δεσπότης τῶν ἀγρῶν εὐρέθη, ἅμα ἔφ' συνέτρεχον ἄλλος ἀλλαχόθεν, τῷ μὲν μειρακίῳ συνηδόμενοι, τῷ δὲ πατρὶ αὐτοῦ δῶρα κομίζοντες: ἐν οἷς καὶ ὁ Δρύας πρῶτος ὁ τρέφων τὴν Χλόην. 6

Ὁ δὲ Διονυσοφάνης κατεῖχε πάντας, κοινωνοὺς μετὰ τὴν εὐφροσύνην καὶ τῆς ἐορτῆς ἐσομένους. Παρεσκεύαστο δὲ πολὺς μὲν οἶνος, πολλὰ δὲ ἄλευρα, ὄρνιθες ἔλειοι, χοῖροι γαλαθνοί, μελιτώματα ποικίλα: καὶ ἱερεῖα δὲ πολλὰ τοῖς ἐπιχωρίοις θεοῖς ἐθύετο. Ἐνταῦθα ὁ Δάφνις συναθροίσας πάντα τὰ ποιμενικὰ κτήματα διένειμεν ἀναθήματα τοῖς θεοῖς. Τῷ Διονύσῳ μὲν ἀνέθηκε τὴν πῆραν καὶ τὸ δέρμα, τῷ Πανὶ δὲ τὴν σύριγγα καὶ τὸν πλάγιον αὐλόν, τὴν καλαῦροπα ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τοὺς γαυλοὺς οὓς αὐτὸς ἐτεκτῆνατο. Οὕτως δὲ ἄρα τὸ σὺνηθες ξενιζούσης εὐδαιμονίας τερπνότερόν ἐστιν, ὥστε ἐδάκρυεν ἐφ' ἐκάστῳ τούτων ἀπαλλαττόμενος: καὶ οὔτε τοὺς γαυλοὺς ἀνέθηκε πρὶν ἀμέλξαι, οὔτε τὸ δέρμα πρὶν ἐνδύσασθαι, οὔτε τὴν σύριγγα πρὶν συρίσαι: ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐφίλησεν αὐτὰ πάντα καὶ τὰς αἴγας προσεῖπε καὶ τοὺς τράγους ἐκάλεσεν ὀνομαστί. Τῆς μὲν γὰρ πηγῆς καὶ ἔπιεν, ὅτι πολλάκις καὶ μετὰ Χλόης. Οὕπῳ δὲ ὠμολόγει τὸν ἔρωτα καιρὸν παραφυλάττων.

Ἐν ᾧ δὲ Δάφνις ἐν θυσίαις ἦν, τάδε γίνεται περὶ τὴν Χλόην. Ἐκάθητο κλάουσα, λέγουσα, οἷα εἰκὸς ἦν: 'Ἐξελάθητό μου Δάφνις. Ὀνειροπολεῖ γάμους πλουσίους. Τί γὰρ αὐτὸν ὀμνύειν ἀντὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν τὰς αἴγας ἐκέλευον; Κατέλιπε ταύτας ὥς καὶ Χλόην. Οὐδὲ θύων ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τῷ Πανὶ ἐπεθύμησεν ἰδεῖν Χλόην. Εὗρεν ἴσως παρὰ τῇ μητρὶ θεραπαίνας ἐμοῦ κρεῖττονας. Χαιρέτω: ἐγὼ δὲ οὐ ζήσομαι.'

Τοιαῦτα λέγουσαν, τοιαῦτα ἐννοοῦσαν ὁ Λάμπις ὁ βουκόλος μετὰ χειρὸς γεωργικῆς ἐπιστᾶς ἤρπασεν αὐτήν, ὥς οὔτε Δάφνιδος ἔτι γαμήσοντος καὶ Δρύαντος ἐκείνον ἀγαπήσοντος. Ἡ μὲν οὖν ἐκομίζετο βοῶσα ἐλεεινόν, τῶν δὲ τις ἰδόντων ἐμήνυσε τῇ Νάπῃ κάκεῖν τῷ Δρύαντι καὶ ὁ Δρύας τῷ Δάφνιδι. Ὁ δὲ ἔξω τῶν φρενῶν γενόμενος οὔτε εἰπεῖν πρὸς τὸν πατέρα ἐτόλμα καὶ καρτερεῖν μὴ δυνάμενος εἰς τὸν περίκηπον εἰσελθὼν ὠδύρετο 'ὦ τῆς πικρᾶς ἀνευρέσεως' λέγων: 'πόσον ἦν μοι κρεῖττον νέμειν; Πόσον ἤμην μακαριώτερος, δοῦλος ὢν; Τότε ἔβλεπον Χλόην, τότε, νῦν δὲ τὴν μὲν Λάμπις ἀρπάσας οἴχεται, νυκτὸς δὲ γενομένης συγκοιμήσεται. Ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω καὶ τρυφῶ καὶ μάτην τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰς Νύμφας ὤμοσα.'

Ταῦτα τοῦ Δάφνιδος λέγοντος ἤκουσεν ὁ Γνάθων ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ λανθάνων: καὶ καιρὸν ἤκειν διαλλαγῶν πρὸς αὐτὸν νομίζων τινὰς τῶν τοῦ

Ἀστύλου νεανίσκων προσλαβὼν μεταδιώκει τὸν Δρύαντα. Καὶ ἡγεῖσθαι κελεύσας ἐπὶ τὴν τοῦ Λάμπιδος ἔπαυλιν συνέτεινε δρόμον· καὶ καταλαβὼν ἄρτι εἰσάγοντα τὴν Χλόην, ἐκείνην τε ἀφαιρεῖται καὶ ἀνθρώπους γεωργοὺς συνηλόησε πληγαῖς. Ἐσπούδαζε δὲ καὶ τὸν Λάμπιν δῆσας ἄγειν ὡς αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ πολέμου τινός, εἰ μὴ φθάσας ἀπέδρα. Κατορθώσας δὲ τηλικούτον ἔργον νυκτὸς ἀρχομένης ἐπανερχεται. Καὶ τὸν μὲν Διονυσοφάνην εὐρίσκει καθεύδοντα, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ἀγρυπνοῦντα καὶ ἔτι ἐν τῷ περικλήπῳ δακρύοντα. Προσάγει δὴ τὴν Χλόην αὐτῷ καὶ διδοὺς διηγεῖται πάντα· καὶ δεῖται μηδὲν ἔτι μνησικακοῦντα δοῦλον ἔχειν οὐκ ἄχρηστον, μηδὲ ἀφελέσθαι τραπέζης, μεθ' ἣν τεθνήξεται λιμῷ. Ὁ δὲ ἰδὼν καὶ ἔχων ἐν ταῖς χερσὶ τὴν Χλόην τῷ μὲν ὡς εὐεργέτῃ διηλλάττετο, τῇ δὲ ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀμελείας ἀπελογεῖτο.

Βουλευομένοις δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐδόκει τὸν γάμον κρύπτειν, ἔχειν δὲ κρύφα τὴν Χλόην πρὸς μόνην ὁμολογήσαντα τὸν ἔρωτα τὴν μητέρα· ἀλλ' οὐ συνεχώρει Δρύας, ἡξίου δὲ τῷ πατρὶ λέγειν καὶ πείσειν αὐτὸς ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ γενομένης ἡμέρας ἔχων ἐν τῇ πύρρᾳ τὰ γνωρίσματα πρόσεισι τῷ Διονυσοφάνει καὶ τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ καθημένοις ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ παρῆν δὲ καὶ ὁ Ἀστύλος καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ Δάφνις· καὶ σιωπῆς γενομένης ἤρξατο λέγειν 'Ὅμοία με ἀνάγκη Λάμῳ τὰ μέχρι νῦν ἄρρητα ἐκέλευσε λέγειν. Χλόην ταύτην οὔτε ἐγέννησα οὔτε ἀνέθρεψα, ἀλλὰ ἐγέννησαν μὲν ἄλλοι, κειμένην δὲ ἐν ἄντρῳ Νυμφῶν ἀνέθρεψεν οἷς. Εἶδον τοῦτο αὐτὸς καὶ ἰδὼν ἐθαύμασα καὶ θαυμάσας ἔθρεψα. Μαρτυρεῖ μὲν καὶ τὸ κάλλος, ἔοικε γὰρ οὐδὲν ἡμῖν· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα, πλουσιώτερα γὰρ ἢ κατὰ ποιμένα. Ἴδετε ταῦτα καὶ τοὺς προσήκοντας τῇ κόρῃ ζητήσατε, ἵν' ἄξια ποτὲ Δάφνιδος φανῇ.'

Τοῦτο οὔτε Δρύας ἀσκόπως ἔρριπεν οὔτε Διονυσοφάνης ἀμελῶς ἤκουσεν, ἀλλ' ἰδὼν εἰς τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ ὁρῶν αὐτὸν χλωριῶντα καὶ κρύφα δακρύοντα ταχέως ἐφώρασε τὸν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὡς ὑπὲρ παιδὸς ἰδίου μᾶλλον ἢ κόρης ἀλλοτρίας δεδοικῶς διὰ πάσης ἀκριβείας ἤλεγχε τοὺς λόγους τοῦ Δρύαντος. Ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα εἶδε κομισθέντα, τὰ ὑποδήματα τὰ κατάχρυσα, τὰς περισκελίδας, τὴν μίτραν, προσκαλεσάμενος τὴν Χλόην παρεκελεύετο θαρρεῖν, ὡς ἄνδρα μὲν ἔχουσιν ἤδη, ταχέως δὲ εὐρήσουσιν καὶ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα. Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἡ Κλεαρίστη παραλαβοῦσα ἐκόσμιε λοιπὸν ὡς υἱοῦ γυναικα, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ὁ Διονυσοφάνης ἀναστήσας μόνον ἀνέκρινεν εἰ παρθένος ἐστί· τοῦ δὲ ὁμόσαντος μηδὲν γεγονέναι φιλήματος καὶ ὄρκων πλέον, ἡσθεῖς ἐπὶ τῷ συνωμοσίῳ κατέκλινεν αὐτούς.

Ἦν οὖν μαθεῖν οἷόν ἐστι τὸ κάλλος, ὅταν κόσμον προσλάβῃ. Ἐνδυθεῖσα γὰρ ἡ Χλόη καὶ ἀναπλεξαμένη τὴν κόμην καὶ ἀπολούσασα τὸ πρόσωπον εὐμορφοτέρα τοσοῦτον ἐφάνη πᾶσιν, ὥστε καὶ Δάφνις αὐτὴν μόλις ἐγνώρισεν. Ὡμοσεν ἄν τις καὶ ἄνευ τῶν γνωρισμάτων ὅτι τοιαύτης κόρης οὐκ ἦν Δρύας πατήρ. Ὅμως μέντοι παρῆν καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ συνεισιτῆτο μετὰ τῆς Νάπης, συμπότας ἔχων ἐπὶ κλίνης ἰδίας τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην. Πάλιν οὖν ταῖς ἐξῆς ἡμέραις ἐθύετο ἱερεῖα καὶ κρατῆρες ἴσταντο καὶ ἀνετίθει καὶ Χλόη τὰ ἑαυτῆς, τὴν σύριγγα, τὴν πύρραν, τὸ δέρμα, τοὺς γαυλοὺς· ἐκέρασε δὲ καὶ τὴν πηγὴν οἶνῳ τὴν ἐν τῷ ἄντρῳ, ὅτι καὶ ἐτράφη παρ' αὐτῇ, καὶ ἐλούσατο πολλάκις ἐν αὐτῇ· ἐστεφάνωσε καὶ τὸν τάφον τῆς οἰός,

δείξαντος Δρύαντος, καὶ ἐσύρισέ τι καὶ αὐτὴ τῇ ποίμνῃ, καὶ ταῖς θεαῖς συρίσασα εὗξατο τοὺς ἐκθέντας εὐρεῖν ἀξίους τῶν Δάφνιδος γάμων.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἅλῃς ἦν τῶν κατ' ἀγρὸν ἐορτῶν, ἔδοξε βαδίζειν εἰς τὴν πόλιν καὶ τοὺς τε τῆς Χλόης πατέρας ἀναζητεῖν καὶ περὶ τὸν γάμον αὐτῶν μηκέτι βραδύνειν. Ἔωθεν οὖν συσκευασάμενοι τῷ Δρύαντι μὲν ἔδωκαν ἄλλας τρισχιλίας, τῷ Λάμῳ δὲ τὴν ἡμίσειαν μοῖραν τῶν ἀγρῶν θερίζειν καὶ τρυγᾶν καὶ τὰς αἰγὰς ἅμα τοῖς αἰπόλοις καὶ ζεύγῃ βοῶν τέτταρα καὶ ἐσθῆτας χειμερινὰς καὶ ἐλευθέραν τὴν γυναικα: καὶ μετὰ τοῦτο ἤλαυνον ἐπὶ Μυτιλήνῃν ἵπποις καὶ ζεύγεσι καὶ τρυφῇ πολλῇ. Τότε μὲν οὖν ἔλαθον τοὺς πολίτας, νυκτὸς κατελθόντες: τῆς δὲ ἐπιούσης ὄχλος ἠθροίσθη περὶ τὰς θύρας ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν. Οἱ μὲν τῷ Διονυσοφάνει συνήδοντο παῖδα εὐρόντι, καὶ μᾶλλον ὀρῶντες τὸ κάλλος τοῦ Δάφνιδος: αἱ δὲ τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ συνέχαιρον ἅμα κομιζούσῃ καὶ παῖδα καὶ νύμφην. Ἐξέπλησσε γὰρ κάκεινας ἡ Χλόη κάλλος ἐκφαίνουσα παρευδοκιμηθῆναι μὴ δυνάμενον: ὅλη γὰρ ἐκίττα ἡ πόλις ἐπὶ τῷ μειρακίῳ καὶ τῇ παρθένῳ: καὶ εὐδαιμονίζον μὲν ἤδη τὸν γάμον, εὗχοντο δὲ καὶ τὸ γένος ἄξιον τῆς μορφῆς εὐρεθῆναι τῆς κόρης: καὶ γυναῖκες πολλαὶ τῶν μέγα πλουσίων ἠράσαντο θεοῖς αὐταὶ πιστευθῆναι μητέρες θυγατρὸς οὕτω καλῆς.

Ὅναρ δὲ Διονυσοφάνει μετὰ φροντίδα πολλὴν εἰς βαθὺν ὕπνον κατενεχθέντι τοιόνδε γίνεται. Ἐδόκει τὰς Νύμφας δεῖσθαι τοῦ Ἑρωτος ἥδη ποτε αὐτοῖς κατανεῦσαι τὸν γάμον: τὸν δὲ ἐκλύσαντα τὸ τοξάριον καὶ ἀποθέμενον τὴν φαρέτραν κελεῦσαι τῷ Διονυσοφάνει πάντας τοὺς ἀρίστους Μυτιληναίων θέμενον συμπότας, ἥνίκα ἂν τὸν ὕστατον πλήσῃ κρατῆρα, τότε δεικνύειν ἐκάστῳ τὰ γνωρίσματα, τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν ἄδειν τὸν ὑμέναιον. Ταῦτα ἰδὼν καὶ ἀκούσας ἔωθεν ἀνίσταται καὶ κελεύσας λαμπρὰν ἐστίασιν παρασκευασθῆναι τῶν ἀπὸ γῆς τῶν ἀπὸ θαλάττης καὶ εἴ τι ἐν λίμναις καὶ εἴ τι ἐν ποταμοῖς, πάντας τοὺς ἀρίστους Μυτιληναίων ποιεῖται συμπότας. Ὡς δὲ ἤδη νύξ ἦν καὶ ἐπέπληστο ὁ κρατὴρ ἐξ οὗ σπένδουσιν Ἑρμῇ, εἰσκομίζει τις ἐπὶ σκεύους ἀργυροῦ θεράπων τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ περιφέρων ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἐδείκνυε.

Τῶν μὲν οὖν ἄλλων ἐγνώρισεν οὐδεὶς, Μεγακλῆς δὲ τις διὰ γῆρας ὕστατος κατακείμενος ὥς εἶδε, γνωρίσας πάνυ μέγα καὶ νεανικὸν ἐβόα 'τίνα ὀρῶ ταῦτα; Τί γέγονάς μοι θυγάτριον; Ἄρα σὺ ζῆς ἢ ταυτὰ τις ἐβάστασε μόνα ποιμὴν ἐντυχόν; Δέομαι, Διονυσόφανες, εἰπέ μοι: πόθεν ἔχεις ἐμοῦ παιδίου γνωρίσματα; Μὴ φθονήσης μετὰ Δάφνιν εὐρεῖν τι κάμει.' Κελεύσαντος δὲ τοῦ Διονυσοφάνους πρότερον ἐκεῖνον λέγειν τὴν ἑκθεσιν, ὁ Μεγακλῆς οὐδὲν ὑφελὼν τοῦ τόνου τῆς φωνῆς ἔφη 'ἦν ὀλίγος μοι βίος τὸν πρότερον χρόνον: ὃν γὰρ εἶχον εἰς χορηγίας καὶ τριηραρχίας ἐξεδαπάνησα. Ὅτε ταῦτα ἦν, γίνεται μοι θυγάτριον. Τοῦτο τρέφειν ὀκνήσας ἐν πενίᾳ, τοῦτοίς τοῖς γνωρίσμασι κοσμήσας ἐξέθηκα, εἰδὼς ὅτι πολλοὶ καὶ οὕτω σπουδάζουσι πατέρες γενέσθαι. Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐξέκειτο ἐν ἄντρῳ Νυμφῶν πιστευθὲν ταῖς θεαῖς, ἐμοὶ δὲ πλουτοῦς ἐπέρρει καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν κληρονόμον οὐκ ἔχοντι. Οὐκέτι γοῦν οὐδὲ θυγατρὶου γενέσθαι πατὴρ εὐτύχησα, ἀλλ' οἱ θεοὶ ὥσπερ γέλωτά με ποιοῦμενοι νύκτωρ ὄνειρους μοι ἐπιπέμπουσι, δηλοῦντες ὅτι με

πατέρα ποιήσει ποίμνιον.’

Ανεβόησεν ὁ Διονυσοφάνης μεῖζον τοῦ Μεγακλέους καὶ ἀναπηδήσας εἰσάγει Χλόην πάνυ καλῶς κεκοσμημένην καὶ λέγει ‘τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον ἐξέθηκας. Ταύτην σοὶ τὴν παρθένον οἷς προνοία θεῶν ἐξέθρεψεν, ὡς αἷξ Δάφνιν ἐμοί. Λαβὲ τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ τὴν θυγατέρα, λαβὼν δὲ ἀπόδος Δάφνιδι νύμφην. Ἀμφοτέρους ἐξεθήκαμεν, ἀμφοτέρους εὐρήκαμεν, ἀμφοτέρων ἐμέλησε Πανὶ καὶ Νύμφαις καὶ Ἑρωτι.’ Ἐπὶ τὰ λεγόμενα ὁ Μεγακλῆς καὶ τὴν γυναῖκα Ῥόδην μετεπέμπετο καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἐν τοῖς κόλποις εἶχε. Καὶ ὕπνον αὐτοῦ μένοντες εἶλοντο: Δάφνις γὰρ οὐδενὶ διώμνυτο προήσεσθαι τὴν Χλόην, οὐδὲ αὐτῷ τῷ πατρί.

Ἡμέρας δὲ γενομένης συνθέμενοι ἅλιν εἰς τὸν ἄγρον ἤλαυνον: ἐδεήθησαν γὰρ τοῦτο Δάφνις καὶ Χλόη, μὴ φέροντες τὴν ἐν ἅστει διατριβήν. Ἐδόκει δὲ κάκεινοις ποιμενικούς τινας αὐτοῖς ποιῆσαι τοὺς γάμους. Ἐλθόντες οὖν παρὰ τὸν Λάμωνα τὸν τε Δρύαντα τῷ: Μεγακλεῖ προσήγαγον καὶ τῇ Ῥόδῃ τὴν Νάπην συνέστησαν καὶ τὰ πρὸς τὴν ἑορτὴν παρεσκευάζοντο λαμπρῶς. Παρέδωκε μὲν οὖν ἐπὶ ταῖς Νύμφαις τὴν Χλόην ὁ πατὴρ καὶ μετ’ ἄλλων πολλῶν ἐποίησεν ἀναθήματα τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ Δρύαντι τὰς λειπούσας εἰς τὰς μυρίας ἐπλήρωσεν.

Ὁ δὲ Διονυσοφάνης, εὐημερίας οὔσης, αὐτοῦ πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου στιβάδας ὑπεστόρεσεν ἐκ χλωρᾶς φυλλάδος καὶ πάντας τοὺς κωμήτας κατακλίνας εἰστία πολυτελῶς. Παρῆσαν δὲ Λάμων καὶ Μυρτάλη, Δρύας καὶ Νάπη, οἱ Δόρκωνι προσήκοντες, Φιλητᾶς, οἱ Φιλητᾶ παῖδες, Χρῶμις καὶ Λυκαίνιον: οὐκ ἀπῆν οὐδὲ Λάμπις συγγνώμης ἀξιωθεῖς. Ἦν οὖν ὡς ἐν τοιοῖσδε συμπόταις πάντα γεωργικὰ καὶ ἄγρικοι: ὁ μὲν ἦδεν οἷα ἄδουσι θερίζοντες, ὁ δὲ ἔσκωπε τὰ ἐπὶ ληνοῖς σκώμματα: Φιλητᾶς ἐσύρισε, Λάμπις ἠϋλῆσε, Δρύας καὶ Λάμων ὠρχήσαντο, Χλόη καὶ Δάφνις ἀλλήλους κατεφίλουν. Ἐνέμοντο δὲ καὶ αἱ αἶγες πλησίον, ὥσπερ καὶ αὐταὶ κοινωνοῦσαι τῆς ἑορτῆς. Τοῦτο τοῖς μὲν ἀστικοῖς οὐ πάνυ τερπνὸν ἦν: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἐκάλεσέ τινας αὐτῶν ὀνομαστὶ καὶ φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἔδωκε καὶ κρατήσας ἐκ τῶν κεράτων κατεφίλησε.

Κατὰ ταυτὰ οὐ τότε μόνον ἀλλ’ ἔστε ἔξω τὸν πλεῖστον χρόνον ποιμενικῶς διηγόν, θεοὺς σέβοντες Νύμφας καὶ Πᾶνα καὶ Ἑρωτα, ἀγέλας δὲ προβάτων καὶ αἰγῶν πλείστας κτησάμενοι, ἡδίστην δὲ τροφὴν νομίζοντες ὁπώραν καὶ γάλα. Ἀλλὰ καὶ ἄρρεν παιδίον ὑπέθηκαν αἰγὶ καὶ θυγάτριον γενόμενον δεῦτερον οἷος ἐλκύσαι θηλὴν ἐποίησαν, καὶ ἐκάλεσαν τὸν μὲν Φιλοποίμενα τὴν δὲ Ἀγέλην, καὶ τὸ ἄντρον ἐκόσμησαν καὶ εἰκόνας ἀνέθεσαν καὶ βωμὸν εἵσαντο Ποιμένος Ἑρωτος: καὶ τῷ Πανὶ δὲ ἔδοσαν ἀντὶ τῆς πίτυος νεῶν Πανὸς Στρατιώτου ὀνομάσαντες.

Ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν ὕστερον καὶ ὠνόμασαν καὶ ἔπραξαν: τότε δὲ νυκτὸς γενομένης πάντες αὐτοὺς παρέπεμπον εἰς τὸν θάλαμον, οἱ μὲν συρίττοντες, οἱ δὲ αὐλοῦντες, οἱ δὲ ᾄδας μεγάλας ἀνίσχοντες. Καὶ ἐπεὶ πλησίον ἦσαν τῶν θυρῶν, ἦδον σκληρᾶ καὶ ἀπηνεῖ τῇ φωνῇ, καθάπερ τριαίναις γῆν ἀναρρηγνύντες, οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἄδοντες. Δάφνις δὲ καὶ Χλόη γυμνοὶ συγκατακλινέντες περιέβαλλον ἀλλήλους καὶ κατεφίλουν, ἀγρυπνήσαντες τῆς

νυκτὸς ὅσον οὐδὲ γλαῦκες· καὶ ἔδρασέ τι Δάφνις ὧν αὐτὸν ἐπαίδευσεν
Λυκαῖνιον, καὶ τότε Χλόη πρῶτον ἔμαθεν ὅτι τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς ὕλης γενόμενα ἦν
ποιμένων παίγνια.

The Dual Text



The Olympos peak, which rises 967 metres over the island of Lesbos

DUAL GREEK AND ENGLISH TEXT



1896 Athenian Society Translation

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Longus' novel, alternating between the original Greek and the 1896 Athenian Society Translation.

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BOOK I.

ΠΙΠΟΙΜΙΟΝ — Proëm

κάλλιστον ὧν εἶδον: εἰκόνα, γραφήν, ἱστορίαν ἔρωτος. Καλὸν μὲν καὶ τὸ ἄλσος, πολύδενδρον, ἀνθηρόν, κατάρρυτον: μία πηγὴ πάντα ἔτρεφε, καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ δένδρα: ἀλλ' ἡ γραφὴ τερπνοτέρα καὶ τέχνην ἔχουσα περιττὴν καὶ τύχην ἐρωτικὴν: ὥστε πολλοὶ καὶ τῶν ξένων κατὰ φήμην ἦεσαν, τῶν μὲν Νυμφῶν ἰκέται, τῆς δὲ εἰκόνης θεαταί. Γυναιῖκες ἐπ' αὐτῆς τίκτουςαι καὶ ἄλλαι σπαργάνοις κοσμοῦσαι: παιδία ἐκκείμενα, ποιμνία τρέφοντα: ποιμένες ἀναιρούμενοι, νέοι συντιθέμενοι: ληστῶν καταδρομή, πολεμίων ἐμβολή.

While hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, in the island of Lesbos, I saw the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen: a picture representing a history of love. The grove itself was pleasant to the eye, covered with trees, full of flowers, and well-watered: a single spring fed both trees and flowers. But the picture itself was even more delightful: its subject was the fortunes of love, and the art displayed in it was marvellous: so that many, even strangers, who had heard it spoken of, visited the island, to pay their devotion to the Nymphs and examine the picture, on which were portrayed women in childbirth or wrapping children in swaddling clothes, poor babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune, beasts of the flock nurturing them, shepherds taking them up in token of adoption, young people binding one another by mutual vows, pirates over-running the seas, and enemies invading the land.

Πολλὰ ἄλλα καὶ πάντα ἐρωτικά ἰδόντα με καὶ θαυμάσαντα πόθος ἔσχεν ἀντιγράψαι τῇ γραφῇ: καὶ ἀναζητησάμενος ἐξηγητὴν τῆς εἰκόνης τέτταρας βίβλους ἐξεπονησάμην, ἀνάθημα μὲν Ἐρωτι καὶ Νύμφαις καὶ Πανί, κτῆμα δὲ τερπνὸν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις, ὃ καὶ νοσοῦντα ἰάσεται, καὶ λυπούμενον παραμυθήσεται, τὸν ἐρασθέντα ἀναμνήσει, τὸν οὐκ ἐρασθέντα προπαιδεύσει. Πάντως γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἔρωτα ἔφυγεν ἢ φεύζεται, μέχρι ἂν κάλλος ἧ καὶ ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέπωσιν. Ἡμῖν δ' ὁ θεὸς παράσχοι σωφρονοῦσι τὰ τῶν ἄλλων γράφειν.

Many other subjects, all of an amatory nature, were depicted, which I gazed upon with such admiration that I was seized with the desire to describe them in writing. Accordingly, I diligently sought for someone to give me an explanation of the details: and, when I had thoroughly mastered them, I composed the four following books, as an offering to Love, the Nymphs, and Pan, and also as a work that will afford pleasure to many, in the hope that it may heal the sick, console the sorrowful, refresh the memory of him who once has loved, and instruct him who has never yet felt its flame. For no one has yet escaped, or ever will escape, the attack of Love, as long as beauty exists and eyes can see. May God grant that, unharmed ourselves, we may be able to describe the lot of others!

Πόλις ἐστὶ τῆς Λέσβου Μυτιλήνη, μεγάλη καὶ καλή: διεΐληπται γὰρ εὐρίποις ὑπειρεούσης τῆς θαλάττης, καὶ κεκόσμηται γεφύραις ξεστοῦ καὶ λευκοῦ λίθου. Νομίσεις ἂν οὐ πόλιν ὄρᾶν ἀλλὰ νῆσον. Ταύτης τῆς πόλεως ὅσον ἀπὸ σταδίων διακοσίων ἀγρὸς ἦν ἀνδρὸς εὐδαίμονος, κτῆμα κάλλιστον: ὄρη θηροτρόφα, πεδία πυροφόρα: γήλοφοι κλημάτων, νομαὶ ποιμνίων: καὶ ἡ θάλαττα προσέκλυεν ἡόνι ἐκτεταμένη, ψάμμω μαλθακῇ.

1.1 There is in Lesbos a flourishing and beautiful city, named Mitylene. It is intersected by numerous canals, formed by the waters of the sea, which flows in upon it, and adorned with several bridges of white polished stone: to look at it, you would say that it was not a single city, but a number of islands. About two hundred stades distant from the city, a wealthy man possessed a very fine estate: mountains abounding in game, fruitful cornfields, hillocks covered with vine shoots, and ample pasturage for cattle; the sea washed a long stretch of soft sandy beach.

Ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀγρῷ νέμων αἰπόλος, Λάμων τοῦνομα, παιδίον εὗρεν ὑπὸ μιᾷς τῶν αἰγῶν τρεφόμενον. Δρυμὸς ἦν καὶ λόχμη βάτων καὶ κιττὸς ἐπιπλανώμενος καὶ πόα μαλθακῇ, καθ' ἧς ἔκειτο τὸ παιδίον. Ἐνταῦθα ἡ αἰξ θεούσα συνεχῆς ἀφανῆς ἐγίνετο πολλάκις καὶ τὸν ἔριφον ἀπολιπούσα τῷ βρέφει παρέμενε. Φυλάττει τὰς διαδρομὰς ὁ Λάμων οἰκτείρας ἀμελούμενον τὸν ἔριφον, καὶ μεσημβρίας ἀκμαζούσης κατ' ἴχνος ἐλθὼν ὁρᾷ τὴν μὲν αἶγα πεφυλαγμένως περιβεβηκυῖαν τὸ βρέφος, μὴ ταῖς χηλαῖς βλάπτοι πατούσα, τὸ δὲ ὥσπερ ἐκ μητρῴας θηλῆς τὴν ἐπιρροὴν ἔλκον τοῦ γάλακτος. Θανμάσας, ὥσπερ εἰκὸς ἦν, πρόσσεισιν ἐγγὺς καὶ εὐρίσκει παιδίον ἄρρεν, μέγα καὶ καλὸν καὶ τῆς κατὰ τὴν ἔκθεσιν τύχης ἐν σπαργάνοις κρείττοσι: χλαμύδιόν τε γὰρ ἦν ἀλουργές καὶ πόρπη χρυσεῇ καὶ ξιφίδιον ἐλεφαντόκωπον.

1.2 On this estate a goatherd named Lamon, while feeding his flock, found a child being suckled by a goat. There was a thicket of shrubs and briars, over which the ivy straggled, and beneath, a couch of soft grass, whereon the infant lay. Hither the goat often ran and wandered out of sight, and abandoning its own kid, remained by the side of the child. Lamon, pitying the neglected kid, observed the direction in which the goat went: and, one day at noon, when the sun was at its height, he followed and saw it cautiously entering the thicket and walking round the child, so as not to tread on and hurt it, while the latter sucked vigorously at its teat as if it had been its mother's breast. Astonished, as was natural, he approached closer, and found that it was a little boy, beautiful and well-grown, and wrapped in handsomer swaddling clothes than suited a child thus exposed: it had on a little purple tunic fastened with a golden clasp, and by its side was a little dagger with an ivory hilt.

Τὸ μὲν οὖν πρῶτον ἐβουλεύσατο μόνα τὰ γνωρίσματα βαστάσας ἀμελῆσαι τοῦ βρέφους: ἔπειτα αἰδесθεὶς εἰ μηδὲ αἰγὸς φιλανθρωπίαν μιμήσεται, νύκτα φυλάξας κομίζει πάντα πρὸς τὴν γυναῖκα Μυρτάλην, καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ τὸ παιδίον καὶ τὴν αἶγα αὐτήν. Τῆς δὲ ἐκπλαγείσης εἰ παιδία τίκτουσιν αἶγες, ὁ δὲ πάντα αὐτῇ διηγείται, πῶς εὗρεν ἐκκείμενον, πῶς εἶδε τρεφόμενον, πῶς

ἡδέσθη καταλιπεῖν ἀποθανοῦμενον. Δόξαν δὴ κάκεινῃ, τὰ μὲν συνεκτεθέντα κρύπτουσι, τὸ δὲ παιδίον αὐτῶν νομίζουσι, τῇ δὲ αἰγὶ τὴν τροφὴν ἐπιτρέπουσιν. Ὡς δ' ἂν καὶ τοῦνομα τοῦ παιδίου ποιμενικὸν δοκοίη, Δάφνιν αὐτὸν ἔγνωσαν καλεῖν.

1.3 At first he was minded to take up the tokens, without troubling about the child: but afterwards, feeling ashamed at the idea of being outdone by the goat in humanity, he waited till night, and took everything to his wife Myrtale, the tokens, the child, and the goat. When she expressed her astonishment that goats should bring forth little children, he told her everything: how he had found the child lying exposed, and being suckled by the goat, and how he had felt ashamed to leave it to die. His wife agreed with him, and they resolved to hide the tokens, to bring up the child as their own, and to let the goat suckle him. Further, they decided to call him Daphnis, that the name might have a more pastoral sound.

Ἦδη δὲ διετοῦς χρόνου διικνουμένον, ποιμὴν ἐξ ἀγρῶν ὁμόρων νέμων, Δρύας τοῦνομα, καὶ αὐτὸς ὁμοίοις ἐπιτυχάνει καὶ εὐρήμασι καὶ θέαμασι. Νυμφῶν ἄντρον ἦν, πέτρα μεγάλη, τὰ ἔνδοθεν κοίλῃ, τὰ ἔξωθεν περιφερῆς. Τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν αὐτῶν λίθοις ἐπεποίητο: πόδες ἀνυπόδητοι, χεῖρες εἰς ὤμους γυμναί, κόμαι μέχρι τῶν ἀυχέων λελυμένα, ζῶμα περὶ τὴν ἰξύν, μειδιάμα περὶ τὴν ὀφρύν: τὸ πᾶν σχῆμα χορεία ἦν ὀρχουμένων. Ἡ ὥα τοῦ ἄντρου τῆς μεγάλης πέτρας ἦν τὸ μεσαίτατον. Ἐκ πηγῆς ἀναβλύζον ὕδωρ ῥεῖθρον ἐποίει χεόμενον, ὥστε καὶ λειμῶν πάνυ γλαφυρὸς ἐξετέτατο πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου, πολλῆς καὶ μαλθακῆς πόας ὑπὸ τῆς νοτίδος τρεφομένης. Ἀνέκειντο δὲ καὶ γαυλοὶ καὶ αὐλοὶ πλάγιοι καὶ σύριγγες καὶ κάλαμοι, πρεσβυτέρων ποιμένων ἀναθήματα.

1.4 When two years had passed, a shepherd belonging to the neighbourhood, named Dryas, while feeding his flocks, made a similar discovery and saw a similar sight. In his district there was a cave sacred to the Nymphs: a large rock hollowed out within, and circular without. Inside were statues of the Nymphs, carved in stone, with feet unshod, arms bared up to the shoulders, hair falling down over the neck, a girdle around the waist, and a smile on the face: to judge from their attitude, you would have said they were dancing. The dome of the grotto was the centre of this mighty rock. Water, gushing from a fountain, formed a running stream; a beautiful meadow extended in front of the cave, the soft and abundant herbage of which was nourished by the moisture of the stream. Within were to be seen hanging up milk-pails, flutes, pipes, and reeds, the offerings of the older shepherds.

Εἰς τοῦτο τὸ νυμφαῖον οἷς ἀρτιτόκος συχνὰ φοιτῶσα δόξαν πολλάκις ἀπωλείας παρεῖχε. Κολάσαι δὴ βουλόμενος αὐτὴν καὶ εἰς τὴν πρότερον εὐνομίαν καταστήσαι, δεσμὸν ῥάβδου χλωρᾶς λυγίσας ὅμοιον βρόχῳ τῇ πέτρᾳ προσῆλθεν, ὥς ἐκεῖ συλληψόμενος αὐτήν. Ἐπιστάς δὲ οὐδὲν εἶδεν ὢν ἡλπισεν, ἀλλὰ τὴν μὲν διδοῦσαν πάνυ ἀνθρωπίνως τὴν θηλὴν εἰς ἄφθονον τοῦ γάλακτος ὀκλήν, τὸ δὲ παιδίον ἀκλαντι λάβρως εἰς ἀμφοτέρας τὰς θηλάς

μεταφέρον τὸ στόμα καθαρὸν καὶ φαιδρὸν, οἷα τῆς οἰὸς τῇ γλώττῃ τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπολιχνομένης μετὰ τὸν κόρον τῆς τροφῆς. Θῆλυ ἦν τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον, καὶ παρέκειτο καὶ τούτῳ γνωρίσματα: μίτρα διάχρυσος, ὑποδήματα ἐπίχρυσα, περισκελίδες χρυσαῖ.

1.5 A sheep, which had recently lambed, went so often to this grotto, that more than once she was thought to be lost. Dryas, wishing to punish her and make her stay with the flock to feed, as before, twisted a bough of pliant osier into a collar in the form of a running noose, and went up to the rock, in order to snare her. But when he drew near he beheld quite a different sight from what he had expected: he saw the sheep giving her teat, just like a human being, for a copious draught of milk, to a child, which, without a cry, eagerly shifted its clean and pretty mouth from one teat to the other, while the sheep licked its face, after it had had enough. It was a female child, and by its side also lay swaddling clothes and tokens, a cap interwoven with gold, gilded shoes, and gold-embroidered anklets.

Θεῖον δὴ τι νομίσας τὸ εὔρημα καὶ διδασκόμενος παρὰ τῆς οἰὸς ἐλεεῖν τε τὸ παιδίον καὶ φιλεῖν ἀναιρεῖται μὲν τὸ βρέφος ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, ἀποτίθεται δὲ τὰ γνωρίσματα κατὰ τῆς πῆρας, εὐχεται δὲ ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐπὶ χρηστῇ τύχῃ θρέψαι τὴν ἰκέτιν αὐτῶν. Καὶ ἐπεὶ καιρὸς ἦν ἀπελαύνειν τὴν ποίμνην, ἐλθὼν εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν τῇ γυναικὶ διηγεῖται τὰ ὀφθέντα, δείκνυσι τὰ εὐρεθέντα, παρακελεύεται θυγάτριον νομίζειν καὶ λανθάνουσαν ὡς ἴδιον τρέφειν. Ἡ μὲν δὴ Νάπη τοῦτο γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο μήτηρ εὐθὺς ἦν καὶ ἐφίλει τὸ παιδίον, ὥσπερ ὑπὸ τῆς οἰὸς παρευδοκιμηθῆναι δεδοικυῖα, καὶ τίθεται καὶ αὐτὴ ποιμενικὸν ὄνομα πρὸς πίστιν αὐτῷ, Χλόην.

1.6 Thinking that what he had found was sent from Heaven, and being moved to pity by the example of the sheep, he took the child up in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the Nymphs that he might be permitted to bring up their suppliant happily. Then when it was time to drive back his flock, he returned home, told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, and bade her adopt and bring up the child as her own, without telling anyone what had happened. Nape - that was his wife's name - immediately took up the child and caressed her, as if afraid of being outdone in kindness by the sheep: and, that it might be more readily believed that the child was her own, she gave it the pastoral name of Chloe.

Ταῦτα τὰ παιδιά ταχὺ μάλα ἠῤῃξε, καὶ κάλλος αὐτοῖς ἐνεφαίνετο κρεῖττον ἀγροικίας. Ἦδη τε ἦν ὁ μὲν πέντε καὶ δέκα ἐτῶν ἀπὸ γενεᾶς, ἡ δὲ τοσοῦτων, δυοῖν ἀποδεόντων, καὶ ὁ Δρύας καὶ ὁ Λάμων ἐπὶ μιᾷς νυκτὸς ὁρῶσιν ὄναρ τοιόνδε τι. Τὰς Νύμφας ἐδόκουν ἐκείνας, τὰς ἐν τῷ ἄντρῳ, ἐν ᾧ ἡ πηγὴ, ἐν ᾧ τὸ παιδίον εὗρεν ὁ Δρύας, τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ τὴν Χλόην παραδιδόναι παιδίῳ μάλα σοβαρῶ καὶ καλῷ, περὰ ἐκ τῶν ὤμων ἔχοντι, βέλη σμικρὰ ἅμα τοξαρίῳ φέροντι: τὸ δὲ ἐφαψάμενον ἀμφοτέρων ἐνὶ βέλει κελεῦσαι λοιπὸν ποιμαίνειν τὸν μὲν τὸ αἰπόλιον, τὴν δὲ τὸ ποίμνιον.

1.7 The two children soon grew up, more beautiful than ordinary rustics. When the boy was fifteen years of age, and the girl thirteen, Lamon and Dryas both dreamed the following dream on the same night. They dreamed that the Nymphs of the grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the little girl, delivered Daphnis and Chloe into the hands of a saucy and beautiful boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrow: and that this boy touched them both with the same arrow, and bade them tend, the one goats, the other sheep.

Τοῦτο τὸ ὄναρ ἰδόντες ἤχθοντο μὲν εἰ ποιμένες ἔσσονται οἱ τύχην ἐκ σπαργάνων ἐπαγγελλόμενοι κρείττονα ἰδὼν αὐτοὺς καὶ τροφαῖς ἔτρεφον ἄβροτέραις καὶ γράμματα ἐπαίδευσαν καὶ πάντα ὅσα καλὰ ἦν ἐπ' ἀγροικίας, ἐδόκει δὲ πείθεσθαι θεοῖς περὶ τῶν σωθέντων προνοία θεῶν. Καὶ κοινώσαντες ἀλλήλοις τὸ ὄναρ καὶ θύσαντες τῷ τὰ πτερὰ ἔχοντι παιδίῳ παρὰ ταῖς Νύμφαις τὸ γὰρ ὄνομα λέγειν οὐκ εἶχον ὥς ποιμένας ἐκπέμπουσιν αὐτοὺς ἅμα ταῖς ἀγέλαις, ἐκδιδάξαντες ἕκαστα: πῶς δεῖ νέμειν πρὸ μεσημβρίας, πῶς κοπάσαντος τοῦ καύματος: πότε ἐξάγειν ἐπὶ πότον, πότε ἀπάγειν ἐπὶ κοῖτον: ἐπὶ τίσι καλαύροπι χρηστέον, ἐπὶ τίσι φωνῇ μόνῃ. Οἱ δὲ μάλα χαίροντες ὥς ἀρχὴν μεγάλῃν παρελάμβανον καὶ ἐφίλουν τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μᾶλλον ἢ ποιμέσιν ἔθος, ἡ μὲν ἐς ποίμνιον ἀνάγουσα τῆς σωτηρίας τὴν αἰτίαν, ὃ δὲ μεμνημένος ὥς ἐκκείμενον αὐτὸν αἰξὶ ἀνέθρεψεν.

1.8 When they saw this vision, they grieved to think that Daphnis and Chloe were destined to tend sheep and goats, since their swaddling clothes seemed to give promise of better fortune: for which reason they had brought them up more delicately than shepherds' children, had taught them to read, and given them all the instruction possible in a country place. They resolved, however, to obey the gods in regard to those who had been saved by their providence. Having communicated their dreams to each other, and offered sacrifice, in the cave of the Nymphs, to the winged boy (whose name they did not know), they sent the maiden and the lad into the fields, having instructed them in all that they had to do: how they ought to feed their flocks before midday, and when the heat had abated: when they should drive them to drink, and when drive them back to the fold: when they should use the shepherd's crook and when the voice alone. They undertook this duty as joyfully as if they had been entrusted with some important office, and were fonder of their goats and sheep than shepherds usually are: for Chloe felt she owed her life to a ewe, while Daphnis remembered that when exposed, he had been nurtured by a goat.

Ἦρος ἦν ἀρχὴ καὶ πάντα ἤκμαζεν ἄνθη, τὰ ἐν δρυμοῖς, τὰ ἐν λειμῶσι καὶ ὅσα ὄρεα: βόμβος ἦν ἤδη μελιττῶν, ἦχος ὀρνίθων μουσικῶν, σκιρτήματα ποιμνίων ἀρτιγεννήτων: ἄρνες ἐσκίρτων ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσιν, ἐβόμβουν ἐν τοῖς λειμῶσι μέλιτται, ἐν ταῖς λόχμαῖς κατῆδον ὀρνίθες. Τοσαύτης δὴ πάντα κατεχούσης εὐωρίας οἱ ἀπαλοὶ καὶ νέοι μιμηταὶ τῶν ἀκουομένων ἐγίνοντο καὶ βλεπομένων: ἀκούοντες μὲν τῶν ὀρνίθων ἀδόντων ἦδον, βλέποντες δὲ

σκιρτῶντας τοὺς ἄρνας ἥλλοντο κοῦφα, τὰς μελίττας δὲ μιμούμενοι ἄνθη συνέλεγον· καὶ τὰ μὲν εἰς τοὺς κόλπους ἔβαλλον, τὰ δὲ στεφανίσκους πλέκοντες ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐπέφερον.

1.9 It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were blooming in the woods and meadows, and on the mountains. The humming of bees, and the twittering of tuneful birds were already heard, and the new-born young were skipping through the fields: the lambs were gambolling on the mountains, the bees were buzzing through the meadows, the birds were singing in the bushes. Under the influence of this beautiful season, Daphnis and Chloe, themselves tender and youthful, imitated what they saw and heard. When they heard the birds sing, they sang: when they saw the lambs gambol, they nimbly skipped in rivalry: and, like the bees, they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, while they wove garlands of others, which they offered to the Nymphs.

Ἐπραττον δὲ κοινῇ πάντα, πλησίον ἀλλήλων νέμοντες. Καὶ πολλάκις μὲν ὁ Δάφνις τῶν προβάτων τὰ ἀποπλανώμενα συνέστελλε, πολλάκις δὲ ἡ Χλόη τὰς θρασυτέρας τῶν αἰγῶν ἀπὸ τῶν κρημνῶν κατήλαυνεν, ἥδη δέ τις καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἀμφοτέρας ἐφρούρησε θατέρου προσλιπαρήσαντος ἀθύρματι. Ἀθύρματα δὲ ἦν αὐτοῖς ποιμενικὰ καὶ παιδικὰ. Ἡ μὲν ἀνθερίκους ἀνελομένη ποθὲν ἐξ ἔλους ἀκριδοθήραν ἔπλεκε καὶ περὶ τοῦτο πονουμένη τῶν ποιμνίων ἡμέλυσεν· ὁ δὲ καλάμους ἐκτεμῶν λεπτοὺς καὶ τρήσας τὰς τῶν γονάτων διαφυὰς ἐπαλλήλους τε κηρῷ μαλθακῷ συναρτήσας μέχρι νυκτὸς συρίττειν ἐμελέτα· ποτὲ δὲ ἐκοινώνουν γάλακτος καὶ οἶνου, καὶ τροφάς, ἃς οἴκοθεν ἔφερον, εἰς κοινὸν ἔφερον. Θᾶττον ἂν τις εἶδε τὰ ποίμνια καὶ τὰς αἴγας ἀπὸ ἀλλήλων μεμερισμένας ἢ Χλόην καὶ Δάφνιν.

1.10 They did everything in common, and tended their flocks side by side. Daphnis frequently gathered together Chloe's wandering sheep: while she often drove back his too venturesome goats from the precipices. Sometimes one of them tended the two flocks alone, while the other was intent upon some amusement. Their amusements were those of children or shepherds. Chloe would pluck some stalks of asphodel from the marsh, to weave a locust-trap, without any thought for her flock: while Daphnis, having cut some slender reeds, and perforated the intervals between joints, joined them with soft wax, and practised himself in playing upon them until nightfall. Sometimes they shared the food they had taken with them from home, their milk, or wine. In short, it would have been easier to find sheep and goats feeding apart than Daphnis separated from Chloe.

Τοιαῦτα δὲ αὐτῶν παιζόντων τοιάνδε σπουδὴν Ἔρως ἀνέπλασε. Λύκαινα τρέφουσα σκύμνους νέους ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν ἐξ ἄλλων ποιμνίων πολλάκις ἤρπαζε, πολλῆς τροφῆς ἐς ἀνατροφὴν τῶν σκύμνων δεομένη. Συνελθόντες οὖν οἱ κωμῆται νύκτωρ σιροὺς ὀρύττουσι τὸ εὖρος ὀργυιᾶς, τὸ βάθος τεττάρων. Τὸ μὲν δὴ χῶμα τὸ πολὺ σπείρουσι κομίσαντες μακράν, ξύλα δὲ ξηρὰ μακρὰ τείναντες ὑπὲρ τοῦ χάσματος τὸ περιττὸν τοῦ χώματος

κατέπασαν τῆς πρότερον γῆς εἰκόνα, ὥστε κἂν λαγῶς ἐπιδράμη, κατακλᾷ τὰ ξύλα κάρφων ἀσθενέστερα ὄντα, καὶ τότε παρέχει μαθεῖν ὅτι γῆ οὐκ ἦν, ἀλλὰ ἐμεμίμητο γῆν. Τοιαῦτα πολλὰ ὀρύγματα κἂν τοῖς ὄρεσι κἂν τοῖς πεδίοις ὀρύξαντες τὴν μὲν λύκαιναν οὐκ εὐτύχησαν λαβεῖν: αἰσθάνεται γὰρ γῆς σεσοφισμένης: πολλὰς δὲ αἶγας καὶ ποίμνια διέφθειραν, καὶ Δάφνιν παρ' ὀλίγον ᾤδε.

1.11 While they were thus engaged in their youthful sports, Love contrived the following trouble for them. There was a wolf in the district, which, having recently brought forth young, frequently carried off lambs from the neighbouring fields to feed them. The villagers accordingly assembled together by night, and dug some trenches, one fathom in depth and four in breadth: the greater part of the earth which they dug out they removed to a distance from the trenches: then, placing over the hole long pieces of dry wood, they covered them with the remainder of the earth, so that it looked level ground just as it had been before: this they did so cunningly that, if even a hare had run across, it would have broken the pieces of wood, which were more brittle than bits of straw; and then it would have been seen that it was not solid earth at all, but an imitation. Although they dug several similar trenches on the mountains and plains, they could not succeed in catching the wolf, which perceived the snare, but were the cause of the loss of a number of sheep and goats, and Daphnis also nearly lost his life, in the following manner.

Τράγοι παροξυνθέντες ἐς μάχην συνέπεσον. Τῷ οὖν ἐτέρῳ τὸ ἕτερον κέρασ βιαιοτέρας γενομένης συμβολῆς θραύεται, καὶ ἀλγήσας φριμαξάμενος ἐς φυγὴν ἐτράπετο: ὁ δὲ νικῶν κατ' ἵχνος ἐπόμενος ἄπανστον ἐποίει τὴν φυγὴν. Ἀλγεῖ Δάφνις περὶ τῷ κέρατι καὶ τῇ θρασυτήτι ἀχθεσθεὶς τὴν καλαύροπα λαβὼν ἐδίωκε τὸν διώκοντα. Οἷα δὲ τοῦ μὲν ὑπεκφεύγοντος, τοῦ δὲ ὀργῇ διώκοντος οὐκ ἀκριβὴς ἦν τῶν ἐν ποσὶν ἢ πρόσοψις, ἀλλὰ κατὰ τοῦ χάσματος ἄμφω πίπτουσιν, ὁ τράγος πρότερος, ὁ Δάφνις δεύτερος. Τοῦτο καὶ ἔσωσε Δάφνιν, χρήσασθαι τῆς καταφορᾶς ὀχήματι τῷ τράγῳ. Ὁ μὲν δὴ τὸν ἀνιμησόμενον, εἴ τις ἄρα γένοιτο, δακρύων ἀνέμενεν: ἡ δὲ Χλόη θεασαμένη τὸ συμβάν δρόμῳ παραγίνεται πρὸς τὸν σιρόν, καὶ μαθοῦσα ὅτι ζῇ, καλεῖ τινὰ βουκόλον ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν τῶν πλησίον πρὸς ἐπικουρίαν. Ὁ δὲ ἐλθὼν σχοῖνον ἐζήτει μακράν, ἧς ἐχόμενος ἀνιμώμενος ἐκβήσεται. Καὶ σχοῖνος μὲν οὐκ ἦν, ἡ δὲ Χλόη λυσαμένη ταινίαν δίδωσι καθεῖναι τῷ βουκόλῳ: καὶ οὕτως οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τοῦ χειλὸς ἐστῶτες εἴλκον, ὁ δὲ ἀνέβη ταῖς τῆς ταινίας ὀλκαῖς ταῖς χερσὶν ἀκολουθῶν. Ἀνιμήσαντο δὲ καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον τράγον συντεθραυσμένον ἄμφω τὰ κέρατα: τοσοῦτον ἄρα ἡ δίκη μετῆλθε τοῦ νικηθέντος τράγου. Τοῦτον μὲν δὴ τυθησόμενον χαρίζονται σῶστρα τῷ βουκόλῳ, καὶ ἔμελλον ψεύδεσθαι πρὸς τοὺς οἴκοι λύκων ἐπιδρομήν, εἴ τις αὐτὸν ἐπόθησεν: αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐπανελθόντες ἐπεσκόπουν τὴν ποίμνην καὶ τὸ αἰπόλιον: καὶ ἐπεὶ κατέμαθον ἐν κόσμῳ νομῆς καὶ τὰς αἶγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα, καθίσαντες ὑπὸ στελέχει δρυὸς ἐσκόπουν μὴ τι μέρος τοῦ σώματος ὁ Δάφνις ἤμαξε καταπεσών. Ἐτέτρωτο

μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν οὐδὲ ἥμακτο οὐδέν, χόματος δὲ καὶ πηλοῦ ἐπέπαστο καὶ τὰς κόμας καὶ τὸ ἄλλο σῶμα. Ἐδόκει δὴ λούσασθαι, πρὶν αἰσθησιν γενέσθαι τοῦ συμβάντος Λάμωνι καὶ Μυρτάλῃ.

1.12 Two goats, in a fit of jealousy, charged each other so violently that the horn of one was broken, and, mad with pain, he took to flight bellowing, closely and hotly pursued by his victorious adversary. Daphnis, grieved at the sight of the mutilated horn, and annoyed at the insolence of the victor, seized his club and crook, and started in pursuit of the pursuer. But, while the goat was trying to make his escape, and Daphnis was in angry pursuit, they could not see clearly what was in front of them, and both fell into one of these pits - the goat first, and Daphnis after him. This saved Daphnis from injury, since he was able to hold onto the goat to break his fall. In this situation he waited in tears to see if anyone would come to pull him up again. Chloe, having seen what had happened, ran up, and, finding that he was still alive, called one of the herdsmen from the neighbouring fields to her assistance. The herdsman came up, and looked for a long rope with which to haul him out, but found none. Then Chloe unloosed the band which fastened her hair, and gave it to the herdsmen to let down. Then they stood on the edge of the pit and pulled: and Daphnis, holding on to the band as it was being hauled up, at last succeeded in reaching the summit. Then they drew up the wretched goat, whose horns were both broken - so fully was his vanquished adversary avenged - and made a present of him to the herdsman, in return for his assistance, having agreed to tell those at home that he had been carried off by a wolf, if anyone missed him. Returning to their flocks, and finding them all feeding peacefully and in good order, they sat down on the trunk of an oak, to see whether Daphnis had been wounded in any part of his body by his fall. But they found no trace of any injury or blood: only his hair and the rest of his person were covered with earth and mud. Daphnis therefore resolved to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale found out what had happened.

Καὶ ἐλθὼν ἅμα τῇ Χλόῃ πρὸς τὸ νυμφαῖον τῇ μὲν ἔδωκε καὶ τὸν χιτωνίσκον καὶ τὴν πήραν φυλάττειν, αὐτὸς δὲ τῇ πηγῇ παραστὰς τὴν τε κόμην καὶ τὸ σῶμα πᾶν ἀπελούετο. Ἦν δὲ ἡ μὲν κόμη μέλαινα καὶ πολλή, τὸ δὲ σῶμα ἐπίκαντον ἡλίῳ: εἶκασεν ἄν τις αὐτὸ χρώζεσθαι τῇ σκιᾷ τῆς κόμης. Ἐδόκει δὲ τῇ Χλόῃ θεωμένη καλὸς ὁ Δάφνις, καὶ ὅτι τότε πρῶτον αὐτῇ καλὸς ἔδόκει, τὸ λουτρὸν ἐνόμιζε τοῦ κάλλους αἰτίον. Τὰ νῶτα δὲ ἀπολοοῦσης ἡ σὰρξ ὑπέπιπτε μαλθακῇ, ὥστε λαθοῦσα ἑαυτῆς ἤψατο πολλάκις, εἰ τρυφερωτέρα εἶη πειρωμένη. Καὶ 'τότε γὰρ ἐπὶ δυσμαῖς ἦν ὁ ἥλιος' ἀπήλασαν τὰς ἀγέλας οἴκαδε, καὶ ἐπεπόνθει Χλόῃ περιττὸν οὐδέν, ὅτι μὴ Δάφνιν ἐπεθύμει λουόμενον ιδέσθαι πάλιν. Τῆς δὲ ἐπιούσης ὡς ἦκον εἰς τὴν νομήν, ὁ μὲν Δάφνις ὑπὸ τῇ δρυὶ τῇ συνήθει καθεζόμενος ἐσύριττε καὶ ἅμα τὰς αἶγας ἐπεσκόπει κατακειμένας καὶ ὥσπερ τῶν μελῶν ἀκροωμένας, ἡ δὲ Χλόῃ πλησίον καθημένη τὴν ἀγέλην μὲν τῶν προβάτων ἐπέβλεπε, τὸ δὲ πλέον εἰς Δάφνιν ἑώρα: καὶ ἔδόκει καλὸς αὐτῇ συρίττων πάλιν, καὶ αὖθις

αἰτίαν ἐνόμιζε τὴν μουσικὴν τοῦ κάλλους, ὥστε μετ' ἐκεῖνον καὶ αὐτὴ τὴν σύριγγα ἔλαβεν, εἴ πως γένοιτο καὶ αὐτὴ καλὴ. Ἐπεισε δὲ αὐτὸν καὶ λούσασθαι πάλιν καὶ λουόμενον εἶδε καὶ ἰδοῦσα ἤψατο καὶ ἀπῆλθε πάλιν ἐπαινέσασα, καὶ ὁ ἔπαινος ἦν ἔρωτος ἀρχή. Ὅ τι μὲν οὖν ἔπασχεν οὐκ ἦδει νέα κόρη καὶ ἐν ἀγροικίᾳ τεθραμμένη καὶ οὐδὲ ἄλλου λέγοντος ἀκούσασα τὸ τοῦ ἔρωτος ὄνομα: ἄσῃ δὲ αὐτῆς εἶχε τὴν ψυχὴν, καὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν οὐκ ἐκράτει καὶ πολλὰ ἐλάλει Δάφνιν: τροφῆς ἡμέλει, νύκτωρ ἠγρύπνει, τῆς ἀγέλης κατεφρόνει: νῦν ἐγέλα, νῦν ἔκλαεν: εἶτα ἐκάθευδεν, εἶτα ἀνεπήδα: ὠχρία τὸ πρόσωπον, ἐρυθίματι αὐθις ἐφλέγετο. Οὐδὲ βοὸς οἷστρον πληγείσης τοιαῦτα ἔργα. Ἐπῆλθόν ποτε αὐτῇ καὶ τοιοῖδε λόγοι μόνη γενομένη.

1.13 He went with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, where the fountain was, and gave her his tunic and wallet. And Daphnis, standing by the spring, began to wash his hair and his whole person. His hair was dark and thick, and his body tanned by the sun; one would have thought that it was darkened by the reflection of his hair. Chloe looked at him, and he seemed to her to be very handsome; and, because she had never thought him handsome before, she imagined that he owed his beauty to his bath. She washed his back and shoulders, and, finding his skin soft and yielding beneath her hand, she more than once secretly touched herself, to see whether her own skin was more delicate. Then, as it was near sunset, they drove back their flocks to the homestead: and, from that moment, Chloe had but one thought, one desire - to see Daphnis in the bath again.

The following day, when they returned to the pasture, Daphnis sat down under his favourite oak-tree and played on his pipe, looking awhile at his goats, which, lying at his feet, seemed to be listening to his strains. Chloe, seated near him, was also looking after her sheep, but her eyes were more frequently fixed upon Daphnis. She again thought him handsome as he was playing on his pipe, and this time, imagining that he owed his beauty to the music, she took the pipe herself, to see whether she could make herself beautiful. She persuaded him to take a bath again, saw him in the bath and touched him: then, on her way home, she again began to praise his beauty, and this praise was the beginning of love. She did not know what was the matter with her, being a young girl brought up in the country, who had never even heard anyone mention the name of Love. But her heart was a prey to langour, she no longer had control over her eyes, and she often uttered the name of Daphnis. She ate little, could not sleep at night, and neglected her flock: by turns she laughed and cried, slept and started up: her face was pale one moment, and covered with blushes the next: a cow, stung by the gadfly, was not more uneasy than Chloe. Sometimes, when she was quite alone, she talked to herself in the following strain:

‘Νῦν ἐγὼ νοσῶ μὲν, τί δὲ ἡ νόσος ἀγνοῶ: ἀλγῶ, καὶ ἔλκος οὐκ ἔστι μοι: λυποῦμαι, καὶ οὐδὲν τῶν προβάτων ἀπόλωλέ μοι: κάομαι, καὶ ἐν σκιᾷ τοσαύτῃ κάθημαι. Πόσοι βάτοι με ἤμυξαν, καὶ οὐκ ἔκλαυσα: πόσαι μέλιτται

κέντρον ἐνῆκαν, ἀλλὰ ἔφαγον· τουτὶ δὲ τὸ νύττον μου τὴν καρδίαν πάντων ἐκείνων πικρότερον. Καλὸς ὁ Δάφνις, καὶ γὰρ τὰ ἄνθη· καλὸν ἢ σύριγξ αὐτοῦ φθέγγεται, καὶ γὰρ αἱ ἀηδόνες. Ἀλλ' ἐκείνων οὐδεὶς μοι λόγος. Εἴθε αὐτοῦ σύριγξ ἐγενόμην, ἵν' ἐμπνέη μοι· εἴθε αἶξ, ἵν' ὑπ' ἐκείνου νέμωμαι. Ὡς πονηρὸν ὕδωρ, μόνον Δάφνιν καλὸν ἐποίησας, ἐγὼ δὲ μάτην ἀπελουσάμην. Οἶχομαι, Νύμφαι φίλαι· οὐδὲ ὑμεῖς σώζετε τὴν παρθένον τὴν ἐν ὑμῖν τραφεῖσαν; Τίς ὑμᾶς στεφανώσει μετ' ἐμέ; τίς τοὺς ἀθλίους ἄρνας ἀναθρέψει; τίς τὴν λάλον ἀκρίδα θεραπεύσει, ἣν πολλὰ καμουσα ἐθήρασα, ἵνα με κατακοιμίξῃ φθεγγομένη πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου; νῦν δὲ ἐγὼ μὲν ἀγρυπνῶ διὰ Δάφνιν, ἡ δὲ μάτην λαλεῖ.'

1.14 "I am ill, but I do not know the nature of my illness: I feel pain, but am not wounded: I am sad, but I have lost none of my sheep. I am burning, although seated in the shade. The brambles have often torn my flesh, but I did not weep: the bees have often stung me, but I ate my food. The evil which now gnaws my heart must be sharper than all those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers: his pipe gives forth sweet notes, but so do the nightingales: but yet I care not for them. Would that I were his pipe, that I might receive his breath! Would that I were one of his goats, that I might be tended by him! O cruel water, that hast made Daphnis so beautiful, while I have washed in thee in vain! I perish, O beloved Nymphs, and you, too, refuse to save the girl who has been brought up in your midst. When I am dead, who will crown you with garlands? Who will feed my poor sheep? Who will look after the noisy grasshopper, which I took so much trouble to catch, that it might send me to sleep, chirping in front of the grotto? But now Daphnis has robbed me of sleep, and the grasshopper chirps in vain."

Τοιαῦτα ἔπασχε, τοιαῦτα ἔλεγεν, ἐπιζητοῦσα τὸ ἔρωτος ὄνομα. Δόρκων δὲ ὁ βουκόλος, ὁ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐκ τοῦ σιροῦ ἀνιμησάμενος, ἀρτιγένειος μεираκίσκος καὶ εἰδὼς ἔρωτος καὶ τὰ ἔργα καὶ τοῦνομα, εὐθὺς μὲν ἐπ' ἐκείνης τῆς ἡμέρας ἐρωτικῶς τῆς Χλόης διετέθη, πλειόνων δὲ διαγενομένων μᾶλλον τὴν ψυχὴν ἐξεπυρσεύθη καὶ τοῦ Δάφνιδος ὡς παιδὸς καταφρονήσας ἔγνω κατεργάσασθαι δώροις ἢ βίᾳ. Τὰ μὲν δὴ πρῶτα δῶρα αὐτοῖς ἐκόμισε τῷ μὲν σύριγγα βουκολικὴν καλάμων ἐννέα χαλκῷ δεδεμένων ἀντὶ κηροῦ, τῇ δὲ νεβρίδα βακχικὴν· καὶ αὐτῇ τὸ χρῶμα ἦν ὥσπερ γεγραμμένον χρώμασιν. Ἐντεῦθεν δὲ φίλος νομιζόμενος τοῦ μὲν Δάφνιδος ἡμέλει κατ' ὀλίγον, τῇ Χλόῃ δὲ ἀνὰ πᾶσαν ἡμέραν ἐπέφερεν ἢ τυρὸν ἀπαλὸν ἢ στέφανον ἀνθηρὸν ἢ μῆλον ὠραῖον· ἐκόμισε δὲ ποτε αὐτῇ καὶ μόσχον ἀρτιγέννητον καὶ κισσύβιον διάχρυσον καὶ ὀρνίθων ὀρεῖων νεοττοῦς. Ἡ δὲ ἄπειρος οὖσα τέχνης ἐραστοῦ, λαμβάνουσα τὰ δῶρα ἔχαιρεν, ὅτι Δάφνιδι εἶχεν αὐτὰ χαρίζεσθαι. Καὶ ἔδει γὰρ ἤδη καὶ Δάφνιν γνῶναι τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα γίνεται ποτε τῷ Δόρκωνι πρὸς αὐτὸν ὑπὲρ κάλλους ἔρις, καὶ ἐδίδκαζε μὲν Χλόῃ, ἔκειτο δὲ ἄθλον τῷ νικήσαντι φιλῆσαι Χλόην. Δόρκων δὲ πρότερος ὥδε ἔλεγεν.

1.15 Such were the words she spoke in her suffering, seeking in vain for the name of Love. But Dorcon, the herdsman who had extricated Daphnis and the

goat from the pit, a youth whose beard was just beginning to grow, who knew the name of Love and what it meant, had felt an affection for Chloe ever since that day, and, as time went on, his passion increased. Thinking little of Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere child, he resolved to gain his object, either by bribery or violence. He first made them presents: to Daphnis he gave a rustic pipe, the nine reeds of which were fastened together with brass instead of wax, and to Chloe a spotted fawn's skin, such as Bacchus was wont to wear. Then, thinking that he was on sufficiently friendly terms with them, he gradually began to neglect Daphnis, while every day he brought Chloe a fresh cheese, a garland of flowers, or some ripe fruit; and once he presented her with a young calf, a gilt cup, and some young birds which he had caught on the mountains. She, knowing nothing of the arts of lovers, was delighted to receive the presents, because she could pass them on to Daphnis. One day - since Daphnis also was destined to learn what Love meant - a discussion arose between him and Dorcon as to which of them was the handsomer. Chloe was appointed judge: and the victor's reward was to be a kiss. Dorcon spoke first:

‘Εγώ, παρθένε, μείζων εἰμι Δάφνιδος, κἀγὼ μὲν βουκόλος, ὁ δ’ αἰπόλος: τοσοῦτον κρείττων ὅσον αἰγῶν βόες: καὶ λευκὸς εἰμι ὡς γάλα, καὶ πυρρὸς ὡς θέρος μέλλον ἀμᾶσθαι, καὶ ἔθρεψε μήτηρ, οὐ θηρίον. Οὗτος δέ ἐστι σμικρὸς καὶ ἀγένειος ὡς γυνή, καὶ μέλας ὡς λύκος: νέμει δὲ τράγους, ὁδωδὼς ἀπ’ αὐτῶν δεινόν, καὶ ἔστι πένης ὡς μηδὲ κύνα τρέφειν. Εἰ δ’, ὡς λέγουσι, καὶ αἷξ αὐτῷ γάλα δέδωκεν, οὐδὲν ἐρίφου διαφέρει.’ Ταῦτα καὶ τοιαῦτα ὁ Δόρκων: καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα ὁ Δάφνις ‘Εμὲ αἷξ ἀνέθρεψεν ὥσπερ τὸν Δία: νέμω δὲ τράγους τῶν τούτου βοῶν μείζονας: ὅζω δὲ οὐδὲν ἀπ’ αὐτῶν, ὅτι μηδὲ ὁ Πάν, καίτοιγε ὦν τὸ πλεόν τράγος. Ἀρκεῖ δέ μοι τυρὸς καὶ ἄρτος ὀβελίας καὶ οἶνος λευκός, ὅσα ἀγορίκων πλουσίων κτήματα. Ἀγένειός εἰμι, καὶ γὰρ ὁ Διόνυσος: μέλας, καὶ γὰρ ὁ ὑάκινθος: ἀλλὰ κρείττων καὶ ὁ Διόνυσος Σατύρων καὶ ὁ ὑάκινθος κρίνων. Οὗτος δὲ καὶ πυρρὸς ὡς ἀλώπηξ καὶ προγένειος ὡς τράγος καὶ λευκὸς ὡς ἐξ ἄστεος γυνή: κἂν δέῃ σε φιλεῖν, ἐμοῦ μὲν φιλήσεις τὸ στόμα, τούτου δὲ τὰς ἐπὶ τοῦ γενείου τρίχας. Μέμνησο δέ, ὦ παρθένε, ὅτι καὶ σὲ ποῖμνιον ἔθρεψεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς εἴ καλή.’

1.16 “I am taller than Daphnis: I am a cowherd, while he is only a goatherd, as much superior to him as cows are superior to goats. I am white as milk, ruddy as corn fit for the sickle: my mother reared me, not a wild beast. He is short, beardless as a woman, black as a wolf. He tends goats, and stinks like them. He is so poor that he cannot even keep a clog: and if, as is reported, a goat has suckled him, he differs little from a kid.”

After Dorcon had spoken thus, Daphnis replied:

“Yes, like Zeus, I was suckled by a goat: I tend goats that are larger than his cows, and I do not smell of them, any more than Pan, who is more like a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, hard bread, and sweet wine: if he have these, a man is rich in the country. I am beardless, so was Dionysus:

I am dark, so is the hyacinth: and yet Dionysus is superior to the Satyrs, the hyacinth to the lily. He is as red as a fox, bearded like a goat, white as a woman from the city. If you kiss me, you will kiss my mouth: but, if you kiss him, you will only kiss the hairs on his chin. Lastly, O maiden, remember that you were suckled by a sheep: and yet how beautiful you are!”

Οὐκ ἔθ' ἡ Χλόη περιέμεινεν, ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν ἡσθεῖσα τῷ ἐγκωμίῳ, τὰ δὲ πάλαι ποθοῦσα φιλῆσαι Δάφνιν, ἀναπηδῆσασα αὐτὸν ἐφίλησεν, ἀδίδακτον μὲν καὶ ἄτεχνον, πάνυ δὲ ψυχὴν θερμᾶναι δυνάμενον. Δόρκων μὲν οὖν ἀλγῆσας ἀπέδραμε ζητῶν ἄλλην ὁδὸν ἔρωτος· Δάφνις δέ, ὥσπερ οὐ φιληθεῖς, ἀλλὰ δηχθεῖς, σκυθρωπὸς τις εὐθὺς ἦν καὶ πολλάκις ἐψύχετο καὶ τὴν καρδίαν παλλομένην εἶχε, καὶ βλέπειν μὲν ἤθελε τὴν Χλόην, βλέπων δ' ἐρυθήματος ἐνεπίμπλατο. Τότε πρῶτον καὶ τὴν κόμην αὐτῆς ἐθαύμασεν ὅτι ξανθή, καὶ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅτι μεγάλοι καθάπερ βοός, καὶ τὸ πρόσωπον ὅτι λευκότερον ἀληθῶς καὶ τοῦ τῶν αἰγῶν γάλακτος, ὥσπερ τότε πρῶτον ὀφθαλμοὺς κτησάμενος, τὸν δὲ πρότερον χρόνον πεπηρωμένος. Οὔτε οὖν τροφὴν προσεφέρετο πλὴν ὅσον ἀπογεύσασθαι· καὶ πότον, εἴ ποτε ἐβίασθη, μέχρι τοῦ διαβρέξαι τὸ στόμα προσεφέρετο. Σιωπηλὸς ἦν ὁ πρότερον τῶν ἀκρίδων λαλίστερος, ἀργὸς ὁ περιττότερα τῶν αἰγῶν κινούμενος. Ἡμέλητο ἡ ἀγέλη· ἔρριπτο ἡ σύριγξ· χλωρότερον τὸ πρόσωπον ἦν πᾶς θερινῆς. Πρὸς μόνην Χλόην ἐγίνετο λάλος· καὶ εἴ ποτε ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἐγένετο, τοιαῦτα πρὸς αὐτὸν ἀπελήρει

1.17 Chloe could wait no longer: delighted at such praise, and having long been eager to kiss Daphnis, she jumped up and kissed him, simply and artlessly, but yet her kiss had power to inflame his heart. Dorcon, deeply annoyed, hastened away, to think of some other way of satisfying his desires. Daphnis, on the other hand, seemed to have received a sting, rather than a kiss. He immediately became sad and pensive: he was seized with a chill, and was unable to restrain his palpitating heart: he wanted to look at Chloe, and, when he did so, his face was covered with blushes. Then, for the first time, he admired her fair hair, her eyes as large as those of a heifer, her face whiter than goats' milk: it seemed as if he then began for the first time to see, and had hitherto been blind. He merely tasted his food, and hardly moistened his lips with drink. He who was once more noisy than the locusts, remained silent: he who was formerly more active than his goats, sat idle: his flock was neglected, his pipe lay on the ground, his face was paler than the grass in summer. He could only speak of Chloe: and, whenever he was away from her he would rave to himself like this.

‘Τί ποτέ με Χλόης ἐργάζεται φίλημα; Χεῖλη μὲν ρόδων ἀπαλώτερα καὶ στόμα κηρίων γλυκύτερον· τὸ δὲ φίλημα κέντρον μελίττης πικρότερον. Πολλάκις ἐφίλησα ἐρίφους, πολλάκις ἐφίλησα σκύλακας ἀρτιγεννήτους καὶ τὸν μόσχον, ὃν ὁ Δόρκων ἐδωρήσατο· ἀλλὰ τοῦτο φίλημα καινόν· ἐκπηδᾷ μου τὸ πνεῦμα, ἐξάλλεται ἡ καρδιά, τήκεται ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ ὁμως πάλιν φιλῆσαι θέλω. Ὡ νίκης κακῆς· ὦ νόσου καινῆς, ἧς οὐδὲ εἰπεῖν οἶδα τοῦνομα. Ἄρα

φαρμάκων ἐγεύσατο ἡ Χλόη μέλλουσά με φιλεῖν; Πῶς οὖν οὐκ ἀπέθανεν; Οἷον ᾄδουσιν αἱ ἀηδόνες, ἡ δὲ ἐμὴ σύριγξ σιωπᾷ: οἷον σκιρτῶσιν οἱ ἔριφοι, κἀγὼ κάθημαι: οἷον ἀκμάζει τὰ ἄνθη, κἀγὼ στεφάνους οὐ πλέκω, ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν ἴα καὶ ὁ ὑάκινθος ἀνθεῖ, Δάφνις δὲ μαραίνεται. Ἄρά μου καὶ Δόρκων εὐμορφότερος ὀφθήσεται;’ Τοιαῦτα ὁ βέλτιστος Δάφνις ἔπασχε καὶ ἔλεγεν, οἷα πρῶτον γεγόμενος τῶν ἔρωτος ἔργων καὶ λόγων.

1.18 “What on earth has Chloe’s kiss done to me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth is sweeter than a honeycomb, but her kiss is sharper than the sting of a bee. I have often kissed my kids: I have often kissed newly-born puppies, and the little calf which Dorcon gave me: but this kiss is something new. My pulse beats high: my heart leaps: my soul melts: and yet I wish to kiss again. O bitter victory! O strange disease, the name of which I cannot even tell! Can Chloe have tasted poison before she kissed me? why then did she not die? How sweetly sing the nightingales; but my pipe is silent! How wantonly leap the kids, but I sit still! How sweetly bloom the flowers, but I weave no garlands! The violets and hyacinths bloom, but Daphnis fades. Shall even Dorcon appear more beautiful than Daphnis?”

Ὁ δὲ Δόρκων ὁ βουκόλος ὁ τῆς Χλόης ἐραστῆς φυλάζας τὸν Δρύαντα φυτὸν κατορύττοντα κλήματος πρόσεισιν αὐτῷ μετὰ τυρίσκων τινῶν γεννικῶν, καὶ τοὺς μὲν δῶρον εἶναι δίδωσι, πάλαι φίλος ὢν, ἥνικα αὐτὸς ἔνεμεν: ἐντεῦθεν δὲ ἀρξάμενος ἐνέβαλε λόγον περὶ τοῦ τῆς Χλόης γάμου: καὶ εἰ λαμβάνοι γυναικα, δῶρα πολλὰ καὶ μεγάλα, ὥς βουκόλος, ἐπηγγέλλετο: ζεῦγος βοῶν ἀροτήρων, σμήνη τέτταρα μελιττῶν, φυτὰ μηλεῶν πεντήκοντα, δέρμα ταύρου τεμεῖν ὑποδήματα, μόσχον ἀνὰ πᾶν ἔτος, μηκέτι γάλακτος δεόμενον: ὥστε σμικροῦ δεῖν ὁ Δρύας θελχθεὶς τοῖς δώροις ἐπένευσε τὸν γάμον. Ἐννοήσας δὲ ὥς κρείττονος ἢ παρθένος ἀξία νυμφίου, καὶ δεῖσας μήποτε κακοῖς ἀνηκέστοις περιπέσῃ, τὸν τε γάμον ἀνένευσε καὶ συγγνώμην ἔχειν ἡτήσατο καὶ τὰ ὀνομασθέντα δῶρα παρητήσατο.

1.19 Such were the passionate outbursts of the worthy Daphnis, who then for the first time felt the influence of love. But Dorcon, the herdsman, the lover of Chloe, seizing the opportunity when Dryas was planting a tree near a vine-shoot, went up to him with some cheeses and pipes. He gave him the cheeses, since he had been an old friend of his, at the time when he himself pastured his flock. Then he began to speak of marriage with Chloe, and promised him a number of valuable presents, if he should gain her hand: a yoke of oxen for ploughing, four swarms of bees, fifty young apple trees, an ox-hide for making shoes, and, every year, a calf that had been weaned. Allured by the prospect of such presents, Dryas was on the point of giving his consent. But afterwards, thinking that the maiden deserved to make a better marriage, and being afraid that, if he were found out, he might be punished and even put to death, he refused his consent, at the same time asking Dorcon not to be offended.

Δευτέρας δὴ διαμαρτῶν ὁ Δόρκων ἐλπίδος καὶ μάτην τυροὺς ἀγαθοὺς

ἀπολέσας ἔγνω διὰ χειρῶν ἐπιθέσθαι τῇ Χλόῃ μόνη γενομένη: καὶ παραφυλάξας ὅτι παρ' ἡμέραν ἐπὶ πότον ἄγουσι τὰς ἀγέλας ποτὲ μὲν ὁ Δάφνις ποτὲ δὲ ἡ παῖς, ἐπιτεχνᾷται τέχνην ποιμένι πρέπουσαν. Λύκου μεγάλου δέρμα λαβὼν, ὃν ταυρὸς ποτε πρὸ τῶν βοῶν μαχόμενος τοῖς κέρασι διέφθειρε, περιέτεινε τῷ σώματι, ποδῆρες κατανωτισάμενος, ὡς τοὺς τ' ἐμπροσθίους πόδας ἐφηπλῶσθαι ταῖς χερσὶ καὶ τοὺς κατόπιν τοῖς σκέλεσιν ἄχρι πτέρνης καὶ τοῦ στόματος τὸ χάσμα σκέπειν τὴν κεφαλὴν, ὥσπερ ἀνδρὸς ὀπίτου κράνος: ἐκθηριώσας δὲ αὐτὸν ὡς ἐνὶ μάλιστα, παραγίνεται πρὸς τὴν πηγὴν, ἧς ἔπινον αἱ αἶγες καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μετὰ τὴν νομὴν. Ἐν κοίλῃ δὲ πάνυ γῇ ἦν ἡ πηγὴ, καὶ περὶ αὐτὴν πᾶς ὁ τόπος ἀκάνθαις καὶ βάτοις καὶ ἄρκευθῳ ταπεινῇ καὶ σκολύμοις ἡγρίωτο: ῥαδίως ἂν ἐκεῖ καὶ λύκος ἀληθινὸς ἔλαθε λοχῶν. Ἐνταῦθα κρύψας ἑαυτὸν ἐπετήρει τοῦ πότου τὴν ὥραν ὁ Δόρκων, καὶ πολλὴν εἶχεν ἐλπίδα τῷ σχήματι φοβήσας λαβεῖν ταῖς χερσὶ τὴν χλόην.

1.20 Dorcon, thus for the second time cheated of his hopes, and having lost his fat cheeses for nothing, determined to lay violent hands on Chloe when he found her alone. Having observed that Daphnis and Chloe took it in turns to drive their flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme worthy of a shepherd. He took the skin of a large wolf, which one of his oxen, fighting in defence of the kine, had killed with his horns, and flung it over his shoulders, whence it hung down to his feet, so that the forefeet covered his hands, and the hinder his legs down to his heels, while the head with its gaping mouth enclosed his head like a soldier's helmet. Having thus transformed himself into a wild beast as best he could, he proceeded to the spring where the goats and sheep used to drink after they came from pasture. This fountain was in a hollow valley, and the whole spot around was full of wild brambles and thorns, low growing juniper bushes and thistles, so that even a real wolf could easily have concealed himself there. Here Dorcon hid himself, waiting for the time when the animals came to drink, hoping to frighten Chloe under the guise of a wolf, and so easily lay hands upon her.

Χρόνος ὀλίγος διαγίνεται καὶ Χλόη κατήλαυνε τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς τὴν πηγὴν, καταλιποῦσα τὸν Δάφνιν φυλλάδα χλωρὰν κόπτοντα τοῖς ἐρίφοις τροφὴν μετὰ τὴν νομὴν. Καὶ οἱ κύνες οἱ τῶν προβάτων ἐπὶ φυλακῇ καὶ τῶν αἰγῶν ἐπόμενοι, οἷα δὴ κυνῶν ἐν ῥινηλασίαις περιεργία, κινούμενον τὸν Δόρκωνα πρὸς τὴν ἐπίθεσιν τῆς κόρης φωράσαντες, πικρὸν μάλα ὑλακτήσαντες ὤρμησαν ὡς ἐπὶ λύκον καὶ περισχόντες, πρὶν ὅλως ἀναστῆναι δι' ἐκπληξιν, ἔδακνον κατὰ τοῦ δέρματος. Τέως μὲν οὖν τὸν ἔλεγχον αἰδούμενος καὶ ὑπὸ τοῦ δέρματος τοῦ ἐπισκέποντος φρουρούμενος ἔκειτο σιωπῶν ἐν τῇ λόχη: ἐπεὶ δὲ ἦ τε Χλόη πρὸς τὴν πρώτην θεὰν διαταραχθεῖσα τὸν Δάφνιν ἐκάλει βοηθόν, οἱ τε κύνες περισπῶντες τὸ δέρμα τοῦ σώματος ἤπτοντο αὐτοῦ, μέγα οἰμῶζας ἰκέτευε βοηθεῖν τὴν κόρην καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἥδη παρόντα. Τοὺς μὲν δὴ κύνας ἀνακλήσει συνήθει ταχέως ἡμέρωσαν, τὸν δὲ Δόρκωνα κατὰ τε μῆρῶν καὶ ὤμων δεδηγμένον ἀγαγόντες ἐπὶ τὴν πηγὴν ἀπένιψαν τὰ δῆγματα καὶ διαμασησάμενοι φλοιὸν χλωρὸν πετελέας ἐπέπασαν: ὑπὸ τε ἀπειρίας

ἔρωτικῶν τολμημάτων ποιμενικὴν παιδίαν νομίζοντες τὴν ἐπιβολὴν τοῦ δέρματος, οὐδὲν ὀργισθέντες, ἀλλὰ καὶ παραμυθησάμενοι καὶ μέχρι τινὸς χειραγωγήσαντες ἀπέπεμψαν.

1.21 After he had waited a little while, Chloe came driving the flocks to the spring, having left Daphnis cutting fresh foliage for the kids to eat after pasture. The dogs who assisted them to guard the sheep and goats followed her: and, with the natural curiosity of keen-scented animals, they tracked and discovered Dorcon preparing to attack the maiden. With a loud bark, they rushed upon him as if he had been a wolf, surrounded him, before he was able in his astonishment to rise upon his feet, and bit at him furiously. At first, afraid of being recognised, and being for some time protected by the skin which covered him, he lay in the thicket without uttering a word: but when Chloe, terrified at the first sight of the supposed animal, shouted for Daphnis to help her, and the dogs, having torn off the skin, began to fix their teeth in his body, he cried out loudly and implored Chloe and Daphnis, who had just come up, to assist him.

They quickly calmed the dogs with their familiar shout; then taking Dorcon, who had been bitten in the legs and shoulders, to the fountain, they washed his wounds, where the dogs' teeth had entered the flesh, and chewed the green bark of an elm-tree and spread it over them. In their ignorance of the audacity prompted by love, they thought that Dorcon had merely put on the wolf's skin for a joke: wherefore they felt no anger against him, but tried to console him, and, having helped him along a little distance, sent him on his way.

Καὶ ὁ μὲν κινδύνου παρὰ τοσοῦτον ἔλθων καὶ σωθεὶς ἐκ κυνός, οὐ λύκου στόματος, ἐθεράπευε τὸ σῶμα: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη κάματον πολὺν ἔσχον μέχρι νυκτὸς τὰς αἶγας καὶ τὰς οἰς συλλέγοντες: ὑπὸ γὰρ τοῦ δέρματος πτοηθεῖσαι καὶ ὑπὸ τῶν κυνῶν ὑλακτησάντων ταραχθεῖσαι αἱ μὲν εἰς πέτρας ἀνέδραμον, αἱ δὲ μέχρι τῆς θαλάττης αὐτῆς κατέδραμον. Καίτοιγε ἐπεπαιδεύοντο καὶ φωνῇ πείθεσθαι καὶ σύριγγι θέλγεσθαι καὶ χειρὸς πλαταγῇ συλλέγεσθαι: ἀλλὰ τότε πάντων αὐταῖς ὁ φόβος λήθην ἐνέβαλε. Καὶ μόλις ὥσπερ λαγῶς ἐκ τῶν ἰχνῶν εὐρίσκοντες εἰς τὰς ἐπαύλεις ἤγαγον. Ἐκείνης μόνης τῆς νυκτὸς ἐκοιμήθησαν βαθὺν ὕπνον καὶ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς λύπης φάρμακον τὸν κάματον ἔσχον. Αὐθις δὲ ἡμέρας ἐπελθούσης, πάλιν ἔπασχον παραπλήσια. Ἐχαιρον ἰδόντες, ἀπαλλαγέντες ἤλγουν: ἤθελόν τι, ἠγνόουν ὃ τι θέλουσι. Τοῦτο μόνον ᾔδεσαν ὅτι τὸν μὲν φύλημα, τὴν δὲ λουτρὸν ἀπώλεσεν.

1.22 Dorcon, having been in such deadly peril, after he had made good his escape from the mouth of a dog (not, as the proverb goes, of a wolf), devoted his attention to his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe, however, found considerable difficulty in getting together their goats and sheep, which, alarmed by the sight of the wolf's skin, and thrown into confusion by the barking of the dogs, had fled to the tops of the mountains or down to the seashore. Although they had been trained to obey their masters' voice and to be soothed by the sound

of the pipe, and to gather together when they merely clapped their hands, fear had caused them to forget everything; and they could only get them back to the fold with difficulty, after tracking them like hares. During that night alone they slept soundly, and weariness was a remedy for their amorous uneasiness: but, as soon as day came again, they felt the same passion as before. They were glad when they saw each other, and sorrowful when they parted: they suffered, they wanted something, but they did not know what they wanted. They only knew, the one that he had been undone by a kiss, the other that she had been destroyed by a bath.

Ἐξέκαε δ' αὐτοὺς καὶ ἡ ὥρα τοῦ ἔτους. Ἦρος ἦν ἤδη τέλος καὶ θέρους ἀρχή, καὶ πάντα ἐν ἀκμῇ: δένδρα ἐν καρποῖς, πεδία ἐν ληίοις. Ἦδεῖα μὲν τεττίγων ἡχή, γλυκεῖα δὲ ὀπώρας ὁδμή, τερπνὴ δὲ ποιμνίων βληχή. Εἶκασεν ἄν τις καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἄδειν ἡρέμα ῥέοντας καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους συρίττειν ταῖς πίτυσιν ἐμπνέοντας καὶ τὰ μῆλα ἐρῶντα πίπτειν χαμαὶ καὶ τὸν ἥλιον φιλόκαλον ὄντα πάντας ἀποδύειν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις θαλπόμενος τοῦτοις ἅπασιν εἰς τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἐνέβαινε, καὶ ποτὲ μὲν ἐλούετο, ποτὲ δὲ τῶν ἰχθύων τοὺς ἐνδινεύοντας ἐθήρα: πολλάκις δὲ καὶ ἔπινεν, ὥς τὸ ἐνδοθεν καῦμα σβέσων. Ἡ δὲ Χλόη μετὰ τὸ ἀμέλξει τὰς οἰς καὶ τῶν αἰγῶν τὰς πολλὰς ἐπὶ πολὺν μὲν χρόνον πράγματα εἶχε πηγνῦσα τὸ γάλα: δεινὰ γὰρ αἱ μῦται λυπῆσαι καὶ δακεῖν, εἰ διώκοιντο: τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν ἀπολουσαμένη τὸ πρόσωπον πίτυος ἐστεφανοῦτο κλάδοις καὶ τῇ νεβρίδι ἐζώννυτο καὶ τὸν γαυλὸν ἀναπλήσασα οἴνου καὶ γάλακτος κοινὸν μετὰ τοῦ Δάφνιδος πότον εἶχε.

1.23 In addition to this, the season of the year still further inflamed their passion. It was the end of spring and the commencement of summer: all Nature was in full vigour: the trees were full of fruit, the fields of corn. The chirp of the grasshopper was sweet to hear, the fruit sweet to smell, and the bleating of the sheep pleasant to the ear. The gently flowing rivers seemed to be singing a song: the winds, blowing softly through the pine branches, sounded like the notes of the pipe: even the apples seemed to fall to the ground smitten with love, stripped off by the sun that was enamoured of their beauty. Daphnis, heated by all these surroundings, plunged into the river, sometimes to bathe, at other times to snare the fish that sported in the eddies of the stream: and he often drank, as if he could thereby quench the fire that consumed him. Chloe, after having milked her sheep and most of Daphnis's goats, was for a long time busied in curdling the milk: for the flies annoyed her terribly and stung her, when she endeavoured to drive them away. After this, she washed her face, and crowned with branches of pine, and girt with the skin of a fawn, filled a pail with wine and milk to share with Daphnis.

Τῆς δὲ μεσημβρίας ἐπελθούσης ἐγίνετο ἤδη τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἄλωσις αὐτοῖς: ἡ μὲν γὰρ γυμνὸν ὀρῶσα τὸν Δάφνιν ἐς ἄθρου ἐνέπιπτε τὸ κάλλος, καὶ ἐτήκετο μηδὲν αὐτοῦ μέρος μέμψασθαι δυναμένη: ὁ δὲ ἰδὼν ἐν νεβρίδι καὶ στεφάνῳ πίτυος ὀρέγουσαν τὸν γαυλὸν μίαν ᾤετο τῶν ἐκ τοῦ ἄντρου Νυμφῶν ὀρᾶν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν τὴν πίτυν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς ἀρπάζων αὐτὸς ἐστεφανοῦτο,

πρότερον φιλήσας τὸν στέφανον· ἡ δὲ τὴν ἐσθῆτα αὐτοῦ λουομένου καὶ γυμνωθέντος ἐνεδύετο, πρότερον καὶ αὐτὴ φιλήσασα. Ἦδη ποτὲ καὶ μήλοις ἀλλήλους ἔβαλον καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀλλήλων ἐκόσμησαν διακρίνοντας τὰς κόμας· καὶ ἡ μὲν εἶκασεν αὐτοῦ τὴν κόμην, ὅτι μέλαινα, μύρτοις, ὁ δὲ μήλω τὸ πρόσωπον αὐτῆς, ὅτι λευκὸν καὶ ἐνερευθὲς ἦν. Ἐδίδασκεν αὐτὴν καὶ συρίττειν· καὶ ἄρξαμένης ἐμπνεῖν ἀρπάζων τὴν σύριγγα τοῖς χεῖλεσιν αὐτὸς τοὺς καλάμους ἐπέτρεχε· καὶ ἐδόκει μὲν διδάσκειν ἁμαρτάνουσαν, εὐπρεπῶς δὲ διὰ τῆς σύριγγος Χλόην κατεφίλει.

1.24 When noon came on, they were more enamoured than ever. For Chloe, having seen Daphnis quite naked, was struck by the bloom of his beauty, and her heart melted with love, for his whole person was too perfect for criticism: while Daphnis, seeing Chloe with her fawn skin and garland of pine, holding out the milk-pail for him to drink, thought that he was gazing upon one of the Nymphs of the grotto. He snatched the garland from her head, kissed it, and placed it on his own: and Chloe took his clothes when he had stripped to bathe, kissed them, and in like manner put them on. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and parted and decked each other's hair. Chloe declared that Daphnis's hair, being dark, was like myrtle berries: while Daphnis compared Chloe's face to an apple, because it was fair and ruddy. He also taught her to play on the pipe: and, when she began to blow, he snatched it away and ran over the reeds with his lips: and, while he thus pretended to show her where she was wrong, he speciously kissed the pipe in the places where her mouth had been.

Συρίττοντος δὲ αὐτοῦ τὸ μεσημβρινὸν καὶ τῶν ποιμνίων σκιαζομένων ἔλαθεν ἡ Χλόη κατανυστάξασα. Φωράσας τοῦτο ὁ Δάφνις καὶ καταθέμενος τὴν σύριγγα πᾶσαν αὐτὴν ἔβλεπεν ἀπλήστως, οἷα μηδὲν αἰδούμενος, καὶ ἅμα ἡρέμα ὑπεφθέγγετο ‘οἷον καθεύδουσιν ὀφθαλμοί, οἷον δὲ ἀποπνεῖ τὸ στόμα. Οὐδὲ τὰ μῆλα τοιοῦτον, οὐδὲ αἱ ὄχλαι. Ἀλλὰ φιλῆσαι μὲν δέδοικα· δάκνει τὸ φίλημα τὴν καρδίαν, καὶ ὥσπερ τὸ νέον μέλι μαίνεσθαι ποιεῖ· ὁκνῶ δὲ καὶ μὴ φιλήσας αὐτὴν ἀφυπνίσω. Ὡ λάλων τεττίγων, οὐκ ἐάσουσιν αὐτὴν καθεύδειν μέγα ἠχοῦντες. Ἀλλὰ καὶ οἱ τράγοι τοῖς κέρασι παταγοῦσι μαχόμενοι. Ὡ λύκων ἀλωπέκων δειλοτέρων, οἱ τούτους οὐχ ἥρπασαν.’

1.25 While he was piping in the noonday heat, and the flocks were resting in the shade, Chloe unwittingly fell asleep. When Daphnis perceived this, he put down his pipe, and gazed at her all over with greedy eyes, without any feeling of shame, and at the same time gently whispered to himself: “How lovely are her eyes in sleep! How sweet the perfume from her mouth, sweeter than that of apples or the hawthorn! Yet I dare not kiss it: her kiss pricks me to the heart, and maddens me like fresh honey. Besides, if I kiss her, I am afraid of waking her. O chattering grasshoppers! You will prevent her from sleeping, if you chirp so loudly! And on the other side, the he goats are butting each other with their horns: O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, why do you not carry them off?”

Ἐν τοιούτοις ὄντος αὐτοῦ λόγοις τέττιξ φεύγων χελιδόνα θηρᾶσαι θέλουσιν κατέπεσεν εἰς τὸν κόλπον τῆς Χλόης· καὶ ἡ χελιδὼν ἐπομένη τὸν μὲν οὐκ ἠδυνήθη λαβεῖν, ταῖς δὲ πτέρυξιν ἐγγὺς διὰ τὴν δίωξιν γενομένη τῶν παρειῶν αὐτῆς ἦσατο. Ἡ δὲ οὐκ εἰδυῖα τὸ πραχθὲν μέγα βοήσασα τῶν ὕπνων ἐξέθορεν. Ἰδοῦσα δὲ καὶ τὴν χελιδόνα ἔτι πλησίον πετομένην καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐπὶ τῷ δέει γελῶντα τοῦ φόβου μὲν ἐπαύσατο, τοὺς δὲ ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀπέματτεν ἔτι καθεύδειν θέλοντας. Καὶ ὁ τέττιξ ἐκ τῶν κόλπων ἐπήχησεν ὅμοιον ἰκέτῃ χάριν ὁμολογοῦντι τῆς σωτηρίας. Πάλιν οὖν ἡ Χλόη μέγα ἐβόησεν, ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἐγέλασε· καὶ προφάσεως λαβόμενος καθῆκεν αὐτῆς εἰς τὰ στέρνα τὰς χεῖρας καὶ ἐξάγει τὸν βέλτιστον τέττιγα, μὴδὲ ἐν τῇ δεξιᾷ σιωπῶντα. Ἡ δὲ ἦδετο ἰδοῦσα καὶ ἐφίλησε λαβοῦσα καὶ αὖθις ἐνέβαλε τῷ κόλπῳ λαλοῦντα.

1.26 While he was thus talking to himself, a grasshopper, pursued by a swallow, fell into Chloe's bosom: the swallow followed, but could not catch it: but, being unable to check its flight, touched Chloe's cheek with its wing. Not knowing what the matter was, she cried out loudly, and woke up with a start: but, when she saw the swallow flying close to her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, she was reassured, and rubbed her still drowsy eyes. The grasshopper, as if in gratitude for its safety, chirped its thanks from her bosom. Then Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed: and, seizing the opportunity, thrust his hand into her breast, and pulled out the grateful insect, which continued its song, even while held a prisoner in his hand. Chloe was delighted, and having kissed the insect, took it and put it, still chirping, into her bosom.

Ἐτερπεν αὐτοὺς τότε φάττα βουκολικὸν ἐκ τῆς ὕλης φθεγξαμένη. Καὶ τῆς Χλόης ζητούσης μαθεῖν ὅ τι λέγει, διδάσκει αὐτὴν ὁ Δάφνις μυθολογῶν τὰ θρυλούμενα. Ἦν οὕτω, παρθένε, παρθένος καλὴ καὶ ἔνεμε βοῦς πολλὰς ἐν ὕλῃ: ἦν δὲ ἄρα καὶ ᾠδικὴ καὶ ἐτέρποντο αἱ βόες αὐτῆς τῇ μουσικῇ, καὶ ἔνεμεν οὔτε καλαῦροπος πληγῇ οὔτε κέντρου προσβολῇ, ἀλλὰ καθίσασα ὑπὸ πίτυν καὶ στεφανωσαμένη πίτυϊ ἦδε Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν Πίτυν, καὶ αἱ βόες τῇ φωνῇ παρέμενον. Παῖς οὐ μακρὰν νέμων βοῦς, καὶ αὐτὸς καλὸς καὶ ᾠδικὸς ὥς ἡ παρθένος, φιλονεικήσας πρὸς τὴν μελωδίαν, μεῖζονα ὥς ἀνὴρ, ἡδίονα ὥς παῖς φωνὴν ἀντεπεδείξατο, καὶ τῶν βοῶν ὀκτῶ τὰς ἀρίστας ἐς τὴν ἰδίαν ἀγέλην θέλξας ἀπεβουκόλησεν. Ἀχθεταὶ ἡ παρθένος τῇ βλάβῃ τῆς ἀγέλης, τῇ ἥττῃ τῆς ᾠδῆς, καὶ εὐχεται τοῖς θεοῖς ὄρνις γενέσθαι πρὶν οἴκαδε ἀφικέσθαι. Πείθονται οἱ θεοὶ καὶ ποιοῦσι τήνδε τὴν ὄρνιν, ὅρειον ὥς παρθένον, μουσικὴν ὥς ἐκείνην. Καὶ ἔτι νῦν ἄδουσα μηνύει τὴν συμφορὰν, ὅτι βοῦς ζητεῖ πεπλανημένας.⁷

1.27 Another time, they were listening with delight to the cooing of a wood pigeon. When Chloe asked what was the meaning of its song, Daphnis told her the popular story: "Once upon a time, dear maiden, there was a maiden, beautiful and blooming as you. She tended cattle and sang beautifully: her cows were so enchanted by the music of her voice, that she never needed to strike them with her crook or to touch them with her goad: but, seated beneath

a pine-tree, her head crowned with a garland, she sang of Pan and Pinus, and the cows stood near, enchanted by her song. There was a young man who tended his flocks hard by, beautiful and a good singer himself, as she was, who entered into a rivalry of song with her: his voice was more powerful, since he was a man, and yet gentle, since he was but a youth. He sang so sweetly that he charmed eight of her best cows and enticed them over to his own herd, and drove them away. The maiden, grieved at the loss of her cattle, and at having been vanquished in singing, begged the Gods to transform her into a bird before she returned home. The Gods listened to her prayer, and transformed her into a mountain bird, which loves to sing as she did. Even now it tells in plaintive tones of her misadventure, and how that she is still seeking the cows that strayed away.

Τοιάσδε τέρψεις αὐτοῖς τὸ θέρος παρεῖχε. Μετοπόρου δὲ ἀκμάζοντος καὶ τοῦ βότρυος Τύριοι λησταὶ Καρικὴν ἔχοντες ἡμιολίαν, ὥς ἂν μὴ δοκοῖεν βάρβαροι, προσέσχον τοῖς ἀγροῖς, καὶ ἐκβάντες σὺν μαχαίραις καὶ ἡμιθωρακίοις κατέσυρον πάντα τὰ εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθόντα, οἶνον ἀνθοσμῖαν, πυρὸν ἄφθονον, μέλι ἐν κηρίοις: ἤλασάν τινας καὶ βοῦς ἐκ τῆς Δόρκωνος ἀγέλης. Λαμβάνουσι καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἄλυνοντα παρὰ τὴν θάλατταν: ἡ γὰρ Χλόη βραδύτερον ὥς κόρη τὰ πρόβατα ἐξῆγε τοῦ Δρύαντος, φόβῳ τῶν ἀγερώχων ποιμένων. Ἰδόντες δὲ μειράκιον μέγα καὶ καλὸν καὶ κρεῖττον τῆς ἐξ ἀγρῶν ἀρπαγῆς, μηκέτι μηδὲν μῆτε ἐς τὰς αἴγας μῆτε ἐς τοὺς ἄλλους ἀγροὺς περιεργασάμενοι κατήγον αὐτὸν ἐπὶ τὴν ναῦν κλάοντα καὶ ἠπορημένον καὶ μέγα Χλόην καλοῦντα. Καὶ οἱ μὲν τὸ πεῖσμα ἄρτι ἀπολύσαντες καὶ τὰς κώπας ταῖς χερσὶν ἐμβαλόντες ἀνέπλεον εἰς τὸ πέλαγος: Χλόη δὲ κατήλαυνε τὸ ποίμνιον, σύριγγα καινὴν τῷ Δάφνιδι δῶρον κομίζουσα. Ἰδοῦσα δὲ τὰς αἴγας τεταραγμένας καὶ ἀκούσασα τοῦ Δάφνιδος αἰεὶ μείζον αὐτὴν βοῶντος, προβάτων μὲν ἀμελεῖ καὶ τὴν σύριγγα ρίπτει, δρόμῳ δὲ πρὸς τὸν Δόρκωνα παραγίνεται δεησομένη βοηθεῖν

1.28 Such were the enjoyments which the summer afforded them. But, in mid-autumn, when the grapes grew ripe, some Tyrian pirates, having embarked on a light Carian vessel, that they might not be suspected of being barbarians, landed on the coast: and, armed with swords and corslets, carried off everything that came into their hands, fragrant wine, a great quantity of wheat, and honey in the honeycomb, besides some cows belonging to Dorcon. They also seized Daphnis as he was wandering on the shore: for Chloe, being a simple girl, for fear of the insolence of the shepherds, did not drive out the flocks of Dryas so early. When the robbers beheld the tall and handsome youth, a more valuable booty than any they could find in the fields, they paid no heed to the goats or the other fields, but carried him off to their ship, weeping and in great distress what to do, and calling the while for Chloe in a loud voice. No sooner had they loosed the cable, and begun to ply their oars, and put out to sea, than Chloe drove down her flock, bringing with her a new pipe as a present to Daphnis. But, seeing the goats scattered hither and thither,

and hearing Daphnis calling to her ever louder and louder, thinking no more about her sheep, she flung away the pipe, and ran to Dorcon, to implore his aid.

Ὁ δὲ ἔκειτο πληγαῖς νεανικαῖς συγκεκομμένος ὑπὸ τῶν ληστῶν καὶ ὀλίγον ἐμπνέων, αἵματος πολλοῦ χεομένου. Ἰδὼν δὲ τὴν Χλόην καὶ ὀλίγον ἐκ τοῦ πρότερον ἔρωτος ἐμπύρευμα λαβὼν ‘ἐγὼ μὲν’ εἶπε, ‘Χλόη, τεθνῆξομαι μετ’ ὀλίγον: οἱ γάρ με ἀσεβεῖς ληστὰι πρὸ τῶν βοῶν μαχόμενον κατέκοψαν ὡς βοῦν. Σὺ δὲ καὶ Δάφνιν σῶσον κάμοι τιμώρησον κάκείνους ἀπόλεσον. Ἐπαίδευσα τὰς βοῦς ἥγω σύριγγος ἀκολουθεῖν καὶ διώκειν τὸ μέλος αὐτῆς, κἂν νέμωνται πού μακράν. Ἦθι δὴ, λαβοῦσα τὴν σύριγγα ταύτην ἐμπνευσον αὐτῇ μέλος ἐκεῖνο, ὃ Δάφνιν μὲν ἐγὼ ποτε ἐδιδάξαμην, Δάφνις δὲ σέ: τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν τῇ σύριγγι μελήσει καὶ τῶν βοῶν ταῖς ἐκεῖ. Χαρίζομαι δέ σοι καὶ τὴν σύριγγα αὐτήν, ἣ πολλοὺς ἐρίζων καὶ βουκόλους ἐνίκησα καὶ αἰπόλους. Σὺ δὲ ἀντὶ τῶνδε καὶ ζῶντα ἔτι φίλησον καὶ ἀποθανόντα κλαῦσον: κἂν ἴδῃς ἄλλον νέμοντα τὰς βοῦς, ἐμοῦ μνημόνευσον.’

1.29 She found him lying prostrate on the ground, hacked by the swords of the robbers, and almost dead from loss of blood. But, when he saw Chloe, revived by the smouldering fire of his former passion, he said: “Chloe, dear, I am at the point of death: when I tried to defend my cattle, the accursed brigands hewed me to pieces like an ox. But do you save Daphnis for yourself: avenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe, and to come when they hear it, however far off they may be feeding. Come, take this pipe, and play the same strain upon it which I once taught Daphnis, and he in turn taught you. Leave the rest to my pipe and my cows that are on yonder ship. I also make you a present of the pipe, with which I have gained the victory over many herdsmen and shepherds. Kiss me once in return, and lament for me when I am dead: and, when you see another tending my cattle, then think of me.”

Δόρκων μὲν δὴ τοσαῦτα εἰπὼν καὶ φίλημα φιλήσας ὕστατον ἀφῆκεν ἅμα τῷ φιλήματι τὴν ψυχὴν: ἡ δὲ Χλόη λαβοῦσα τὴν σύριγγα καὶ ἐνθεῖσα τοῖς χεῖλεσιν ἐσύριττεν ὡς ἐδύνατο μέγιστον: καὶ αἱ βόες ἀκούουσι καὶ τὸ μέλος γνωρίζουσι καὶ ὁρμῇ μιᾷ μυκησάμεναι πηδῶσιν εἰς τὴν θάλατταν. Βιαίου δὲ πηδήματος εἰς ἓνα τοῖχον τῆς νεῶς γενομένου κάκ της ἐμπτώσεως τῶν βοῶν κοίλης τῆς θαλάττης διαστάσης στρέφεται μὲν ἡ ναῦς καὶ τοῦ κλύδωνος συνιόντος ἀπόλλυται, οἱ δὲ ἐκπύπτουσιν οὐχ ὁμοίαν ἔχοντες ἐλπίδα σωτηρίας. Οἱ μὲν γὰρ ληστὰι τὰς μαχαίρας παρήρτηντο καὶ τὰ ἡμιθωράκια τὰ λεπιδωτὰ ἐνεδέδυντο καὶ κνημίδας εἰς μέσην κνήμην ὑπεδέδεντο: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἀνυπόδητος, ὡς ἐν πεδίῳ νέμων, καὶ ἡμίγυμνος, ὡς ἔτι τῆς ὥρας οὔσης καυματώδους. Ἐκείνους μὲν οὖν ἐπ’ ὀλίγον νηξαμένους τὰ ὄπλα κατήνεγκεν εἰς βυθόν: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις τὴν μὲν ἐσθῆτα ραδίως ἀπεδύσατο, περὶ δὲ τὴν νῆξιν ἔκαμνεν, οἷα πρότερον νηχόμενος ἐν ποταμοῖς μόνοις: ὕστερον δὲ παρὰ τῆς ἀνάγκης τὸ πρακτέον διδαχθεὶς εἰς μέσας ὥρμησε τὰς βοῦς, καὶ βοῶν δύο κεράτων ταῖς δύο χερσὶ λαβόμενος ἐκομίζετο μέσος ἀλύπως καὶ ἀπόνως,

ὥσπερ ἐλαύνων ἄμαξαν. Νήχεται δὲ ἄρα βοῦς ὅσον οὐδὲ ἄνθρωπος· μόνων λείπεται τῶν ἐνύδρων ὀρνίθων καὶ αὐτῶν ἰχθύων· οὐδ' ἂν ἀπόλοιτο βοῦς νηχόμενος, εἰ μὴ τῶν χηλῶν οἱ ὄνυχες περιπέσοιεν διάβροχοι γενόμενοι. Μαρτυροῦσι τῷ λόγῳ μέχρι νῦν πολλοὶ τόποι τῆς θαλάττης, βοὸς πόροι λεγόμενοι.

1.30 When Dorcon had thus spoken, and had kissed her for the last time, he breathed his last as he spoke and kissed her. Chloe took the pipe, put it to her lips, and blew with all her might. And the cows heard it, and, recognising the strain, began to low, and all with a bound sprang into the sea. As they had leaped from the same side of the vessel, and caused the sea to part, it upset and sank under the waves that closed over it. Those on board were flung into the sea, but with unequal prospect of safety. For the pirates were encumbered with swords, and clad in scaly coats of mail, and greaves reaching halfway down the leg. But Daphnis, who had been tending his flocks, was unshod, and only half clothed, owing to the burning heat. The pirates had only swum a little way, when the weight of their armour dragged them down into the depths: Daphnis easily threw off the clothes he had on, yet it cost him some effort to swim, since he had hitherto only swum in rivers: but soon, under the impulse of necessity, he reached the cows by an effort, and, while with each hand he grasped one by the horns, he was carried along between them without difficulty, or danger, as if he had been driving a cart: for an ox swims far better than any man: it is only inferior to the water-fowl and fishes. An ox would never sink, were it not that the horn falls off his hoofs when it gets wet through. The truth of what I say is borne out by many places on the coast which are still found bearing the name of "Ox fords."

Σώζεται μὲν δὴ τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον ὁ Δάφνης, δύο κινδύνους παρ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν διαφυγών, ληστηρίου καὶ ναυαγίας· ἐξελθὼν δὲ καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς γελῶσαν ἅμα καὶ δακρύουσαν εὐρὼν ἐμπίπτει τε αὐτῆς τοῖς κόλποις καὶ ἐπυνθάνετο τί βουλομένη συρίσειεν· ἡ δὲ αὐτῷ διηγεῖται πάντα· τὸν δρόμον τὸν ἐπὶ τὸν Δόρκωνα, τὸ παιδεύμα τῶν βοῶν, πῶς κελευσθεῖη συρίσαι, καὶ ὅτι τέθηκε Δόρκων· μόνον αἰδεσθεῖσα τὸ φίλημα οὐκ εἶπεν. Ἔδοξε δὴ τιμῆσαι τὸν εὐεργέτην, καὶ ἐλθόντες μετὰ τῶν προσηκόντων Δόρκωνα θάπτουσι τὸν ἄθλιον. Γῆν μὲν οὖν πολλὴν ἐπένησαν, φυτὰ δὲ ἡμέρα πολλὰ ἐφύτευσαν καὶ ἐξήρτησαν αὐτῶν τῶν ἔργων ἀπαρχάς· ἀλλὰ καὶ γάλα κατέσπεισαν καὶ βότρυς κατέθλιψαν καὶ σύριγγας πολλὰς κατέκλασαν. Ἠκούσθη καὶ τῶν βοῶν ἐλεεινὰ μυκήματα καὶ δρόμοι τινὲς ὥφθησαν ἅμα τοῖς μυκήμασιν ἄτακτοι· καὶ ὥς ἐν ποιμέσιν εἰκάζετο καὶ αἰπόλοις, ταῦτα θρῆνος ἦν τῶν βοῶν ἐπὶ βουκόλῳ τετελευτηκότι.

1.31 Thus Daphnis, against all expectation, was saved from the double danger of the robbers and shipwreck. When he came to land, and found Chloe weeping and smiling through her tears, he threw himself into her arms, and asked her what she had meant by playing on the pipe. And she told him everything, how she had run to Dorcon for help, how his cows had been

trained to obey the sound of the pipe, what strain she had been bidden to play, and how Dorcon had died: only, from a feeling of modesty, she said nothing about the kiss she had given him. Then both resolved to honour the memory of their benefactor, and went with his relatives to bury the unhappy Dorcon. They heaped earth over him in abundance, and planted a number of cultivated trees round about, and hung up as an offering to the deceased the first fruits of their labours: they poured libations of milk over his grave, crushed grapes, and broke several shepherds' pipes. His cows lowed piteously, wandering hither and thither the while: and to the herdsmen and shepherds it seemed that they were mourning for the death of their master.

Μετὰ δὲ τὸν τοῦ Δόρκωνος τάφον λούει τὸν Δάφνιν ἡ Χλόη πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας ἀγαθοῦσα. Καὶ αὐτὴ τότε πρῶτον Δάφνιδος ὀρῶντος ἐλούσατο τὸ σῶμα λευκὸν καὶ καθαρὸν ὑπὸ κάλλους καὶ οὐδὲν λουτρῶν ἐς κάλλος δεόμενον: καὶ ἄνθη συλλέξαντες, ὅσα τῆς ὥρας ἐκείνης, ἐστεφάνωσαν τὰ ἀγάλματα καὶ τὴν τοῦ Δόρκωνος σύριγγα τῆς πέτρας ἐξήρτησαν ἀνάθημα. Καὶ μετὰ τοῦτο ἐλθόντες ἐπεσκόπουν τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα. Τὰ δὲ πάντα κατέκειτο μήτε νεμόμενα μήτε βληχώμενα, ἀλλ', οἶμαι, τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἀφανεῖς ὄντας ποθοῦντα. Ἐπειδὴ οὖν ὀφθέντες καὶ ἐβόησαν τὸ σύνηθες καὶ ἐσύρισαν, τὰ μὲν ποίμνια ἀναστάντα ἐνέμετο, αἱ δὲ αἴγες ἐσκίρτων φριματτόμεναι, καθάπερ ἡδόμεναι σωτηρίᾳ συνήθους αἰπόλου. Οὐ μὴν ὁ Δάφνις χαίρειν ἐπειθε τὴν ψυχὴν, ἰδὼν τὴν Χλόην γυμνὴν καὶ τὸ πρότερον λανθάνον κάλλος ἐκκεκαλυμμένον. Ἦλγει τὴν καρδίαν ὡς ἐσθιομένην ὑπὸ φαρμάκων, καὶ αὐτῷ τὸ πνεῦμα ποτὲ μὲν λάβρον ἐξέπνει, καθάπερ τινὸς διώκοντος αὐτόν, ποτὲ δὲ ἐξέλειπε, καθάπερ ἐκδαπανηθὲν ἐν ταῖς πρότερον ἐπιδρομαῖς. Ἐδόκει τὸ λουτρὸν εἶναι τῆς θαλάττης φοβερώτερον: ἐνόμιζε τὴν ψυχὴν ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς λησταῖς μένειν, οἷα νέος καὶ ἄγροικος καὶ ἔτι ἀγνοῶν τὸ ἔρωτος ληστήριον.

1.32 After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him, and then she herself, for the first time in Daphnis's presence, also washed her own fair and beautiful person, which needed no bath to set off its beauty: then, plucking the flowers that were in season, they crowned the statues of the Nymphs, and hung up Dorcon's pipe against the rock as an offering. After this, they went to look after their sheep and goats, which were all lying on the ground, neither feeding nor bleating, but, I believe, pining for the absent Daphnis and Chloe. But, as soon as they came in sight, and began to shout and pipe as usual, they jumped up and began to feed: the goats skipped wantonly, as if delighted at the safe return of their master. Daphnis however could not bring himself to feel happy: for, since he had seen Chloe naked, in all her beauty formerly hidden and then revealed, he felt a pain in his heart, as if it was consumed by poison. His breath now came rapidly, as if someone was pursuing him: and now failed him, as if exhausted in previous attacks. Chloe's bath seemed to him more terrible than the sea. He thought that his soul was still amongst the pirates, for

he was merely a young rustic and as yet knew nothing of the thievish tricks of Love.

BOOK II.

Ἦδη δὲ τῆς ὁπώρας ἀκμαζούσης καὶ ἐπείγοντος τοῦ τρυγητοῦ πᾶς ἦν κατὰ τοὺς ἀγροὺς ἐν ἔργῳ· ὁ μὲν ληνοὺς ἐπεσκεύαζεν, ὁ δὲ πίθους ἐξεκάθαιρεν, ὁ δὲ ἀρρίχους ἐπλεκεν· ἔμελέ τινι δρεπάνης μικρᾶς ἐς βότρυος τομῇν καὶ ἐτέρῳ λίθου θλίψαι τὰ ἔνοινα τῶν βοτρύων δυναμένου καὶ ἄλλῳ λύγου ξηρᾶς πληγαῖς κατεξασμένης, ὥς ἂν ὑπὸ φωτὶ νύκτωρ τὸ γλεῦκος φέροιτο. Ἀμελήσαντες οὖν καὶ ὁ Δάφνης καὶ ἡ Χλόη τῶν αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων, χειρὸς ὠφέλειαν ἄλλοις μετεδίδοσαν. Ὁ μὲν ἐβάσταζεν ἐν ἀρρίχοις βότρυς καὶ ἐπάτει ταῖς ληνοῖς ἐμβαλὼν καὶ εἰς τοὺς πίθους ἔφερε τὸν οἶνον· ἡ δὲ τροφὴν παρεσκεύαζε τοῖς τρυγῶσι καὶ ἐνέχει ποτὸν αὐτοῖς πρεσβύτερον οἶνον καὶ τῶν ἀμπέλων δὲ τὰς ταπεινότερας ἀπετρύγα. Πᾶσα γὰρ ἡ κατὰ τὴν Λέσβον ἄμπελος ταπεινὴ, οὐ μετέωρος οὐδὲ ἀναδενδράς, ἀλλὰ κάτω τὰ κλήματα ἀποτείνουσα καὶ ὥσπερ κιττὸς νεμομένη· καὶ παῖς ἂν ἐφίκοιτο βότρυος ἄρτι τὰς χεῖρας ἐκ σπαργάνων λελυμένος.

2.1 It was now the middle of autumn, and the vintage was close at hand; everyone was in the fields, busily intent upon his work. Some were repairing the wine-presses, others cleaning out the jars: some were weaving baskets of osier, and others sharpening short sickles for cutting the grapes: some were preparing stones to crush those full of wine, others preparing dry twigs which had been well beaten, to be used as torches to light the drawing off of the new wine by night. Daphnis and Chloe, having abandoned the care of their flocks, assisted each other in these tasks. Daphnis carried bunches of grapes in baskets, threw them into the press and trod them, and drew off the juice into jars: while Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and poured some of the older wine for them to drink, while at the same time she picked some of the lowest bunches from the trees. For all the vines in Lesbos grow low, and are not trained to trees: their branches hang down to the ground, spreading like ivy, so that even a child that is, so to speak, only just out of its swaddling clothes, could reach the grapes.

Οἶον οὖν εἰκὸς ἐν ἑορτῇ Διονύσου καὶ οἶνου γενέσεως αἱ μὲν γυναῖκες ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν εἰς ἐπικουρίαν κεκλημέναι τῷ Δάφνιδι τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐπέβαλλον καὶ ἐπήνουν ὥς ὅμοιον τῷ Διονύσῳ τὸ κάλλος, καὶ τις τῶν θρασυτέρων καὶ ἐφίλησε καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν παρώξυνε, τὴν δὲ Χλόην ἐλύπησεν· οἱ δὲ ἐν ταῖς ληνοῖς ποικίλας φωνὰς ἔρριπτον ἐπὶ τὴν Χλόην καὶ ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τινα Βάκχην Σάτυροι μανικώτερον ἐπήδων καὶ εὐχοντο γενέσθαι ποιμνία καὶ ὑπ' ἐκείνης νέμεσθαι· ὥστε αὖ πάλιν ἡ μὲν ἤδετο, Δάφνης δὲ ἐλυπεῖτο. Εὐχοντο δὲ δὴ ταχέως παύσασθαι τὸν τρυγητὸν καὶ λαβέσθαι τῶν συνήθων χωρίων καὶ ἀντὶ τῆς ἀμούσου βοῆς ἀκούειν σύριγγος ἢ τῶν ποιμνίων αὐτῶν βληχνομένων. Καὶ ἐπεὶ διαγενομένων ὀλίγων ἡμερῶν αἱ μὲν ἄμπελοι ἐτετρύγηντο, πίθοι δὲ τὸ γλεῦκος εἶχον, ἔδει δὲ οὐκέτ' οὐδὲν πολυχειρίας, κατήλαινον τὰς ἀγέλας ἐς τὸ πεδίον καὶ μάλα χαίροντες τὰς Νύμφας

προσεκύνουν, βότρυς αὐταῖς κομίζοντες ἐπὶ κλημάτων, ἀπαρχὰς τοῦ τρυγητοῦ. Οὐδὲ τὸν πρότερον χρόνον ἀμελῶς ποτε παρήλθον, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ἀρχόμενοι νομῆς προσήδρευον καὶ ἐκ νομῆς ἀνιόντες προσεκύνουν: καὶ πάντως τι ἐπέφερον, ἢ ἄνθος ἢ ὀπώραν ἢ φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἢ γάλακτος σπονδήν. Καὶ τούτων μὲν ὕστερον ἀμοιβὰς ἐκομίσαντο παρὰ τῶν θεῶν: τότε δὲ κύνες, φασίν, ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθέντες ἐσκίρων, ἐσύριττον, ἦδον, τοῖς τράγοις καὶ τοῖς προβάτοις συνεπάλαιον.

22 As is customary at the festival of Bacchus, on the birthday of the wine, women had been summoned from the neighbouring fields to assist; and they cast amorous eyes on Daphnis, and extolled him as vying with Bacchus in beauty. One of them, bolder than the rest, kissed him, which excited Daphnis, but annoyed Chloe. On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine presses made all kinds of advances to Chloe, and leaped furiously, like Satyrs who had seen some Bacchante, declaring that they wished they were sheep, to be tended by her: this, again, pleased Chloe, while Daphnis felt annoyed. Each wished that the vintage was over, and that they could return to the familiar fields, and, instead of uncouth shouts, hear the sound of the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

In a few days the grapes were gathered in, the casks were full of new wine, and there was no need of so many hands: then they again began to drive their flocks down to the plain, and joyfully paid homage to the Nymphs, offering them grapes still hanging on the branches, the first fruits of the vintage. Even before that they had never neglected them as they passed by, but when they drove their flocks to pasture, as well as on their return, they reverently saluted them; never omitting to bring them a flower, some fruit, some green foliage, or a libation of milk. And they afterwards reaped the reward of this piety from the Gods. Then they gambolled like dogs loosed from their bonds, piped, sang to the goats, and wrestled sportively with the sheep.

Τερπομένοις δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐφίσταται πρεσβύτης σισύραν ἐνδεδυμένος, καρβατίνας ὑποδεδεμένος, πήραν ἐξηρημένους, καὶ τὴν πήραν παλαιάν. Οὗτος πλησίον καθίσας αὐτῶν ὧδε εἶπε Ὀφιλητᾶς, ὦ παῖδες, ὁ πρεσβύτερος ἐγώ, ὅς πολλα μὲν ταῖςδε ταῖς Νύμφαις ἦσα, πολλα δὲ τῷ Πανὶ ἐκείνῳ ἐσύρισα, βοῶν δὲ πολλῆς ἀγέλης ἡγησάμην μόνῃ μουσικῇ. Ἦκω δὲ ὑμῖν ὅσα εἶδον μηνύσων, ὅσα ἤκουσα ἀπαγγελῶν. Κῆπός ἐστί μοι τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν, ὃν ἐξ οὗ νέμων διὰ γῆρας ἐπαυσάμην, ἐξεπονησάμην: ὅσα ὦραι φέρουσι, πάντα ἔχων ἐν αὐτῷ καθ' ὥραν ἐκάστην. Ἦρος ρόδα καὶ κρίνα καὶ ὑάκινθος καὶ ἰα ἀμφοτέρα, θέρους μήκωνες καὶ ἀχράδες καὶ μῆλα πάντα, νῦν ἄμπελοι καὶ συκαὶ καὶ ροιαὶ καὶ μύρτα χλωρά. Εἰς τοῦτον τὸν κῆπον ὀρνίθων ἀγέλαι συνέρχονται τὸ ἐωθινόν, τῶν μὲν ἐς τροφήν, τῶν δὲ ἐς ᾠδήν: συνηρεφῆς γὰρ καὶ κατὰσκιος καὶ πηγαῖς τρισὶ κατάρρυντος: ἂν περιέλη τις τὴν αἵμασιάν, ἄλσος ὄρᾶν οἴησεται.'

23 While they were thus amusing themselves, an old man appeared before them, clad in a goatskin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and

carrying a wallet, a very old one, round his neck. Seating himself close by them, he addressed them as follows: “My children, I am old Philetas: I have sung many songs to these Nymphs, I have often played the pipe to Pan yonder, and guided a whole herd of oxen by my voice alone. I am come to tell you what I have seen, and to declare to you what I have heard.

“I have a garden, which I have planted and cultivated myself, ever since I became too old to tend my flocks. You will always find there everything that grows, in its proper season: in spring, roses, lilies, hyacinths, single and double violets: in summer, poppies, wild pears, and all kinds of apples: and, in the present autumn season, grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. Every morning flocks of birds assemble in the garden, some to seek food, others to sing: for it is thickly shaded by trees, and watered by three fountains. If you were to remove the wall that surrounds it you would think it was a native forest.

‘εἰσελθόντι δέ μοι τήμερον ἀμφὶ μέσσην ἡμέραν ὑπὸ ταῖς ροιαῖς καὶ ταῖς μυρρίναις βλέπεται παῖς, μύρτα καὶ ροιάς ἔχων, λευκὸς ὡς γάλα, ξανθὸς ὡς πῦρ, στιλπνὸς ὡς ἄρτι λελουμένος: γυμνὸς ἦν, μόνος ἦν: ἔπαιζεν ὡς ἴδιον κῆπον τρυγῶν. Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν ὥρμησα ἐπ’ αὐτὸν ὡς συλληψόμενος, δέισας μὴ ὑπ’ ἀγερωχίας τὰς μυρρίνας καὶ τὰς ροιάς κατακλάσῃ: ὁ δέ με κούφως καὶ ῥαδίως ὑπέφευγε, ποτὲ μὲν ταῖς ῥοδωνιαῖς ὑποτρέχων, ποτὲ δὲ ταῖς μήκωσιν ὑποκρυπτόμενος, ὥσπερ πέρδικος νεοττός. Καίτοι πολλάκις μὲν πράγματα ἔσχον ἐρίφους γαλαθηνούς διώκων, πολλάκις δὲ ἕκαμον μεταθέων μόσχους ἀρτιγεννήτους: ἀλλὰ τοῦτο ποικίλον τι χρῆμα ἦν καὶ ἀθήρατον. Καμὼν οὖν ὡς γέρων καὶ ἐπερειαίμενος τῇ βακτηρίᾳ καὶ ἅμα φυλάττων μὴ φύγοι, ἐπυνθανόμην τίνος ἐστὶ τῶν γειτόνων, καὶ τί βουλόμενος ἀλλότριον κῆπον τρυγᾷ. Ὁ δὲ ἀπεκρίνατο μὲν οὐδέν, στὰς δὲ πλησίον ἐγέλα πάνυ ἀπαλὸν καὶ ἔβαλλέ με τοῖς μύρτοις καὶ οὐκ οἶδ’ ὅπως ἔθελγε μηκέτι θυμοῦσθαι. Ἐδεόμην οὖν εἰς χεῖρας ἔλθεῖν μηδὲν φοβούμενον ἔτι, καὶ ὤμνουν κατὰ τῶν μύρτων ἀφήσειν, ἐπιδοὺς μήλων καὶ ροιῶν, παρέξειν τε ἀεὶ τρυγᾶν τὰ φυτὰ καὶ δρέπειν τὰ ἄνθη, τυχὼν παρ’ αὐτοῦ φιλήματος ἑνός.’

24 “When I went into my garden yesterday about mid-day, I saw a lad under the myrtles and pomegranate-trees, with some of their produce in his hands: he was white as milk and ruddy as fire, and his body shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and he was amusing himself with plucking the fruit as if the garden had belonged to him. I rushed at him to seize him, being afraid that, in his wantonness, he might break my trees: but he nimbly and easily escaped my hand, now running under the rose-bushes, now hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge. I have often had trouble in chasing young kids, and tired myself with running after newly-born calves: but this was a wily creature, and could not be caught. Being an old man, and obliged to support myself with a stick, I soon became tired: and, being afraid that he might escape, I asked him to which of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by plucking the fruit in a stranger’s garden. He

made no answer, but, coming close to me, laughed quietly, flung some myrtle berries at me, and, somehow or other, appeased my anger. I asked him to come to me without fear, and I swore by my myrtles, and, in addition, by my apples and pomegranates, that I would let him pluck the fruits of my trees and cull my flowers whenever he pleased, if he would only give me one kiss.

‘Ἐνταῦθα πάνυ καπυρὸν γελάσας ἀφίησι φωνήν, οἷαν οὔτε χελιδὼν οὔτε ἀηδὼν οὔτε κύκνος, ὁμοίως ἐμοὶ γέρων γενόμενος. ‘Ἐμοὶ μὲν, ὦ Φιλητᾶ, φιλῆσαι σε φθόνος οὐδεὶς: βούλομαι γὰρ φιλεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ γενέσθαι νέος: ὄρα δὲ εἴ σοι καθ’ ἡλικίαν τὸ δῶρον: οὐδὲν γάρ σε ὠφελήσει τὸ γῆρας πρὸς τὸ μὴ διώκειν ἐμὲ μετὰ τὸ ἔν φίλημα. Δυσσθήρατος ἐγὼ καὶ ἰέρακι καὶ ἀετῶ καὶ εἴ τις ἄλλος τούτων ὠκύτερος ὄρνις. Οὐ τοι παῖς ἐγὼ καὶ εἰ δοκῶ παῖς, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῦ Κρόνου πρεσβύτερος καὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ παντός. Καί σε οἶδα νέμοντα πρωθήβην ἐν ἐκείνῳ τῷ ὄρει τὸ πλατὺ βουκόλιον καὶ παρήμην σοι συρίττοντι πρὸς ταῖς φηγοῖς ἐκεῖναις, ἡνίκα ἦρας Ἀμαρυλλίδος: ἀλλὰ με οὐχ ἑώρας καίτοι πλησίον μάλα τῇ κόρῃ παρεστῶτα. Σοὶ μὲν οὖν ἐκείνην ἔδωκα: καὶ ἤδη σοι παῖδες, ἀγαθοὶ βουκόλοι καὶ γεωργοί: νῦν δὲ Δάφνιν ποιμαίνω καὶ Χλόην: καὶ ἡνίκα ἂν αὐτοὺς εἰς ἓν συναγάγω τὸ ἐωθινόν, εἰς τὸν σὸν ἔρχομαι κῆπον καὶ τέρπομαι τοῖς ἄνθεσι καὶ τοῖς φυτοῖς κὰν ταῖς πηγαῖς ταύταις λούομαι. Διὰ τοῦτο καλὰ καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ φυτὰ, τοῖς ἐμοῖς λουτροῖς ἀρδόμενα. Ὅρα δὲ μή τί σοι τῶν φυτῶν κατακέκλασται, μή τις ὀπώρα τετρύγηται, μή τις ἄνθους ρίζα πεπάτηται, μή τις πηγὴ τετάρακται, καὶ χαῖρε μόνος ἀνθρώπων ἐν γήρᾳ θεασάμενος τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον.’”

2.5 “Then, laughing loudly, he began to speak in a voice sweeter than that of a swallow, or nightingale, or swan as old in years as myself: ‘It would be easy for me to kiss you, Philetas: for my wish to be kissed is stronger than your desire to become young again: but look to it whether the gift is suitable to your age. For, when you have once kissed me, your years will not exempt you from a desire to pursue me: but neither the hawk, nor eagle, nor other bird that is swift on the wing can catch me. I am not a child, even though I seem to be: I am older than Kronos, more ancient than all time. I knew you in the bloom of your first youth, when you tended your numerous flock in yonder marsh, and I was by your side when you played upon your pipe under the beech trees, when you were in love with Amaryllis, but you did not see me; and yet I was very close to her. I gave her to you, and the fruit of your union has been stalwart sons, good herdsman and labourers. But now Daphnis and Chloe are my care: and, when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden, to enjoy the sight of the plants and flowers, and to bathe in this spring. This is why all the produce of your garden is fair to see, since it is watered by my bath. Look whether any branch is broken, whether any fruit is plucked, whether any flower is trodden upon, or your springs disturbed. Think yourself happy that you are the only man who has seen this child in your old age.’

‘ταῦτ’ εἰπὼν ἀνήλατο καθάπερ ἀηδόνης νεοττὸς ἐπὶ τὰς μυρρίνας, καὶ

κλάδων ἀμείβων ἐκ κλάδου διὰ τῶν φύλλων ἀνείρπεν εἰς ἄκρον. Εἶδον αὐτοῦ καὶ πτέρυγας ἐκ τῶν ὤμων καὶ τοξάρια μεταξὺ τῶν περυγῶν, καὶ οὐκέτι εἶδον οὔτε ταῦτα οὔτε αὐτόν. Εἰ δὲ μὴ μάτην ταύτας τὰς πολιὰς ἔφυσσα μηδὲ γηράσας ματαιοτέρας τὰς φρένας ἐκτήσάμην, Ἔρωτι, ὃ παῖδες, κατέσπεισθε καὶ Ἔρωτι ὑμῶν μέλει.’

2.6 With these words, he sprang up, like a young nightingale, upon the myrtles, and, mounting from branch to branch, at length reached the top. Then I saw that he had wings on his shoulders, and a bow and arrows between the wings and his shoulders, and after that I saw him no more. But, unless my grey hairs count for nothing, unless I have grown more foolish with age, you are consecrated to Love, my children, and Love watches over you.”

πάνυ ἐτέρφθησαν ὥσπερ μῦθον οὐ λόγον ἀκούοντες καὶ ἐπυνθάνοντο τί ἐστὶ ποτε ὁ Ἔρως, πότερα παῖς ἢ ὄρνις, καὶ τί δύναται. Πάλιν οὖν ὁ Φιλητᾶς ἔφη ‘θεὸς ἐστίν, ὃ παῖδες, ὁ Ἔρως, νέος καὶ καλὸς καὶ πετόμενος: διὰ τοῦτο καὶ νεότητι χαίρει καὶ κάλλος διώκει καὶ τὰς ψυχὰς ἀναπτεροῖ. Δύναται δὲ τοσοῦτον ὅσον οὐδὲ ὁ Ζεὺς. Κρατεῖ μὲν στοιχείων, κρατεῖ δὲ ἄστρων, κρατεῖ δὲ τῶν ὁμοίων θεῶν: οὐδὲ ὑμεῖς τοσοῦτον τῶν αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων. Τὰ ἄνθη πάντα Ἔρωτος ἔργα: τὰ φυτὰ πάντα τούτου ποιήματα: διὰ τοῦτον καὶ ποταμοὶ ῥέουσι καὶ ἄνεμοι πνέουσιν. Ἐγὼν δὲ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦρον ἐρασθέντα, καὶ ὡς οἰστρῶ πληγεῖς ἐμυκᾶτο: καὶ τράγον φιλήσαντα αἶγα, καὶ ἡκολούθει πανταχοῦ. Αὐτὸς μὲν γὰρ ἤμην νέος καὶ ἡράσθην Ἀμαρυλλίδος: καὶ οὔτε τροφῆς ἐμεμνήμην οὔτε ποτὸν προσεφερόμην οὔτε ὕπνον ἡρούμην. Ἦλγουν τὴν ψυχὴν, τὴν καρδίαν ἐπαλλόμην, τὸ σῶμα ἐψυχόμην: ἐβόων ὡς παιόμενος, ἐσιώπων ὡς νεκρούμενος, εἰς ποταμοὺς ἐνέβαινον ὡς καόμενος. Ἐκάλουν τὸν Πᾶνα βοηθόν, ὡς καὶ αὐτόν τῆς Πίτυος ἐρασθέντα: ἐπήνουν τὴν Ἥχῳ τὸ Ἀμαρυλλίδος ὄνομα μετ’ ἐμὲ καλοῦσαν: κατέκλων τὰς σύριγγας, ὅτι μοι τὰς μὲν βοῦς ἐθελγον, Ἀμαρυλλίδα δὲ οὐκ ἤγον. Ἔρωτος γὰρ οὐδὲν φάρμακον, οὐ πινόμενον, οὐκ ἐσθιόμενον, οὐκ ἐν ᾧδαῖς λαλούμενον, ὅτι μὴ φίλημα καὶ περιβολὴ καὶ συγκατακλινῆναι γυμνοῖς σώμασι.’

2.7 Daphnis and Chloe were as delighted as if they had heard some fable, and not a true story, and asked what Love was; whether it was a bird or a child, and what it could do. Philetas replied: “My children, Love is a winged God, young and beautiful. Wherefore he takes delight in youth, pursues beauty, and furnishes the soul with wings: his power is greater than that of Zeus. He has power over the elements and over the stars: and has greater control over the other Gods that are his equals than you have over your sheep and goats. The flowers are all the work of Love; the plants are his creation. He makes the rivers to run, and the winds to blow. I have seen a bull smitten with love, and it bellowed as if stung by a gadfly: I have seen a he-goat kissing its mate, and following it everywhere. I myself have been young, and was in love with Amaryllis: then I thought neither of eating nor drinking, and I took no rest. My soul was troubled, my heart beat, my body was chilled: I shouted as if I were being beaten, I was as silent as a dead man, I plunged into the rivers

as if I were consumed by fire: I called upon Pan, himself enamoured of Pitys, to help me: I thanked Echo, who repeated the name of Amaryllis after me: I broke my pipes, which, though they charmed my kine, could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy for Love, that can be eaten or drunk, or uttered in song, save kissing and embracing, and lying naked side by side.”

Φιλητᾶς μὲν τοσαῦτα παιδεύσας αὐτοὺς ἀπαλλάττεται, τυροὺς τινας παρ’ αὐτῶν καὶ ἔριφον ἤδη κεράστην λαβὼν: οἱ δὲ μόνοι καταλειφθέντες, καὶ τότε πρῶτον ἀκούσαντες τὸ Ἑρωτος ὄνομα τὰς τε ψυχὰς συνεστάλησαν ὑπὸ λύπης, καὶ ἐπανελθόντες νύκτωρ εἰς τὰς ἐπαύλεις παρέβαλλον οἷς ἤκουσαν τὰ αὐτῶν. ‘Ἀλγοῦσιν οἱ ἐρῶντες: καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀλγοῦμεν. Τροφῆς ἀμελοῦσιν: ἡμελῆκαμεν ὁμοίως. Καθεύδειν οὐ δύνανται: τοῦτο νῦν πάσχομεν καὶ ἡμεῖς. Κάεσθαι δοκοῦσι: καὶ παρ’ ἡμῖν τὸ πῦρ. Ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἀλλήλους ὁρᾶν: διὰ τοῦτο θᾶττον εὐχόμεθα γενέσθαι τὴν ἡμέρα. Σχεδὸν τοῦτ’ ἔστιν ὁ ἔρως, καὶ ἐρῶμεν ἀλλήλων οὐκ εἰδότες. Εἰ γὰρ τοῦτο μὴ ἔστιν ὁ ἔρως ἐγὼ δὲ ὁ ἐρώμενος, τί οὖν ταῦτ’ ἀλγοῦμεν, τί δὲ ἀλλήλους ζητοῦμεν; ἀληθὴ πάντα εἶπεν ὁ Φιλητᾶς. Τὸ ἐκ τοῦ κήπου παιδίον ὦφθη καὶ τοῖς πατράσιν ἡμῶν ὄναρ ἐκεῖνο καὶ νέμειν ἡμᾶς τὰς ἀγέλας ἐκέλευσε. Πῶς ἂν τις αὐτὸ λάβοι; σμικρὸν ἔστι καὶ φεύζεται. Καὶ πῶς ἂν τις αὐτὸ φύγοι; περὰ ἔχει καὶ καταλήγεται. Ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας δεῖ βοηθοὺς καταφεύγειν. Ἀλλ’ οὐδὲ Φιλητᾶν ὁ Πᾶν ὠφέλησεν Ἀμαρυλλίδος ἐρῶντα. Ὅσα εἶπεν ἄρα φάρμακα, ταῦτα ζητητέον, φίλημα καὶ περιβολὴν καὶ κεῖσθαι γυμνοὺς χαμαί. Κρύος μὲν, ἀλλὰ καρτερήσομεν δεῦτεροι μετὰ Φιλητᾶν.’

2.8 Philetas, having thus instructed them, departed, taking away with him a present of some cheeses and a horned goat. When they were left alone, having then for the first time heard the name of Love, they were greatly distressed, and, on their return to their home at night, compared their feelings with what they had heard from the old man. “Lovers suffer: so do we. They neglect their work: we have done the same. They cannot sleep: it is the same with us. They seem on fire: we are consumed by fire. They are eager to see each other: it is for this that we wish the day to dawn more quickly. This must be Love, and we are in love with each other without knowing it. If this be not love, and I am not beloved, why are we so distressed? Why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. It was that boy in the garden who once appeared to our parents in a dream, and bade us tend the flocks. How can we catch him? He is small and will escape. And how can we escape him? He has wings and will overtake us. We must appeal to the Nymphs for help. But Pan could not help Philetas, when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us, therefore, try the remedies of which he told us: let us kiss and embrace each other, and lie naked on the ground. It is cold: but we will endure it, after the example of Philetas.”

Τοῦτο αὐτοῖς γίνεται νυκτερινὸν παιδευτήριον. Καὶ ἀγαγόντες τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας τὰς ἀγέλας ἐς νομὴν, ἐφίλησαν ἀλλήλους ἰδόντες καὶ ὁ μῆπω πρότερον ἐποίησαν περιέβαλον τὰς χεῖρας ἐπαλλάξαντες: τὸ δὲ τρίτον

ὥκνουν φάρμακον ἀποδυσθέντες κατακλιθῆναι: θρασύτερον γὰρ οὐ μόνον παρθένῳ ἀλλὰ καὶ νέῳ αἰπόλῳ. Πάλιν οὖν νύξ ἀγρυπνίαν ἔχουσα καὶ ἔννοιαν τῶν γεγεννημένων καὶ κατὰμεμνιν τῶν παραλελειμμένων. “Εφιλήσαμεν, καὶ οὐδὲν ὄφελος: περιεβάλομεν, καὶ οὐδὲν πλέον ἔσχομεν: τὸ οὖν συγκατακλινῆναι μόνον φάρμακον ἔρωτος. Πειρατέον καὶ τοῦτου: πάντως ἐν αὐτῷ τι κρεῖττον ἐστὶ φιλήματος.”

2.9 This was their nightly lesson. At daybreak they drove out their flocks, kissed each other as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and embraced: but they were afraid to try the third remedy, to undress and lie down together: for it would have been too bold an act for a young shepherdess, even for a goatherd. Then again they passed sleepless nights, thinking of what they had done, and regretting what they had left undone. “We have kissed each other,” they complained, “but it has profited us nothing. We have embraced, but nothing has come of it. The only remaining remedy is to lie down together: let us try it: surely there must be something in it more efficacious than in a kiss.”

Ἐπὶ τοῦτοις τοῖς λογισμοῖς οἷον εἰκὸς καὶ ὀνείρατα ἐώρων ἐρωτικά, τὰ φιλήματα, τὰς περιβολάς: καὶ ὅσα μεθ’ ἡμέραν οὐκ ἔπραξαν, ταῦτα ὄναρ ἔπραξαν: γυμνοὶ μετ’ ἀλλήλων ἔκειντο. Ἐνθεώτεροι δὲ κατὰ τὴν ἐπιούσαν ἡμέραν ἀνέστησαν καὶ ῥοίζῳ τὰς ἀγέλας κατήλαυνον ἐπειγόμενοι πρὸς τὰ φιλήματα: καὶ ἰδόντες ἀλλήλους ἅμα μειδιάματι προσέδραμον. Τὰ μὲν οὖν φιλήματα ἐγένετο καὶ ἡ περιβολὴ τῶν χειρῶν ἠκολούθησε, τὸ δὲ τρίτον φάρμακον ἐβράδυνε, μήτε τοῦ Δάφνιδος τολμῶντος εἰπεῖν, μήτε τῆς Χλόης βουλομένης κατάρχεσθαι, ἔστε τύχη καὶ τοῦτο ἔπραξαν.

2.10 With such thoughts as these their dreams were naturally of love and kisses and embraces: what they had not done in the day, they did in a dream: they lay naked together. The next morning, they got up more inflamed with love than ever, and drove their flocks to pasture, whistling loudly, and hurried to embrace each other: and, when they saw each other from a distance, they ran up with a smile, kissed, and embraced: but the third remedy was slow to come: for Daphnis did not venture to speak of it, and Chloe was unwilling to lead the way, until chance brought them to it.

Καθεζόμενοι ὑπὸ στελέχει δρυὸς πλησίον ἀλλήλων καὶ γευσάμενοι τῆς ἐν φιλήματι τέρψεως ἀπλήστως ἐνεφοροῦντο τῆς ἡδονῆς. Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ χειρῶν περιβολαὶ θλίψιν τοῖς σώμασι παρέχουσαι. Κατὰ δὲ τὴν τῶν χειρῶν περιβολὴν βιαίτερόν τι τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἐπισπασαμένου κλίνεταιαίπως ἐπὶ πλευρὰν ἡ Χλόη: κάκεινος δὲ συγκατακλίνεται τῷ φιλήματι ἀκολουθῶν. Καὶ γνωρίσαντες τῶν ὀνείρων τὴν εἰκόνα κατέκειντο πολλὸν χρόνον ὥσπερ συνδεδεμένοι. Εἰδότες δὲ τῶν ἐντεῦθεν οὐδὲν καὶ νομίσαντες τοῦτο εἶναι πέρας ἐρωτικῆς ἀπολαύσεως, μάτην τὸ πλεῖστον τῆς ἡμέρας δαπανήσαντες διελύθησαν καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἀπήλαυνον, τὴν νύκτα μισοῦντες. Ἵσως δὲ ἂν τι καὶ τῶν ἀληθῶν ἔπραξαν, εἰ μὴ θόρυβος τοιόσδε πᾶσαν τὴν ἀγροικίαν ἐκείνην κατέλαβε.

2.11 They were sitting side by side on the trunk of an oak: and, having tasted the delights of kissing, they could not have enough: in their close embrace their lips met closely. While Daphnis pulled Chloe somewhat roughly towards him, she somehow fell on her side, and Daphnis, following up his kiss, fell also on his side: then, recognising the likeness of the dream, they lay for a long time as if they had been bound together. But, not knowing what to do next, and thinking that this was the consummation of love, they spent the greater part of the day in these idle embraces; then, cursing the night when it came on, they separated, and drove their flocks home. Perhaps they would have found out the truth, had not a sudden disturbance occupied the attention of the whole district.

Νέοι Μηθυμναῖοι πλούσιοι διαθέσθαι τὸν τρυγητὸν ἐν ξενικῇ τέρψει θελήσαντες, ναῦν σμικρὰν καθελκύσαντες καὶ οἰκέτας προσκώπους καθίσαντες, τοὺς Μυτιληναίων ἀγροὺς παρέπλεον, ὅσοι θαλάττης πλησίον. Εὐλίμενός τε γὰρ ἡ παραλία καὶ οἰκήσεσιν ἡσκημένη πολυτελῶς, καὶ λουτρὰ συνεχῇ, παράδεισοί τε καὶ ἄλση: τὰ μὲν φύσεως ἔργα, τὰ δ' ἀνθρώπων τέχνη: πάντα ἐνηβῆσαι καλά. Παραπλέοντες δὲ καὶ ἐνορμιζόμενοι κακὸν μὲν ἐποιοῦν οὐδέν, τέρψεις δὲ ποικίλας ἐτέρποντο, ποτὲ μὲν ἀγκίστροις καλάμων ἀπηρτημένοις ἐκ λίνου λεπτοῦ πετραίους ἰχθὺς ἀλείοντες ἐκ πέτρας ἀλιτενοῦς, ποτὲ δὲ κυσὶ καὶ δικτύοις λαγῶς φεύγοντας τὸν ἐν ταῖς ἀμπέλοις θόρυβον λαμβάνοντες: ἤδη δὲ καὶ ὀρνίθων ἄγρας ἐμέλησεν αὐτοῖς, καὶ ἔλαβον βρόχοις χῆνας ἀγρίους καὶ νήττας καὶ ὠτίδας, ὥστε ἡ τέρψις αὐτοῖς καὶ τραπέξης ὠφέλειαν παρεῖχεν. Εἰ δέ τινος προσέδει, παρὰ τῶν ἐν τοῖς ἀγροῖς ἐλάμβανον, περιττοτέρους τῆς ἀξίας ὀβολοὺς καταβάλλοντες. Ἔδει δὲ μόνον ἄρτου καὶ οἶνου καὶ στέγης: οὐ γὰρ ἀσφαλὲς ἐδόκει μετοπωρινῆς ὥρας ἐνεστώσης ἐνθαλαττεύειν: ὥστε καὶ τὴν ναῦν ἀνεῖλκον ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν νύκτα χειμέριον δεδοικότες.

2.12 Some wealthy young Methymnaeans, wishing to amuse themselves away from home during the vintage, launched a small vessel, manned with their servants as oarsmen, and coasted along the shore of Mitylene, which affords good harbourage, and is adorned with splendid houses, baths, parks, and groves, some natural, others artificial, but all pleasant to dwell in. Coasting along and putting in to land from time to time, they did no damage, but amused themselves in various ways. They fastened hooks to the end of a fine line attached to the end of a reed, and caught fish from a rock that jutted out into the sea: or, with dogs and nets, captured the hares which were scared by the noise of the labourers in the vineyard; or again, they set snares for ducks, wild geese, and bustards, which, besides affording them sport, provided them with an addition to their repast. If they wanted anything else, they bought it from the villagers, at a higher price than it was worth. They only needed bread, wine, and lodging, for, as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it was safe to pass the night on the water: they accordingly drew up the ship on land, being afraid of a storm by night.

Τῶν δὴ τις ἀγροίκων ἐς ἀνολκὴν λίθου θλίβοντος τὰ πατηθέντα βοτρυδία χρήζων σχοίνου, τῆς πρότερον ῥαγεΐσης, κρύφα ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἐλθὼν, ἀφρουρήτῳ τῇ νηὶ προσελθὼν, τὸ πείσμα ἐκλύσας, οἴκαδε κομίσας ἐς ὃ τι ἔχρηζεν ἐχρήσατο. Ἔωθεν οὖν οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι νεανίσκοι ζήτησιν ἐποιοῦντο τοῦ πείσματος καὶ ὁμολόγει γὰρ οὐδεὶς τὴν κλοπὴν ὀλίγα μεμψάμενοι τοὺς ξενοδόκους παρέπλεον· καὶ σταδίους τριάκοντα παρελάσαντες προσορμίζονται τοῖς ἀγροῖς, ἐν οἷς ὥκουν ὁ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη· ἐδόκει γὰρ αὐτοῖς καλὸν εἶναι τὸ πεδίον ἐς θήραν λαγῶν. Σχοῖνον μὲν οὖν οὐκ εἶχον ὥστε ἐκδήσασθαι πείσμα· λύγον δὲ χλωρὰν μακρὰν στρέψαντες ὡς σχοῖνον, ταύτῃ τὴν ναῦν ἐκ τῆς πρύμνης ἄκρας εἰς τὴν γῆν ἔδησαν. Ἐπειτα τοὺς κύνας ἀφέντες ῥινηλατεῖν ἐν ταῖς εὐκαίροις φαινομέναις τῶν ὁδῶν ἐλινოსτάτουν. Οἱ μὲν δὴ κύνες ἅμα ὑλακῇ διαθέοντες ἐφόβησαν τὰς αἴγας, αἱ δὲ τὰ ὀρεινὰ καταλιποῦσαι μᾶλλον τι πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν ὥρμησαν· ἔχουσαι δὲ οὐδὲν ἐν ψάμμῳ τρώξιμον, ἐλθοῦσαι πρὸς τὴν ναῦν αἱ θρασύτεραι αὐτῶν, τὴν λύγον τὴν χλωράν, ἣ ἐδέδετο ἡ ναῦς, ἀπέφαγον.

2.13 It chanced that a peasant, being in need of a rope to lift up the stone that was used for crushing the grapes after they had been trodden (his own [rope] being broken), went secretly down to the sea-shore, and, finding the ship unguarded, unfastened the cable, took it home, and used it for what he wanted. In the morning the young Methymnaeans looked everywhere for the rope, and, as no one admitted the theft, after abusing their hosts, they put out to sea again. Having sailed on about thirty stades, they put in at that part of the coast where was the estate on which Daphnis and Chloe dwelt: since it seemed to them to be a good country for coursing. But, as they had no rope with which to moor their vessel, they twisted some long green osiers into a cable, and with them fastened it to land: then, having let loose their dogs to scent the game in the most likely spots, they spread their nets. The dogs, running in all directions and barking, frightened the goats, which left the hills and fled hastily in the direction of the sea. There, finding nothing to eat in the sand on the shore, some of them, bolder than the rest, went up to the boat, and gnawed off the osiers with which it was fastened.

Ἦν δέ τι καὶ κλυδώνιον ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ, κινηθέντος ἀπὸ τῶν ὀρῶν πνεύματος. Ταχὺ δὴ μάλα λυθεῖσαν αὐτὴν ὑπὴνεγκεν ἡ παλίρροια τοῦ κύματος καὶ ἐς τὸ πέλαγος μετέωρον ἔφερεν. Αἰσθήσεως δὲ τοῖς Μηθυμναίοις γενομένης οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἔθεον, οἱ δὲ τοὺς κύνας συνέλεγον· ἐβῶν δὲ πάντες, ὡς πάντας τοὺς ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν ἀκούσαντας συνελθεῖν. Ἀλλ' ἦν οὐδὲν ὄφελος· τοῦ γὰρ πνεύματος ἀκμάζοντος ἀσχέτῳ τάχει κατὰ ῥοὴν ἡ ναῦς ἐφέρετο. Οἱ οὖν Μηθυμναῖοι οὐκ ὀλίγων κτημάτων στερόμενοι ἐζήτουντὸν νέμοντα τὰς αἴγας· καὶ εὐρόντες τὸν Δάφνιν ἔπαιον, ἀπέδυνον· εἷς δέ τις καὶ κυνόδεσμον ἀράμενος περιῆγε τὰς χεῖρας ὡς δῆσων. Ὁ δὲ ἐβόα τε παιόμενος καὶ ἰκέτευε τοὺς ἀγροίκους καὶ πρῶτους τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὸν Δρύαντα βοηθοὺς ἐπεκαλεῖτο. Οἱ δὲ ἀντείχοντο σκληροὶ γέροντες καὶ χεῖρας ἐκ γεωργικῶν ἔργων ἰσχυρὰς ἔχοντες, καὶ ἡξίου

δικαιολογήσασθαι περὶ τῶν γεγενημένων.

2.14 It so happened that the sea was rather rough, as there was a breeze blowing from the mountains: and, as soon as the boat was unfastened, the tide carried it away into the open sea. When the young Methymnaeans saw what had occurred, some of them ran down to the shore, and others called their dogs together: and all raised such a shout that all the labourers hurried up from the neighbouring fields. But it was all in vain: for, as the breeze freshened, it bore away the vessel down the current with irresistible force.

Then the Methymnaeans, having thus sustained a considerable loss, looked for the keeper of the goats, and, having found Daphnis, flogged him and stripped him of his clothes. One of them, taking up a dog-leash, twisted Daphnis's hands behind his back, intending to bind him. He shouted loudly as he was being beaten, and implored the countrymen to help him, above all Lamon and Dryas. They, being vigorous old men, whose hands were hardened by their labours in the fields, assisted him stoutly, and demanded that a fair inquiry should be held into what had taken place.

Ταῦτά δὲ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀξιούντων δικαστὴν καθίζουσι Φιλητᾶν τὸν βουκόλον: πρεσβύτατός τε γὰρ ἦν τῶν παρόντων καὶ κλέος εἶχεν ἐν τοῖς κωμήταις δικαιοσύνης περιττῆς. Πρῶτοι δὲ κατηγοροῦν οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι σαφῆ καὶ σύντομα, ἅτε βουκόλον ἔχοντες δικαστὴν. “Ἦλθομεν εἰς τούτους τοὺς ἀγροὺς θηρᾶσαι θέλοντες. Τὴν μὲν οὖν ναὺν λύγῳ χλωρᾷ δῆσαντες ἐπὶ τῆς ἀκτῆς κατελίπομεν, αὐτοὶ δὲ διὰ τῶν κυνῶν ζήτησιν ἐποιοῦμεθα θηρίων. Ἐν τούτῳ πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν αἱ αἶγες τοῦτου κατελθοῦσαι τὴν τε λύγον κατεσθίουσι καὶ τὴν ναὺν ἀπολύουσιν. Εἶδες αὐτὴν ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ φερομένην, πόσων οἶε μεστὴν ἀγαθῶν; Οἷα μὲν ἐσθῆς ἀπόλωλεν, οἷος δὲ κόσμος σκευῶν, ὅσον δὲ ἀργύριον. Τοὺς ἀγροὺς ἂν τις τούτους ἐκεῖνα ἔχων ὠνήσαιο. Ἀνθ' ὧν ἀξιοῦμεν ἄγειν τοῦτον, πονηρὸν ὄντα αἰτόλον, ὃς ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάττης νέμει τὰς αἶγας ὡς ναύτης.”

2.15 As the others who had come up pressed the same demand, the herdsman Philetas was chosen as umpire: for he was the oldest of those present, and he had the reputation amongst his fellow villagers of being perfectly impartial. First the young Methymnaeans briefly and clearly made their complaint:

“We came to these fields to hunt. We had fastened our boat to the shore with a green osier withy, and left it there: after which, we set out with our dogs to look for game. Meanwhile, this man's goats went down to the shore, ate the osiers, and set loose the boat. You yourself saw it being carried away out to sea: what do you think was the value of the property with which it was loaded? of the clothes and dog trappings, besides money enough to purchase this estate? Wherefore, by way of recompense, we claim that we have a right to carry away this rascally goatherd, who pastures his flock at the sea-shore as if he were a sailor.”

Τοσαῦτα οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι κατηγορήσαν: ὁ δὲ Δάφνης διέκειτο μὲν κακῶς

ὕπὸ τῶν πληγῶν, Χλόην δὲ ὀρῶν παροῦσαν πάντων κατεφρόνει καὶ ὧδε εἶπεν
“Ἐγὼ νέμω τὰς αἴγας καλῶς. Οὐδέποτε ἡτιάσατο κωμῆτης οὐδὲ εἷς ὥς ἡ
κῆπὸν τινος αἰῖξ ἐμὴ κατεβοσκήσατο ἢ ἄμπελον βλαστάνουσιν κατέκλασεν.
Οὗτοι δὲ εἰσι κυνηγέται πονηροὶ καὶ κύνας ἔχουσι κακῶς πεπαιδευμένους,
οἵτινες τρέχοντες πολλὰ καὶ ὑλακτοῦντες σκληρὰ κατεδίωξαν αὐτὰς ἐκ τῶν
ὀρῶν καὶ τῶν πεδίων ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν, ὥσπερ λύκοι. Ἀλλὰ ἀπέφαγον τὴν
λύγον· οὐ γὰρ εἶχον ἐν ψάμμῳ πόαν ἢ κόμαρον ἢ θύμον. Ἀλλὰ ἀπώλετο ἡ
ναῦς ὑπὸ τοῦ πνεύματος καὶ τῆς θαλάττης· ταῦτα χεიმῶνος, οὐκ αἰγῶν ἐστὶν
ἔργα. Ἀλλὰ ἐσθὴς ἐνέκειτο καὶ ἄργυρος· καὶ τίς πιστεύσει νοῦν ἔχων ὅτι
τοσαῦτα φέρουσα ναὺς πείσμα εἶχε λύγον;”

2.16 Such was the charge brought by the Methymnaeans. Daphnis, although suffering terribly from the blows which he had received, seeing Chloe amongst those present, made light of the pain, and spoke as follows:

“I tend my goats properly. No one in the village has ever complained of a goat of mine browsing in his garden or breaking down his sprouting vines. It is the fault of these sportsmen, who have dogs so badly broken that they keep running about and barking so loudly that, like so many wolves, they have driven my goats from the hills and plains to the seashore. But they have eaten the osiers: could they find any grass, or wild arbutus, or thyme to eat on the sand? Again, their boat had been destroyed by the winds and waves: the storm, not my goats, is to blame for this. Again, there was a large store of clothes and money on board: who would be so foolish as to believe that a boat, carrying so valuable a freight, would have been fastened with nothing but a rope made of osier-withies?”

Τούτοις ἐπεδάκρυσεν ὁ Δάφνις καὶ εἰς οἶκτον ὑπηγάγετο τοὺς ἀγροίκους πολύν, ὥστε ὁ Φιλητᾶς, ὁ δικαστής, ὠμνυε Πᾶνα καὶ Νύμφας μηδὲν ἀδικεῖν Δάφνιν, ἀλλὰ μηδὲ τὰς αἴγας, τὴν δὲ θάλατταν καὶ τὸν ἄνεμον, ὧν ἄλλους εἶναι δικαστάς. Ταῦτα λέγων οὐκ ἔπειθε Φιλητᾶς τοὺς Μηθυμναίους, ἀλλ’ ὑπ’ ὀργῆς ὀρμήσαντες ἦγον πάλιν τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ συνδεῖν ἤθελον. Ἐνταῦθα οἱ κωμῆται ταραχθέντες ἐπιπηδῶσιν αὐτοῖς ὥσει ψᾶρες ἢ κολοιοί· καὶ ταχὺ μὲν ἀφαιροῦνται τὸν Δάφνιν ἤδη καὶ αὐτὸν μαχόμενον, ταχὺ δὲ ξύλοις παίοντες ἐκείνους εἰς φυγὴν ἐτρέψαντο· ἀπέστησαν δὲ οὐ πρότερον ἔστε τῶν ὀρων αὐτοὺς ἐξήλασαν ἐς ἄλλους ἀγρούς.

2.17 Having thus spoken, Daphnis began to weep, and moved the villagers to great compassion: so that Philetas, who had to pronounce the verdict, swore by Pan and the Nymphs that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in the wrong, but the sea and the wind, which were under the jurisdiction of others. However, Philetas could not convince the Methymnaeans, who, in the impulse of their rage, again seized Daphnis, and would have bound him, had not the villagers, roused at this, rushed upon them like a flock of starlings, or jackdaws, and speedily rescued Daphnis, who also was stoutly defending himself. Then, with vigorous blows of their clubs, they routed the Methymnaeans, and did not cease from pursuing them, until they had driven

them out of their territory.

Διωκόντων δὴ τοὺς Μηθυμναίους ἐκείνων ἡ Χλόη κατὰ πολλὴν ἡσυχίαν ἄγει πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ ἀπονίπτει τε τὸ πρόσωπον ἡμαγμένον ἐκ τῶν ῥινῶν ῥαγισθῶν ὑπὸ πληγῆς τινος, καὶ τῆς πῆρας προκομίσασα ζυμίτου μέρος καὶ τυροῦ τμημά τι, δίδωσι φαγεῖν· τό τε μάλιστα ἀνακτησόμενον αὐτόν, φίλημα ἐφίλησε μελιτῶδες ἀπαλοῖς τοῖς χεῖλεσι.

2.18 While they were thus engaged in the pursuit of the Methymnaeans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed his face which was smeared with the blood from his nostrils; then, taking a slice of bread and some cheese from her wallet, she gave him to eat, and - what comforted him most of all - she imprinted upon his mouth a kiss sweeter than honey with her tender lips.

Τότε μὲν δὴ παρὰ τοσοῦτον Δάφνις ἦλθε κακοῦ. Τὸ δὲ πρᾶγμα οὐ ταύτη ἐπέπαντο, ἀλλ' ἐλθόντες οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι μόλις εἰς τὴν ἑαυτῶν, ὁδοιπόροι μὲν ἀντὶ ναυτῶν τραυματῖαι δὲ ἀντὶ τρυφόντων, ἐκκλησίαν τε συνήγαγον τῶν πολιτῶν καὶ ἱκετηρίας θέντες ἰκέτευσαν τιμωρίας ἀξιωθῆναι· τῶν μὲν ἀληθῶν λέγοντες οὐδὲ ἓν, μὴ καὶ πρὸς καταγέλαστοι γένοιτο τοιαῦτα καὶ τοσαῦτα παθόντες ὑπὸ ποιμένων, κατηγοροῦντες δὲ Μυτιληναίων, ὥς τὴν ναῦν ἀφελομένων καὶ τὰ χρήματα διαρπασάντων πολέμου νόμῳ. Οἱ δὲ πιστεύοντες διὰ τὰ τραύματα καὶ νεανίσκοις τῶν πρώτων παρ' αὐτοῖς οἰκῶν τιμωρῆσαι δίκαιον νομίζοντες Μυτιληναίοις μὲν πόλεμον ἀκήρυκτον ἐψηφίσαντο· τὸν δὲ στρατηγὸν ἐκέλευσαν δέκα ναῦς καθελκύσαντα κακουργεῖν αὐτῶν τὴν παραλίαν· πλησίον γὰρ χειμῶνος ὄντος οὐκ ἦν ἀσφαλὲς μείζονα στόλον πιστεύειν τῇ θαλάττῃ.

2.19 Thus Daphnis had a narrow escape, but the matter did not rest there: for the Methymnaeans, having reached their home with great difficulty on foot, whereas they had come in a ship, full of wounds instead of in the enjoyment of luxury, called an assembly of their fellow citizens, and, holding out olive branches in sign of supplication, besought them to deign to avenge them: they did not, however, utter a word of truth, for fear that they might be laughed at, for having allowed themselves to be so maltreated by a few shepherds: but they accused the Mitylenaeans of having plundered them and seized their vessel and its contents, as if they had been at open war.

The Methymnaeans believed what they said when they saw their wounds, and, thinking it their duty to avenge their wrongs, since the young men belonged to the highest families in the place they immediately decided to make war without the usual formalities, and ordered their chief captain to put to sea with ten galleys and ravage their coast: for, as the winter was close at hand, it was not safe to entrust a larger fleet to the mercy of the waves.

Ὁ δὲ εὐθὺς τῆς ἐπιούσης ἀναγόμενος αὐτερέταις στρατιώταις ἐπέπλει τοῖς παραθαλαττίοις τῶν Μυτιληναίων ἀγροῖς. Καὶ πολλὰ μὲν ἤρπαζε ποίμνια, πολὺν δὲ σῖτον καὶ οἶνον, ἄρτι πεπαυμένου τοῦ τρυγητοῦ, καὶ ἀνθρώπους δὲ

οὐκ ὀλίγους, ὅσοι τούτων ἐργάται. Ἐπέπλευσε καὶ τοῖς τῆς Χλόης ἀγροῖς καὶ τοῦ Δάφνιδος, καὶ ἀπόβασιν ὀξεῖαν θέμενος λείαν ἤλαυνε τὰ ἐν ποσίν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις οὐκ ἔνεμε τὰς αἴγας ἀλλὰ ἐς τὴν ὕλην ἀνελθὼν φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἔκοπτεν, ὥς ἔχοι τοῦ χειμῶνος παρέχειν τοῖς ἐρίφοις τροφήν· ὥστε ἄνωθεν θεασάμενος τὴν καταδρομὴν ἐνέκρυσεν ἑαυτὸν στελέχει κοῖλῳ ξηρᾷ ὀξύῃ· ἡ δὲ Χλόη παρὴν ταῖς ἀγέλαις καὶ διωκομένη καταφεύγει πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας ἱκέτις καὶ ἐδεῖτο φείσασθαι καὶ ὧν ἔνεμε καὶ αὐτῆς διὰ τὰς θεάς. Ἀλλ' ἦν οὐδὲν ὄφελος· οἱ γὰρ Μηθυμναῖοι πολλὰ τῶν ἀγαλμάτων κατακερτομήσαντες καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἤλασαν κἀκείνην ἥγαγον ὥσπερ αἶγα ἢ πρόβατον παίοντες λύγοις.

220 On the following day, the captain put out to sea, using his soldiers as oarsmen, and directed his course towards the coastland of Mitylene. He carried off a large number of cattle, and a quantity of corn and wine, since the vintage was only just over, and also took prisoner a considerable number of those who were working in the fields. He at last landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe were tending their flocks, and carried off everything that he could find. At the time Daphnis was not with his flock: for he had gone up to the wood to cut some green branches to serve as fodder for the kids during the winter. Seeing the inroad from a distance, he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a dry beech-tree. Chloe, who was with her flocks, being pursued, fled to the grotto of the Nymphs as a suppliant, and besought her pursuers to spare herself and her flocks, out of respect for the goddesses. But it was all in vain: the Methymnaeans insulted the statues and drove off the flocks, and Chloe with them, as if she had been a sheep or a goat, whipping her with switches.

Ἐχοντες δὲ ἤδη τὰς ναῦς παντοδαπῆς ἀρπαγῆς μεστάς, οὐκέτ' ἐγίνωσκον περαιτέρω πλεῖν, ἀλλὰ τὸν οἶκαδε πλοῦν ἐποιοῦντο καὶ τὸν χειμῶνα καὶ τοὺς πολεμίους δεδιότες. Οἱ μὲν οὖν ἀπέπλεον εἰρεσίᾳ προσταλαιπωροῦντες· ἄνεμος γὰρ οὐκ ἦν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἡσυχίας γενομένης ἐλθὼν εἰς τὸ πεδῖον ἔνθα ἔνεμον, καὶ μήτε τὰς αἴγας ἰδὼν μήτε τὰ πρόβατα καταλαβὼν μήτε Χλόην εὐρὼν ἀλλ' ἐρημίαν πολλὴν καὶ τὴν σύριγγα ἐρριμμένην, ἣ συνήθως ἐτέρπετο ἡ Χλόη, μέγα βοῶν καὶ ἔλαεινὸν κωκύων ποτὲ μὲν πρὸς τὴν φηγὸν ἔτρεχεν ἔνθα ἐκαθέζοντο, ποτὲ δὲ ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ὥς ὀψόμενος αὐτήν, ποτὲ δὲ ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας, ἐφ' αἷς ἐλκομένη κατέφυγεν. Ἐνταῦθα καὶ ἔρριπεν ἑαυτὸν χαμαὶ καὶ ταῖς Νύμφαις ὥς προδοῦσαις κατεμέμετο.

221 Their ships being now loaded with all kinds of booty, they made up their minds to sail no further, but directed their course homewards, being afraid of the wintry season and hostile attacks. Accordingly they rowed away as hard as they could, but they made slow progress, as there was no wind. Daphnis, when all was quiet, went down to the plain where their flocks had been in the habit of feeding, and finding neither goats nor sheep nor Chloe, but everywhere desolation, and Chloe's pipe, with which she used to amuse herself, lying on the ground, he cried aloud and lamented piteously, now running to the beech under which they used to sit, and now to the seashore, to

look for her, and then to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was being carried off. There he flung himself on the ground and reproached the Nymphs with having abandoned her:

‘Ἀφ’ ὑμῶν ἡρπάσθη Χλόη, καὶ τοῦτο ὑμεῖς ἰδεῖν ὑπεμείνατε; ἢ τοὺς στεφάνους ὑμῖν πλέκουσα, ἢ σπένδουσα τοῦ πρώτου γάλακτος, ἥς καὶ ἡ σύριγξ ἦδε ἀνάθημα; Αἶγα μὲν οὐδὲ μίαν μοι λύκος ἥρπασε, πολέμιοι δὲ τὴν ἀγέλην καὶ τὴν συννέμουσαν. Καὶ τὰς μὲν αἶγας ἀποδεροῦσι καὶ τὰ πρόβατα καταθύσουσι, Χλόη δὲ λοιπὸν πόλιν οἰκήσει. Ποίοις ποσὶν ἄπειμι παρὰ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα ἄνευ τῶν αἰγῶν, ἄνευ Χλόης, λιπερνήτης γενόμενος; ἔχω γὰρ νέμειν ἔτι οὐδέν. Ἐνταῦθα περιμενῶ κείμενος ἢ θάνατον ἢ πόλεμον δεύτερον. Ἄρα καὶ σύ, Χλόη, τοιαῦτα πάσχεις; ἄρα μέμνησαι τοῦ πεδίου τοῦδε καὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν τῶνδε κάμοῦ; ἢ παραμυθοῦνται σε τὰ πρόβατα καὶ αἱ αἶγες αἰχμάλωτοι μετὰ σοῦ γενόμεναι;’

2.22 “Chloe has been carried off from you, O Nymphs, and you have had the heart to see and endure it - she who used to weave for you chaplets of flowers and offer you libations of fresh milk, whose pipe hangs suspended yonder as an offering to you. No wolf has ever carried off a single goat of mine, but an enemy has carried off the flock and she who tended it with me. They will flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will have to dwell in some distant city. How shall I dare to return to my father and mother without my goats and without Chloe, as if I had proved false to my charge? For I have no longer anything to tend.

“Here I will lie and await death, or some other attack. Are you suffering like myself, Chloe? Do you still remember these fields, these Nymphs, and me? Or do you find some consolation in the sheep and goats that are your fellow prisoners?”

Τοιαῦτα λέγοντα αὐτὸν ἐκ τῶν δακρύων καὶ τῆς λύπης ὕψος βαθὺς καταλαμβάνει. Καὶ αὐτῷ αἱ τρεῖς ἐφίστανται Νύμφαι, μεγάλαι γυναῖκες καὶ καλαί, ἡμίγυμνοι καὶ ἀνυπόδητοι, τὰς κόμας λελυμένοι καὶ τοῖς ἀγάλμασιν ὅμοιαι. Καὶ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον ἐρόκεσαν ἐλεοῦσαι τὸν Δάφνιν: ἔπειτα ἡ πρεσβυτάτη λέγει ἐπιρρωννύουσα ‘Μηδὲν ἡμᾶς μέμφου, Δάφνι: Χλόης γὰρ ἡμῖν μᾶλλον μέλει ἢ σοί. Ἡμεῖς τοι καὶ παιδίον οὖσαν αὐτὴν ἠλεήσαμεν καὶ ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἄνθρωπῳ κειμένην αὐτὴν ἀνεθρέψαμεν. Ἐκείνη καὶ πεδίοις κοινὸν οὐδέν. Καὶ νῦν δὲ ἡμῖν πεφρόντισται τὸ κατ’ ἐκείνην, ὥς μήτε εἰς τὴν Μήθυμναν κομισθεῖσα δουλεύει μήτε μέρος γένοιτο λείας πολεμικῆς. Τὸν Πᾶνα ἐκείνον τὸν ὑπὸ τῇ πίτῃ ἰδρυμένον, ὃν ὑμεῖς οὐδέποτε οὐδὲ ἄνθεσιν ἐτιμήσατε, τούτου ἐδεήθημεν ἐπικουρον γενέσθαι Χλόης: συνήθης γὰρ στρατοπέδοις μᾶλλον ἡμῶν καὶ πολλοὺς ἤδη πολέμους ἐπολέμησε τὴν ἀγροικίαν καταλιπών: καὶ ἔπεισι τοῖς Μηθυμναίοις οὐκ ἀγαθὸς πολέμιος. Κάμνε δὲ μηδέν, ἀλλ’ ἀναστὰς ὄφθητι Λάμῳ καὶ Μυρτάλῃ, οἳ καὶ αὐτοὶ κεῖνται χαμαί, νομίζοντες καὶ σὲ μέρος γεγονέναι τῆς ἀρπαγῆς: Χλόη γὰρ σοι τῆς ἐπιούσης ἀφίξεται μετὰ τῶν αἰγῶν, μετὰ τῶν προβάτων, καὶ νεμήσετε κοινῇ καὶ συρίσετε κοινῇ: τὰ δὲ ἄλλα μελήσει περὶ ὑμῶν Ἐρωτι.’

2.23 While he was thus lamenting, a deep sleep overcame him in the midst of his grief and tears. The Nymphs appeared to him, three tall and beautiful women, half-naked, without sandals, with their hair floating down their backs, just like their statues. At first they seemed to feel compassion for Daphnis: then the eldest addressed him in the following words of comfort:

“Do not reproach us, Daphnis: Chloe is more our care than yours. We took pity on her when she was but a child, and adopted her when she was exposed in this cave and brought her up. She has no more to do with the sheep and fields than you have to do with the goats of Lamon. Besides, we have already thought of her future: she shall neither be carried off as a slave to Methymna, nor become part of the enemy’s spoil. We have begged the God Pan, whose statue is under yonder pine, to whom you have never offered so much as a chaplet of flowers in token of respect, to go to the assistance of Chloe: for he is more used to the ways of camps than we are, and he has often left the country to take part in battle. He will set out, and the Methymnaeans will find him no contemptible foe. Be not troubled: arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who, like yourself, lie prostrate with sorrow, thinking that you also have been carried off. Tomorrow Chloe will return with the sheep and goats; you shall tend them and play on the pipe together; leave the rest to the care of Love.”

Τοιαῦτα ἰδὼν καὶ ἀκούσας Δάφνις ἀναπηδήσας τῶν ὕπνων καὶ ὑφ’ ἡδονῆς καὶ λύπης μεστὸς δακρύων τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν προσεκύνει καὶ ἐπηγγέλλετο σωθεῖσιν Χλόης θύσειν τῶν αἰγῶν τὴν ἀρίστην. Δραμῶν δὲ καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν πίτυν, ἔνθα τὸ τοῦ Πανὸς ἄγαλμα ἴδρυτο κερασφόρον, τραγοσκελές, τῇ μὲν σύριγγα τῇ δὲ τράγον πηδῶντα κατέχον, κάκεινον προσεκύνει καὶ εὐχετο ὑπὲρ τῆς Χλόης καὶ τράγον θύσειν ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ μόλις ποτὲ περὶ ἡλίου καταφορὰς παυσάμενος δακρύων καὶ εὐχῶν, ἀράμενος τὰς φυλλάδας, ὥς ἔκοπεν, ἐπανῆλθεν εἰς τὴν ἐπαυλιν, καὶ τοὺς ἀμφὶ τὸν Λάμωνα πένθους ἀπαλλάξας, εὐφορσύνης ἐμπλήσας, τροφῆς τε ἐγεύσατο καὶ ἐς ὕπνον ὥρμησεν οὐδὲ τοῦτον ἄδακρυν, ἀλλ’ εὐχόμενος μὲν αὖθις τὰς Νύμφας ὄναρ ἰδεῖν, εὐχόμενος δὲ τὴν ἡμέραν γενέσθαι ταχέως, ἐν ᾗ Χλόην ἐπηγγείλαντο αὐτῷ. Νυκτῶν πασῶν ἐκείνῃ ἔδοξε μακροτάτῃ γεγενῆσθαι: ἐπράχθη δὲ ἐπ’ αὐτῆς τάδε.

2.24 At this sight and at these words Daphnis started up from sleep. Weeping both for joy and grief, he did obeisance to the statues of the Nymphs and promised, if Chloe should be saved, that he would sacrifice to them the finest of his goats. He next ran to the pine tree, beneath which stood the statue of Pan, with the legs of a goat, his head surmounted by horns, in one hand holding his pipe, in the other a bounding goat. He did obeisance to him also, begged his assistance on behalf of Chloe, and promised to sacrifice a goat to him. The sun was almost set before he ceased from his tears and entreaties; then, taking up the green branches which he had cut, he returned home, where his reappearance comforted Lamon and Myrtale and filled them with joy.

Having taken a little food, he went to bed: but even then his rest was disturbed by tears. He prayed that the Nymphs might appear to him again in a dream, and prayed for the speedy coming of the day, on which they had promised him that Chloe should return. Never had a night seemed so long to him. Meanwhile, the following events had taken place.

Ὁ στρατηγὸς ὁ τῶν Μηθυμναίων ὅσον δέκα σταδίου ἀπελάσας ἠθέλησε τοὺς στρατιώτας τῇ καταδρομῇ κεκμηκότας ἀναλαβεῖν. Ἄκρας οὖν ἐπεμβαίνουσας τῷ πελάγει λαβόμενος ἐπεκτεινομένης μηνοειδῶς, ἥς ἐντὸς θάλαττα γαληνότερον τῶν λιμένων ὄρμον εἰργάζετο, ἐνταῦθα τὰς ναῦς ἐπὶ ἀγκυρῶν μετεώρους διορμίσας, ὥς μηδὲ μίαν ἐκ τῆς γῆς τῶν ἀγροίκων τινὰ λυπῆσαι, ἀνῆκε τοὺς Μηθυμναίους εἰς τέρψιν εἰρηνικὴν. Οἱ δὲ ἔχοντες πάντων ἀφθονίαν ἐκ τῆς ἀρπαγῆς ἔπινον, ἔπαιζον, ἐπινίκιον ἐορτὴν ἐμμοῦντο. Ἄρτι δὲ πανομένης ἡμέρας καὶ τῆς τέρψεως ἐς νύκτα ληγούσης αἰφνίδιον μὲν ἡ γῆ πᾶσα ἐδόκει λάμπεσθαι πυρί, κτύπος δὲ ἠκούετο ρόθιος κωπῶν, ὥς ἐπιπλέοντος μεγάλου στόλου. Ἐβόα τις ὀπλίζεσθαι τὸν στρατηγόν, ἄλλος ἄλλον ἐκάλει, καὶ τετρῶσθαι τις ἐδόκει, καὶ σχῆμά τις ἔκειτο νεκροῦ μιμούμενος. Εἶκασεν ἄν τις ὁρᾶν νυκτομαχίαν οὐ παρόντων πολεμίων.

2.25 The Methymnaean captain, when he had proceeded about ten stades, was desirous of giving his men some rest, as they were greatly fatigued with rowing. Accordingly, having reached a promontory which jutted out into the sea in the shape of a crescent, the bay of which afforded a quieter port than any harbour, he cast anchor, but at some distance from the shore, for fear that the inhabitants might annoy him; then he allowed his crew to enjoy themselves undisturbed. Since they were abundantly supplied with everything, they drank and made merry, as if they had been celebrating a feast in honour of a victory. But, when night began to fall and put an end to their enjoyment, suddenly the whole earth appeared in flames: the splash of oars was heard upon the waters, as if a numerous fleet were approaching. They called upon the general to arm himself: they shouted to each other: some thought they were already wounded, others lay as if they were dead. One would have thought that they were engaged in a battle by night, although there was no enemy.

Τῆς δὲ νυκτὸς αὐτοῖς τοιαύτης γενομένης ἐπῆλθεν ἡ ἡμέρα πολὺ τῆς νυκτὸς φοβερωτέρα. Οἱ τράγοι μὲν οἱ τοῦ Δάφνιδος καὶ αἱ αἶγες κιττὸν ἐν τοῖς κέρασι κορυμβοφόρον εἶχον, οἱ δὲ κριοὶ καὶ αἱ οἷς τῆς Χλόης λύκων ὠρυγμὸν ὠρύοντο. Ὡφθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ πίτυς ἐστεφανωμένη. Ἐγίνετο καὶ περὶ τὴν θάλατταν αὐτὴν πολλὰ παράδοξα. Αἶ τε γὰρ ἀγκυραι πειρωμένων ἀναφέρειν κατὰ βυθοῦ ἔμενον, αἶ τε κῶπαι καθιέντων εἰς εἰρεσίαν ἐθραύοντο: καὶ δελφῖνες πηδῶντες ἐξ ἁλὸς ταῖς οὐραῖς παίοντες τὰς ναῦς ἔλυνον τὰ γομφώματα. Ἦκούετό τις καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς ὀρθίου πέτρας τῆς ὑπὲρ τὴν ἄκραν σύριγγος ἦχος: ἀλλὰ οὐκ ἔτερπεν ὥς σύριγξ, ἐφόβει δὲ τοὺς ἀκούοντας ὥς σάλπιγξ. Ἐταράττοντο οὖν καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ὅπλα ἔθεον καὶ πολεμίους ἐκάλουν

τοὺς οὐ βλέπομένους, ὥστε πάλιν εὖχοντο νύκτα ἐπελθεῖν, ὡς τευξόμενοι σπονδῶν ἐν αὐτῇ. Συνετὰ μὲν οὖν πᾶσιν ἦν τὰ γινόμενα τοῖς φρονουσιν ὀρθῶς ὅτι ἐκ Πανὸς ἦν τὰ φαντάσματα καὶ ἀκούσματα μηνιόντός τι τοῖς ναύταις: οὐκ εἶχον δὲ τὴν αἰτίαν συμβαλεῖν 'οὐδὲν γὰρ ἱερὸν ἐσεσύλητο Πανός', ἔστε ἀμφὶ μέσῃν ἡμέραν ἐς ὕπνον οὐκ ἄθεεὶ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ καταπεσόντος αὐτός ὁ Πᾶν ὥφθη τοιάδε λέγων

2.26 After a night thus spent, a day followed even more terrible to them than the night. They saw Daphnis's goats with ivy-branches, loaded with berries, on their horns: while Chloe's rams and ewes were heard howling like wolves: Chloe herself appeared, crowned with a garland of pine. Many marvellous things also happened on the sea. When they attempted to raise the anchors, they remained fast to the bottom: when the oars were dipped into the water to row, they snapped. Dolphins, leaping from the waves, lashed the ships with their tails, and loosened the fastenings. From the top of the steep rock overhanging the promontory was heard the sound of a pipe: but the sound did not soothe the hearers, but terrified them, like the blast of a trumpet. Then, smitten with affright they ran to arms, and called upon their invisible enemies to appear: after which, they prayed for the return of night, hoping that it might afford them some relief. All who possessed any intelligence clearly understood that all the marvellous things that they had seen and heard were the work of God Pan, who was angry with them for some offence they had committed against him: but they could not guess the cause of it, for they had not plundered any spot that was sacred to him. At last, however, at mid-day, when their general had fallen asleep, not without the intervention of the Gods, Pan himself appeared to him and spoke as follows:

‘ὦ πάντων ἀνοσιώτατοι καὶ ἀσεβέστατοι, τί ταῦτα μαινομέναις φρεσὶν ἐτολμήσατε; Πολέμου μὲν τὴν ἀγροικίαν ἐνεπλήσατε τὴν ἐμοὶ φίλην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ αἰγῶν καὶ ποιμνίων ἀπηλάσατε τὰς ἐμοὶ μελομένας: ἀπεσπάσατε δὲ βομῶν παρθένον, ἐξ ἧς Ἔρως μῦθον ποιῆσαι θέλει: καὶ οὔτε τὰς Νύμφας ἠδέσθητε βλέπουσας οὔτε τὸν Πᾶνα ἐμέ. Οὐτ' οὖν Μήθυμναν ὤψεσθε μετὰ τοιούτων λαφύρων πλέοντες, οὔτε τήνδε φεύξεσθε τὴν σύριγγα τὴν ὑμᾶς ταραξάσαν: ἀλλὰ ὑμᾶς βορὰν ἰχθύων θήσω καταδύσας, εἰ μὴ τὴν ταχίστην καὶ Χλόην ταῖς Νύμφαις ἀποδώσεις καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας Χλόης. Ἀνάστα δὴ καὶ ἐκβίβαζε τὴν κόρην μεθ' ὧν εἶπον. Ἠγήσομαι δὲ ἐγὼ καὶ σοὶ τοῦ πλοῦ κάκεινῃ τῆς ὁδοῦ.’

2.27 “O most impious and sacrilegious of men! What has driven your frenzied minds to such audacity? You have filled with war the country that I love, and have carried off the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to my care: you have dragged away from my altars a young girl whom Love has reserved for himself, to adorn a tale. Nay, you did not even respect the presence of the Nymphs, nor me, the great God Pan. Wherefore you shall never again see Methymna with such booty on board, nor shall you escape this pipe, which has so smitten you with alarm: I will swamp you in

the waves and give you as food to the fishes, unless you speedily restore Chloe and her flocks, sheep and goats, to the Nymphs. Arise then, put ashore the young girl with all that I have mentioned: and then I will guide your course by sea, and Chloe's by land."

Πάνυ οὖν τεθορυβημένος ὁ Βρύαξις 'τοῦτο γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο ὁ στρατηγός' ἀναπηδᾷ καὶ τῶν νεῶν καλέσας τοὺς ἡγεμόνας ἐκέλευσε τὴν ταχίστην ἐν τοῖς αἰχμαλώτοις ἀναζητεῖσθαι Χλόην. Οἱ δὲ ταχέως καὶ ἀνεῦρον καὶ εἰς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκόμισαν: ἐκαθέζετο γὰρ τῆς πίτυος ἐστεφανωμένη. Σύμβολον δὲ καὶ τοῦτο τῆς ἐν τοῖς ὄνειροις ὄψεως ποιούμενος ἐπ' αὐτῆς τῆς ναυαρχίδος εἰς τὴν γῆν αὐτὴν κομίζει. Κάκεϊν ἄρτι ἀπεβεβήκει καὶ σύριγγος ἦχος ἀκούεται πάλιν ἐκ τῆς πέτρας, οὐκέτι πολεμικὸς καὶ φοβερός, ἀλλὰ ποιμενικὸς καὶ οἶος εἰς νομὴν ἡγεῖται ποιμνίων. Καὶ τὰ τε πρόβατα κατὰ τῆς ἀποβάθρας ἐξέτρεχεν ἐξολισθάνοντα τοῖς κέρασι τῶν χηλῶν, καὶ αἱ αἴγες πολὺ θρασύτερον, οἷα καὶ κρηνοβατεῖν εἰθισμένα.

2.28 Alarmed at this vision, Bryaxis - that was the captain's name - started up, summoned the commanders of the ships, and ordered them to search for Chloe with all speed amongst the captives. They soon found her and brought her before him: for she was sitting down, with a pine garland on her head. Recognising by this that it was she to whom his vision referred, he put her on board his own vessel, and conveyed her to land. As soon as she had gone ashore, the sound of the pipe again made itself heard from the summit of the rock, not martial and awe-inspiring, as before, but playing a pastoral air such as shepherds play when driving out their flocks to feed. Then immediately the sheep hurried down the gangway, without stumbling: while the goats descended with even greater confidence, being accustomed to climb steep places.

Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν περιίσταται κύκλῳ τὴν Χλόην ὥσπερ χορός, σκιρτῶντα καὶ βληχόμενα καὶ ὅμοια χαίρουσιν: αἱ δὲ τῶν ἄλλων αἰπόλων αἴγες καὶ τὰ πρόβατα καὶ τὰ βουκόλια κατὰ χώραν ἔμενεν ἐν κοίλῃ νηί, καθάπερ αὐτὰ τοῦ μέλους μὴ καλοῦντος. Θαύματι δὲ πάντων ἐχομένων καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα εὐφημούντων ὥφθη τούτων ἐν τοῖς στοιχείοις ἀμφοτέροις θαυμασιώτερα. Τῶν μὲν Μηθυμναίων, πρὶν ἀνασπάσαι τὰς ἀγκύρας, ἔπλεον αἱ νῆες καὶ τῆς ναυαρχίδος ἡγεῖτο δελφὶν πηδῶν ἐξ ἁλός: τῶν δὲ αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων ἡγεῖτο σύριγγος ἦχος ἥδιστος, καὶ τὸν συρίττοντα ἐβλεπεν οὐδεὶς, ὥστε τὰ ποίμνια καὶ αἱ αἴγες προήεσαν ἅμα καὶ ἐνέμοντο τερπόμεναι τῷ μέλει.

2.29 Then the sheep and the goats danced, skipped, and bleated around Chloe, as if they rejoiced with her: but the herds and flocks of the other shepherds remained where they were in the hollow ship, as if the sound of the pipe had not summoned them. While all were lost in admiration at this, and were singing the praises of Pan, stranger sights were seen on both elements. For the vessels of the Methymnaeans unmoored themselves of their own accord, before the anchors were pulled up, and a dolphin, leaping out of the sea, piloted the commander's ship: on land the sweet sounds of a pipe guided

the goats and sheep, although no one could be seen playing upon it. Thus the two flocks went on, feeding the while, delighted to hear such strains.

Δευτέρας που νομῆς καιρὸς ἦν, καὶ ὁ Δάφνις ἀπὸ σκοπῆς τινος μετεώρου θεασάμενος τὰς ἀγέλας καὶ τὴν Χλόην, μέγα βοήσας ‘ὦ Νύμφαι καὶ Πάν’ κατέδραμεν εἰς τὸ πεδῖον καὶ περιπλακεῖς τῇ Χλόῃ λιποθυμήσας κατέπεσε. Μόλις δὲ ἔμβιος ὑπὸ τῆς Χλόης φιλοῦσης καὶ ταῖς περιβολαῖς θαλπούσης γενόμενος ἐπὶ τὴν συνήθη φηγὸν ἔρχεται: καὶ ὑπὸ τῷ στελέχει καθίσας ἐπυνθάνετο πῶς ἀπέδρα τοσοῦτους πολεμίους. Ἡ δὲ αὐτῷ κατέλεξε πάντα, τὸν τῶν αἰγῶν κιττόν, τὸν τῶν προβάτων ὠρυγμόν, τὴν ἐπανθήσασαν τῇ κεφαλῇ πίτυν, τὸ ἐν τῇ γῇ πῦρ, τὸν ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ κτύπον, τὰ συρίγματα ἀμφοτέρω, τὸ πολεμικὸν καὶ τὸ εἰρηνικόν, τὴν νύκτα τὴν φοβερὰν, καὶ ὅπως αὐτῇ τὴν ὁδὸν ἀγνοοῦση καθηγήσατο τῆς ὁδοῦ μουσικῇ. Γνωρίσας οὖν ὁ Δάφνις τὰ τῶν Νυμφῶν ὄνειρα καὶ τὰ τοῦ Πανὸς ἔργα διηγεῖται καὶ αὐτὸς ὅσα εἶδεν, ὅσα ἤκουσεν: ὅτι μέλλων ἀποθνήσκειν διὰ τὰς Νύμφας ἔζησε. Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἀποπέμπει κομιοῦσαν τοὺς ἀμφὶ τὸν Δρύαντα καὶ Λάμωνα καὶ ὅσα πρέπει θυσία: αὐτὸς δὲ ἐν τούτῳ τῶν αἰγῶν τὴν ἀρίστην συλλαβὼν καὶ κιττῷ στεφανώσας, ὥσπερ ὥφθησαν τοῖς πολεμίοις, καὶ γάλα τῶν κεράτων κατασπείσας, ἔθυσέ τε ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ κρεμάσας ἀπέδειρε καὶ τὸ δέρμα ἀνέθηκεν.

2.30 It was about the time when the flocks were being driven to the plains after mid-day, when Daphnis, perceiving from a lofty hill the approach of Chloe and the herds, with a loud cry of “O Nymphs! O Pan!” hastened down, ran towards Chloe, and, after embracing her, fainted from excess of joy. Even the hot kisses of Chloe, as she clasped him in her arms, scarcely revived him; but at last, having regained consciousness, he made his way to the well-known beech, and, sitting on its trunk, inquired of her how she had managed to escape her numerous foes. Then she told him everything: the ivy that grew on the horns of her goats, the roaring of the sheep, the garland of pine-leaves that sprouted upon her head, the fire that blazed forth upon the land, the noise of oars upon the sea, the two different sounds of the pipe, the martial and the peaceful, the horrors of the night, and how she had been guided on the road which she did not know by the sound of sweet music.

Then Daphnis, recognising the vision of the Nymphs and the influence of Pan, told her in turn all that he had seen and heard, and how that, when he was on the point of death, his life had been restored by the Nymphs. Then he sent her to fetch Dryas and Lamon, and all that was necessary for sacrifice: and, taking the choicest of his goats, he crowned it with ivy, just as the enemy had seen them, poured a libation of milk between its horns, sacrificed it to the Nymphs, hung up and flayed it, and consecrated its skin to them as a votive offering.

Ἦδη δὲ παρόντων τῶν ἀμφὶ τὴν Χλόην, πῦρ ἀνακαύσας καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐψήσας τῶν κρεῶν τὰ δὲ ὀπτήσας ἀπὴρξατό τε ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ κρατῆρα μεστὸν γλεύκους ἐπέσπεισε: καὶ ἐκ φυλλάδος στιβάδας ὑποστορέσας ἐντεῦθεν ἐν

τροφῇ ἦν καὶ πότῳ καὶ παιδιᾷ· καὶ ἅμα τὰς ἀγέλας ἐπεσκόπει, μὴ λύκος ἐμπεσὼν ἔργα ποιήσῃ πολεμίων. Ἦσαν τινὰς καὶ ᾠδὰς εἰς τὰς Νύμφας, παλαιῶν ποιμένων ποιήματα. Νυκτὸς δὲ ἐπελθούσης αὐτοῦ κοιμηθέντες ἐν τῷ ἀγρῷ, τῆς ἐπιούσης τοῦ Πανὸς ἐμνημόνευσαν, καὶ τῶν τράγων τὸν ἀγελάρχην στεφανώσαντες πίτυος προσήγαγον τῇ πίτῃ, καὶ ἀποσπείσαντες οἶνου καὶ εὐφημοῦντες τὸν θεὸν ἔθυσαν, ἐκρέμασαν, ἀπέδειραν· καὶ τὰ μὲν κρέα ὀπτήσαντες καὶ ἐνήσαντες πλησίον ἔθηκαν ἐν τῷ λειμῶνι, ἐν τοῖς φύλλοις· τὸ δὲ δέρμα κέραςιν αὐτοῖς ἐνέπηξαν τῇ πίτῃ πρὸς τῷ ἀγάλματι, ποιμενικὸν ἀνάθημα ποιμενικῷ θεῷ. Ἀπήρξαντο καὶ τῶν κρεῶν, ἀπέσπεισαν καὶ κρατῆρος μερίζον· ἦσεν ἡ Χλόη, ὁ Δάφνις ἐσύρισεν.

2.31 When Chloe had returned, together with Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, after having offered the firstlings to the Nymphs, and poured a libation from a full bowl of sweet wine. Then, having spread couches of leaves on the ground for the use of the guests, he enjoyed himself eating and drinking; but at the same time he kept an eye upon his flocks, for fear that a wolf might attack them. After this they sang some hymns in honour of the Nymphs, composed by some ancient shepherds. When night came on, they lay down in the fields, and on the following day bethought them of Pan. They crowned the goat that led the flock with branches of pine, and led him to the tree under which stood the image of the God: then, having poured a libation of wine over him, they sang praises to Pan, sacrificed, hung up, and flayed the goat. They roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, and set it down close by in the meadow on green leaves. The skin with the horns was hung up on the pine tree near the statue, an offering of shepherds to the shepherds' God. They also gave him of the firstlings, and poured libations in his honour from a larger bowl, while Chloe sang, and Daphnis played the flute.

Ἐπὶ τούτοις κατακλινέντες ἦσθιον· καὶ αὐτοῖς ἐφίσταται Φιλητᾶς ὁ βουκόλος κατὰ τύχην στεφανίσκους τινὰς τῷ Πανὶ κομίζων καὶ βότρυς ἔτι ἐν φύλλοις καὶ κλήμασι· καὶ αὐτῷ τῶν παιδῶν ὁ νεώτατος εἶπετο Τίτυρος, πυρρὸν παιδίον καὶ γλαυκόν, λευκὸν παιδίον καὶ ἀγέρωχον· καὶ ἥλλετο κοῦφα, βαδίζων ὥσπερ ἔριφος. Ἀναπηδήσαντες οὖν συνεστεφάνουν τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰ κλήματα τῆς κόμης τῆς πίτυος ἐξήρτων, καὶ κατακλίναντες πλησίον αὐτῶν συμπότην ἐποιοῦντο. Καὶ οἷα δὴ γέροντες ὑποβεβρεγμένοι πρὸς ἀλλήλους πολλὰ ἔλεγον· ὡς ἔνεμον ἠνίκα ἦσαν νέοι, ὡς πολλὰς ληστῶν καταδρομὰς διέφυγον· ἐσεμνύνετό τις ὡς λύκον ἀποκτείνας, ἄλλος ὡς μόνου τοῦ Πανὸς δεύτερα συρίσας· τοῦτο τοῦ Φιλητᾶ τὸ σεμνολόγημα ἦν.

2.32 After this they sat down and refreshed themselves. While they were thus engaged, by chance the herdsman Philetas came up, bringing some garlands of flowers to Pan, and some vine-branches full of bunches of grapes. He was accompanied by his youngest son Tityrus, a fair and impudent lad, with reddish hair and grey eyes, who ran and skipped along like a kid. When they saw Philetas and his son, the others, jumping up, went with them to place

the garlands on the statue of Pan, and hung the vine shoots on the branches of the pine: then, making Philetas sit down with them, they invited him to share their feast. After the manner of old men who are somewhat heated with wine, they began to tell all sorts of tales: how they tended their flocks when they were young, and how they had escaped many attacks of robbers. One boasted of having slain a wolf, and another (this was Philetas) of being inferior in his skill on the pipe to Pan alone.

Ὁ οὖν Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη πάσας δεήσεις προσέφερον μεταδοῦναι καὶ αὐτοῖς τῆς τέχνης, συρίσαι τε ἐν ἑορτῇ θεοῦ σύριγγι χαίροντος. Ἐπαγγέλλεται Φιλητᾶς, καίτοι τὸ γῆρας ὥς ἄνουν μεμψάμενος, καὶ ἔλαβε σύριγγα τὴν τοῦ Δάφνιδος. Ἡ δὲ ἦν μικρὰ πρὸς μεγάλην τέχνην, οἷα ἐν στόματι παιδὸς ἐμπνεομένη. Πέμπει οὖν Τίτυρον ἐπὶ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ σύριγγα, τῆς ἐπαύλεως ἀπεχούσης σταδίου δέκα. Ὁ μὲν οὖν ῥίψας τὸ ἐγκόμβωμα γυμνὸς ὤρμησε τρέχειν, ὥσπερ νεβρός: ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἐπηγγείλατο αὐτοῖς τὸν περὶ τῆς σύριγγος ἀφηγήσεσθαι μῦθον, ὃν αὐτῷ Σικελὸς οἰπόλος ἦσεν ἐπὶ μισθῷ τράγω καὶ σύριγγι.

2.33 Daphnis and Chloe begged him to give them a specimen of his skill, and to play on his pipe at a feast in honour of the God who delighted in such music. Philetas consented, although complaining that his years had left him but little breath, and took Daphnis's pipe. But it was too small for the display of great skill, being only fit for a lad to play upon. Philetas therefore sent Tityrus to his cottage, which was about ten stades distant, to fetch his own pipe. The lad, throwing off his smock, ran off as swiftly as a fawn: meanwhile, Lamon offered to tell them the story of the pipe, which a Sicilian goatherd had related to him in return for the present of a goat and a pipe.

Ἀὕτη ἡ σύριγξ τὸ ὄργανον οὐκ ἦν ὄργανον ἀλλὰ παρθένος καλὴ καὶ τὴν φωνὴν μουσικὴ. Αἶγας ἔνεμεν, Νύμφαις συνέπαιζεν, ἦδεν οἶον νῦν. Πάν ταύτης νεμούσης παιζούσης ἀδούσης προσελθὼν ἐπειθεν ἐς ὃ τι ἔχρηζε, καὶ ἐπηγγέλλετο τὰς αἶγας πάσας θήσειν διδυματόκους. Ἡ δὲ ἐγέλα τὸν ἔρωτα αὐτοῦ, οὐδὲ ἑραστὴν ἔφη δέξεσθαι τὸν μήτε τράγον ὄντα μήτε ἄνθρωπον ὀλόκληρον. Ὁρμᾷ διώκειν ὁ Πάν πρὸς βίαν: ἡ Σύριγξ ἔφευγε καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν βίαν: φεύγουσα κάμνουσα ἐς δόνακας κρύπτεται, εἰς ἔλος ἀφανίζεται. Πάν τοὺς δόνακας ὀργῇ τεμών, τὴν κόρην οὐχ εὐρών, τὸ πάθος μαθὼν τὸ ὄργανον νοεῖ, τοὺς καλάμους κηρῷ συνδήσας ἀνίσους, καθ' ὃ τι καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἄνισος αὐτοῖς: καὶ ἡ τότε παρθένος καλὴ νῦν ἐστὶ σύριγξ μουσική.'

2.34 "This pipe in former times was not a musical instrument, but a beautiful maiden, who had a melodious voice. She tended goats, sported with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, who saw her tending her goats, sporting, and singing, tried to persuade her to yield to his advances, promising that her goats should always bring forth twins. But she scoffed at his love, and declared that she would never have anything to do with a lover who was neither a goat nor a perfect man. Thereupon Pan was proceeding to violence, but Syrinx fled, until at last, weary of running, she flung herself into a swamp

and disappeared amongst the reeds. Pan, enraged, cut down the reeds, and, not finding the maiden, understood what had happened. Then, cutting some reeds of unequal length, in token of an unequal love, he joined them together with wax and fashioned this instrument. Thus she who was once a beautiful maiden is now an instrument of music-the pipe.”

Ἄρτι ἐπέπαυτο τοῦ μυθολογήματος ὁ Λάμων, καὶ ἐπῆναι Φιλητᾶς αὐτὸν ὡς εἰπόντα μῦθον ᾧδῃς γλυκύτερον, καὶ ὁ Τίτυρος ἐφίσταται τὴν σύριγγα τῷ πατρὶ κομίζων, μέγα ὄργανον καὶ αὐλῶν μεγάλων, καὶ ἵνα κεκήρωτο, χαλκῷ πεποικίλτο. Εἶκασεν ἄν τις εἶναι ταύτην ἐκείνην, ἣν ὁ Πᾶν πρώτην ἐπῆξατο. Διεγερθεὶς οὖν ὁ Φιλητᾶς καὶ καθίσας ἐν καθέδρᾳ ὀρθῶς πρῶτον μὲν ἀπεπειράθη τῶν καλάμων εἰ εὐνοιοῖ· ἔπειτα μαθὼν ὡς ἀκόλυτον διατρέχει τὸ πνεῦμα, ἐνέπνει τὸ ἐντεῦθεν πολὺ καὶ νεανικόν. Αὐλῶν τις ἄν ᾧσθῃ συναυλούντων ἀκούειν· τοσοῦτον ἤχει τὸ σύριγμα. Κατ’ ὀλίγον δὲ τῆς βίας ἀφαιρῶν εἰς τὸ τερπνότερον μετέβαλλε τὸ μέλος. Καὶ πᾶσαν τέχνην ἐπιδεικνύμενος εὐνομίας μουσικῆς ἐσύριττεν οἷον βοῶν ἀγέλην πρέπον, οἷον αἰπολίῳ πρόσφορον, οἷον ποιμνίαις φίλον. Τερπνὸν ἦν τὸ ποιμνίων, μέγα τὸ βοῶν, ὅξυ τὸ αἰγῶν· ὅλως πάσας σύριγγας μία σύριγξ ἐμμήσατο.

2.35 Lamon had scarcely finished his story,- which was highly praised by Philetas, who declared that it was sweeter than any song - when Tityrus returned with his father’s pipe, which was very large and made of larger reeds than usual, while the waxen fastenings were overlaid with brass. One would have said that it was the very pipe which Pan had first made. Then Philetas sat upright, tried all the reeds to see if there was a free current of air, and, finding that his breath passed through unchecked, blew so loud and lustily, that it seemed as if several pipes were being played at once: then, gradually blowing more gently, he changed his tune to a more pleasant strain, and, displaying to them the most perfect skill in pastoral music, he showed them what strains were best for a herd of oxen, or a flock of goats or sheep - sweet and gentle for sheep, loud and deep for oxen, sharp and clear for goats: and all these notes he imitated on a single pipe.

Οἱ μὲν οὖν ἄλλοι σιωπῇ κατέκειντο τερπόμενοι· Δρύας δὲ ἀναστὰς καὶ κελεύσας συρίττειν Διονυσιακὸν μέλος, ἐπιλήνιον αὐτοῖς ὄρχησιν ὠρχήσατο· καὶ ἐώκει ποτὲ μὲν τρυγῶντι, ποτὲ δὲ φέροντι ἀρρίχους, εἴτα πατοῦντι τοὺς βότρυς, εἴτα πληροῦντι τοὺς πίθους, εἴτα πίνοντι τοῦ γλεύκους. Ταῦτα πάντα οὕτως εὐσχημόνως ὠρχήσατο Δρύας καὶ ἐναργῶς, ὥστε ἐδόκουν βλέπειν καὶ τὰς ἀμπέλους καὶ τὴν ληνὸν καὶ τοὺς πίθους καὶ ἀληθῶς Δρύαντα πίνοντα.

2.36 While all, quietly reclining on the ground, listened in silence, charmed by the music, Dryas got up, begged Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian air and then began the vintage dance. He seemed in turns to be plucking the fruit, carrying the baskets, treading the grapes, filling the jars, and drinking the new wine: so perfect was the imitation, and so naturally did the dance represent the vines, the wine-press, the jars, and Dryas drinking, to the life.

Τρίτος δὴ γέρων οὗτος εὐδοκμήσας ἐπ' ὀρχήσει φιλεῖ Χλόην καὶ Δάφνιν: οἱ δὲ μάλα ταχέως ἀναστάντες ὠρχήσαντο τὸν μῦθον τοῦ Λάμωνος. Ὁ Δάφνις Πᾶνα ἐμιμεῖτο, τὴν Σύριγγα Χλόη: ὁ μὲν ἰκέτευε πείθων, ἡ δὲ ἀμελοῦσα ἐμειδία: ὁ μὲν ἐδίδωκε καὶ ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν ὀνύχων ἔτρεχε τὰς χηλὰς μιμούμενος, ἡ δὲ ἐνέφαινε τὴν κάμνουσαν ἐν τῇ φυγῇ. Ἐπειτα Χλόη μὲν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ὥς εἰς ἔλος κρύπτεται, Δάφνις δὲ λαβὼν τὴν Φιλητᾶ σύριγγα τὴν μεγάλην ἐσύρισε γοερὸν ὥς ἐρῶν, ἐρωτικὸν ὥς πείθων, ἀνακλητικὸν ὥς ἐπιζητῶν, ὥστε ὁ Φιλητᾶς θαυμάσας φιλεῖ τε ἀναπηδήσας καὶ τὴν σύριγγα χαρίζεται φιλήσας καὶ εὖχεται καὶ Δάφνιν καταλιπεῖν αὐτὴν ὁμοίῳ διαδόχῳ.

2.37 The third old man, having thus danced amid the applause of all, embraced Daphnis and Chloe, who quickly started up and began to represent in the dance the story told by Lamon. Daphnis took the part of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. He tried to persuade her with his entreaties, while she rejected his advances with a smile. He pursued her, and ran on tiptoe, to represent the goat's cloven feet: while Chloe pretended to be weary in her flight and at last hid herself in the forest which served as a swamp. Then Daphnis took Philetas's large pipe, drew from it a mournful strain, like the lamentations of a lover, then a passionate air, to touch her heart, and, lastly, a strain of recall, as if he had lost and was seeking her. So well did he play that Philetas, overcome by admiration, jumped up and embraced him, and made him a present of his pipe, with a prayer that Daphnis in his turn might leave it to a successor like himself.

Ὁ δὲ τὴν ἰδίαν ἀναθεῖς τῷ Πανὶ τὴν μικρὰν καὶ φιλήσας ὥς ἐκ φυγῆς ἀληθινῆς εὐρεθεῖσαν τὴν Χλόην ἀπήλανε τὴν ἀγέλην συρίττων νυκτὸς ἤδη ἐπιγινομένης: ἀπήλανε δὲ καὶ ἡ Χλόη τὴν ποιμνὴν τῷ μέλει τῆς σύριγγος συνάδουσα: καὶ αἱ τε αἶγες πλησίον τῶν προβάτων ἦσαν, ὃ τε Δάφνις ἐβάδιζεν ἐγγὺς τῆς Χλόης, ὥστε ἐνέπλησαν ἕως νυκτὸς ἀλλήλους καὶ συνέθεντο θάπτον τὰς ἀγέλας τῆς ἐπιούσης κατελάσαι: καὶ οὕτως ἐποίησαν. Ἄρτι γοῦν ἀρχομένης ἡμέρας ἦλθον εἰς τὴν νομὴν: καὶ τὰς Νύμφας προτέρας, εἶτα τὸν Πᾶνα προσαγορεύσαντες, τὸ ἐντεῦθεν ὑπὸ τῇ δρυὶ καθεσθέντες ἐσύριττον: εἶτα ἀλλήλους ἐφίλουν, περιέβαλλον, κατεκλίνοντο, καὶ οὐδὲν δράσαντες πλέον ἀνίσταντο. Ἐμέλησεν αὐτοῖς καὶ τροφῆς, καὶ ἔπιον οἶνον μίξαντες γάλα.

2.38 Daphnis dedicated to the God Pan the small flute which he had hitherto used, embraced Chloe as if he had really lost and found her again, and drove back his flock, playing on his pipe the while.

As night was close at hand, Chloe also drove back her sheep to the sound of the same pipe: the goats went side by side with the sheep, while Daphnis walked close to Chloe. Thus they enjoyed each other's society until nightfall, when they separated, after promising to drive their flocks to pasture earlier than usual on the following day, which they did. At daybreak, they were in the fields. Having first saluted the Nymphs, and next, the God Pan, they sat down beneath the oak, where they played upon the pipe, kissed and embraced each

other, and lay down side by side, but that was all. Then they got up and bethought themselves of food, and drank wine, mingled with milk.

Καὶ τοῦτοις ἅπασι θερμότεροι γενόμενοι καὶ θρασύτεροι, πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἥριζον ἔριν ἐρωτικὴν, καὶ μετ' ὀλίγον εἰς ὄρκων πίστιν προῆλθον. Ὁ μὲν δὴ Δάφνις τὸν Πᾶνα ὥμοσεν ἐλθὼν ἐπὶ τὴν πίτυν μὴ ζήσεσθαι μόνος ἄνευ Χλόης μηδὲ μιᾶς χρόνον ἡμέρας· ἡ δὲ Χλόη τὰς Νύμφας εἰσελθοῦσα εἰς τὸ ἄντρον τὸν αὐτὸν Δάφνιδι ἔξειν καὶ θάνατον καὶ βίον. Τοσοῦτον δὲ ἄρα τῇ Χλόῃ τὸ ἀφελὲς προσῆν ὡς κόρη, ὥστε ἐξιοῦσα τοῦ ἀντροῦ καὶ δεύτερον ἡξίου λαβεῖν ὄρκον παρ' αὐτοῦ 'ὦ Δάφνι' λέγουσα 'θεὸς ὁ Πᾶν ἐρωτικός ἐστι καὶ ἄπιστος· ἡράσθη μὲν Πίτυος, ἡράσθη δὲ Σύριγγος· παύεται δὲ οὐδέποτε Δρυάσιν ἐνοχλῶν καὶ Ἐπιμηλίσιν Νύμφαις παρέχων πράγματα. Οὗτος μὲν οὖν ἀμελήθεις ἐν τοῖς ὄρκοις ἀμελήσει σε κολάσαι, κἂν ἐπὶ πλείονας ἔλθῃς γυναικας τῶν ἐν τῇ σύριγγι καλᾶμων· σὺ δέ μοι τὸ αἰπόλιον τοῦτο ὁμοσον καὶ τὴν αἴγα ἐκείνην, ἥ σε ἀνέθρεψε, μὴ καταλιπεῖν Χλόην, ἔστ' ἂν πιστὴ σοι μένῃ· ἄδικον δὲ εἰς σέ καὶ τὰς Νύμφας γενομένην καὶ φεῦγε καὶ μίσει καὶ ἀποκτεῖνον ὥπερ λύκον.' Ἦδετο ὁ Δάφνις ἀπιστούμενος καὶ στὰς εἰς μέσον τὸ αἰπόλιον καὶ τῇ μὲν τῶν χειρῶν αἰγὸς τῇ δὲ τράγου λαβόμενος ὦμνυε Χλόην φιλήσειν φιλοῦσαν· κἂν ἕτερον προκρίνῃ Δάφνιδος, ἀντ' ἐκείνης αὐτὸν ἀποκτενεῖν. Ἡ δὲ ἔχαιρε καὶ ἐπίστευεν ὡς κόρη καὶ νομίζουσα τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα ποιμένων καὶ αἰπόλων ἰδίους θεοῦς.

2.39 Warmed and further emboldened by what they had drunk, they commenced an amorous contest, and at last swore mutual fidelity. Daphnis swore by Pan beneath the pine tree that he could not live without Chloe, even for a single day: while Chloe, having entered the grotto, swore by the Nymphs to live and die with Daphnis. So simple and innocent was she that, when she came out of the grotto, she demanded that Daphnis should take a second oath.

“Daphnis,” said she, “Pan is an amorous and inconstant God: he was enamoured of Pitys and Syrinx, he never ceases to annoy the Dryads and the Epimelian Nymphs with his solicitations. Wherefore, even if you forget the oath that you have sworn by him, he will forget to punish you, even though you should have more mistresses than there are reeds in your pipe. Do you therefore swear by this herd of goats and by the she-goat that reared you, that you will never desert Chloe as long as she remains true to you: but if she breaks her vows to you and the Nymphs, flee from her, loathe her, and kill her like a wolf.”

Daphnis, pleased at being thus mistrusted, stood upright in the midst of his flock, and, taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, swore to love Chloe as long as she loved him: and that, if she ever preferred another, he would kill himself instead of her. Then Chloe was delighted, and no longer had any doubts: for she was young and a simple shepherdess, and saw in the sheep and goats the Gods of shepherds and goatherds.

BOOK III.

Μυτιληναῖοι δὲ ὥς ἤσθοντο τὸν ἐπίπλουν τῶν δέκα νεῶν καὶ τινες ἐμήνυσαν αὐτοῖς τὴν ἄρπαγὴν ἐλθόντες ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν, οὐκ ἀνασχετὸν νομίσαντες ταῦτα ἐκ Μηθυμναίων παθεῖν, ἔγνωσαν καὶ αὐτοὶ τὴν ταχίστην ἐπὶ αὐτοὺς ὄπλα κινεῖν: καὶ καταλέξαντες ἀσπίδα τρισχίλιαν καὶ ἵππον πεντακοσίαν ἐξέπέμψαν κατὰ γῆν τὸν στρατηγὸν Ἴππασον, ὀκνοῦντες ἐν ὥρᾳ χειμῶνος τὴν θάλατταν.

3.1 When the Mitylenaeans heard of the descent of the ten vessels, and were informed by certain persons who came from the country of the plundering of their territory, they considered such outrages on the part of the Methymnaeans unbearable, and resolved to take up arms against them without delay. Collecting a force of three thousand heavy-armed infantry, and five hundred cavalry, they despatched them by land, under the command of Hippasus, being afraid of journeying by sea during the winter season.

Ὁ δὲ ἐξορμηθεὶς ἀγροὺς μὲν οὐκ ἐλεηλάτει τῶν Μηθυμναίων οὐδὲ ἀγέλας καὶ κτήματα ἤρπαζε γεωργῶν καὶ ποιμένων, ληστοῦ νομίζων ταῦτα ἔργα μᾶλλον ἢ στρατηγοῦ: ταχὺ δὲ ἐπὶ τὴν πόλιν αὐτὴν ἦγεν ὥς ἐπιπεσούμενος ἀφρουρήτοις ταῖς πύλαις. Καὶ αὐτῷ σταδίους ὅσον ἑκατὸν ἀπέχοντι κῆρυξ ἀπαντᾷ σπονδὰς κομίζων. Οἱ γὰρ Μηθυμναῖοι μαθόντες παρὰ τῶν ἐαλωκότων ὥς οὐδὲν ἴσασι Μυτιληναῖοι τῶν γεγενημένων, ἀλλὰ γεωργοὶ καὶ ποιμένες ὑβρίζοντας τοὺς νεανίσκους ταῦτα ἔδρασαν, μετεγίνωσκον μὲν ὀξύτερα τολμήσαντες εἰς γείτονα πόλιν ἢ σωφρονέστερα, σπουδὴν δὲ εἶχον ἀποδόντες πᾶσαν τὴν ἄρπαγὴν ἀδεῶς ἐπιμίγνυσθαι καὶ κατὰ γῆν καὶ κατὰ θάλατταν. Τὸν μὲν οὖν κήρυκα τοῖς Μυτιληναίοις ὁ Ἴππασος ἀποστέλλει, καίτοιγε αὐτοκράτωρ στρατηγὸς κεχειροτονημένος: αὐτὸς δὲ τῆς Μηθύμνης ὅσον ἀπὸ δέκα σταδίων στρατόπεδον βαλόμενος τὰς ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐντολὰς ἀνέμενε. Καὶ δύο διαγενομένων ἡμερῶν ἐλθὼν ὁ ἄγγελος τὴν τε ἄρπαγὴν ἐκέλευσε κομίσασθαι καὶ ἀδικήσαντα μηδὲν ἀναχωρεῖν οἴκαδε: πολέμου γὰρ καὶ εἰρήνης ἐν αἰρέσει γενόμενοι, τὴν εἰρήνην εὕρισκον κερδαλεωτέραν.

3.2 Hippasus accordingly set out, but was careful not to plunder the territory of the Methymnaeans: he carried off neither flocks nor any kind of booty from the husbandmen and shepherds, considering such conduct to be rather the act of a brigand than of a general. He marched with all speed against the city itself, hoping to be able to attack it while the gates were left unguarded. When he was about one hundred stades distant from the city, a herald met them to propose a truce. The Methymnaeans, having learnt from the prisoners that the Mitylenaeans knew nothing of what had taken place, and that the whole affair was merely an attack of a few shepherds and labourers upon some insolent young men, regretted that they had behaved with greater violence than prudence towards a neighbouring city. They were accordingly anxious to restore all the plunder that they had taken, and to re-establish friendly

relations between the two cities, both by sea and land. Hippasus sent the herald to the Mitylenaeans, although he had been appointed commander with unlimited power: at the same time he pitched his camp about ten stades from Methymna, to await instructions from his government. At the end of two days, the messenger returned with orders to the commander to receive the booty, and to return home without committing any act of hostility. Having the choice between peace and war, they were of opinion that peace would be more advantageous.

Ὁ μὲν δὴ Μηθυμναίων καὶ Μυτιληναίων πόλεμος ἀδόκητον λαβὼν ἀρχὴν καὶ τέλος οὕτω διελύθη. Γίνεται δὲ χειμῶν Δάφνιδι καὶ Χλόῃ τοῦ πολέμου πικρότερος: ἐξαίφνης γὰρ περιπεσοῦσα χιὼν πολλὴ πάσας μὲν ἀπέκλεισε τὰς ὁδοὺς, πάντα δὲ κατέκλεισε τοὺς γεωργοὺς. Λάβροι μὲν οἱ χεῖμαρροι κατέρρεον, ἐπεπῆγαι δὲ κρύσταλλος: τὰ δένδρα ἐφώκει κατεσκελετευμένοις: ἡ γῆ πᾶσα ἀφανὴς ἦν ὅτι μὴ περὶ πηγὰς που καὶ ρεύματα. Οὐτ' οὖν ἀγέλην τις ἐς νομὴν ἦγεν οὔτε αὐτὸς προΐει τῶν θυρῶν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ καύσαντες μέγα περὶ ὠδὰς ἀλεκτρονίων οἱ μὲν λίνον ἔστρεφον, οἱ δὲ αἰγῶν τρίχας ἐπλεκον, οἱ δὲ πάγας ὀρνίθων ἐσοφίζοντο. Τότε βοῶν ἐπὶ φάτναις φροντίς ἦν ἄχυρον ἐσθιόντων, αἰγῶν καὶ προβάτων ἐν τοῖς σηκοῖς φυλλάδας, ὕων ἐν τοῖς συφεοῖς ἄκυλον καὶ βαλάνους.

3.3 Thus ended the war between Methymna and Mitylene, as suddenly as it had commenced. Winter came on, a greater hardship than the war for Daphnis and Chloe: suddenly there was a heavy fall of snow, which blocked up all the roads and kept all the labourers indoors. Torrents rushed down with violence from the mountains, the water was frozen hard, the trees seemed buried beneath the hoar frost: the earth was completely hidden, except around the fountains and the banks of the streams. No herdsman led his flocks to pasture, or set foot outside his door: in the morning, at cockcrow, they lighted a large fire, round which they gathered, some twisting hemp, others weaving goats' hairs or making snares for birds. The only thing they had to think about was to give the oxen in the stalls straw to eat, the sheep and goats in the cotes plenty of leaves, and the pigs in the sties acorns and beech nuts.

Ἀναγκαίᾳς οὖν οἰκουρίας ἐπεχούσης ἅπαντας οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι γεωργοὶ καὶ νομεῖς ἔχαιρον πόνων τε ἀπηλλαγμένοι πρὸς ὀλίγον καὶ τροφὰς ἐωθινὰς ἐσθιόντες καὶ καθεύδοντες μακρὸν ὕπνον, ὥστε αὐτοῖς τὸν χειμῶνα δοκεῖν καὶ θέρους καὶ μετοπώρου καὶ ἥρος αὐτοῦ γλυκύτερον. Χλόῃ δὲ καὶ Δάφνις ἐν μνήμῃ γενόμενοι τῶν καταλειφθέντων τερπνῶν, ὥς ἐφίλουν, ὥς περιέβαλλον, ὥς ἅμα τὴν τροφήν προσεφέροντο, νύκτας τε ἀγρύπνους διῆγον καὶ λυπηρὰς καὶ τὴν ἡρινὴν ὥραν ἀνέμενον ἐκ θανάτου παλιγγενεσίαν. Ἐλύπει δὲ αὐτοὺς ἡ πῆρα τις ἐλθοῦσα εἰς χεῖρας, ἐξ ἧς συνήσθιον, ἡ γαυλὸς ὀφθείς, ἐξ οὗ συνέπιον, ἡ σύριγξ ἀμελῶς ἐρριμμένη, δῶρον ἐρωτικὸν γεγεννημένη. Εὐχοντο δὲ ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τῷ Πανὶ καὶ τούτων αὐτοὺς ἐκλύσασθαι τῶν κακῶν καὶ δεῖξαι ποτε αὐτοῖς καὶ ταῖς ἀγέλαις ἥλιον: ἅμα τε εὐχόμενοι τέχνην ἐζήτουν, δι' ἧς ἀλλήλους θεάσονται. Ἡ μὲν δὴ Χλόῃ δεινῶς

ἄπορος ἦν καὶ ἀμήχανος· αἰεὶ γὰρ αὐτῇ συνῆν ἡ δοκοῦσα μήτηρ ἑρία τε
ξαίνειν διδάσκουσα καὶ ἀτράκτους στρέφειν καὶ γάμου μνημονεύουσα· ὁ δὲ
Δάφνις, οἷα σχολὴν ἄγων καὶ συνετώτερος κόρης, τοιόνδε σόφισμα εὗρεν ἐς
θεὸν τῆς Χλόης.

3.4 The necessity of remaining at home gladdened the hearts of the other labourers and shepherds, who thus enjoyed some relaxation from their daily task, and, after they had breakfasted, had a long sleep. In this respect the winter seemed to them more enjoyable than spring, summer, or autumn. But Daphnis and Chloe had always in mind the pleasant pastimes which they were now forced to abandon - their kisses, embraces, and meals shared together: they passed sad and sleepless nights, and waited for the return of spring as a resurrection. It grieved them sorely when they touched a wallet from which they had eaten, or saw a pail from which they had drunk together, or a pipe, carelessly thrown aside, that had been a gift of affection. They prayed to Pan and the Nymphs to put an end to their sorrows, and to show the sun again to them and their flocks; at the same time, they endeavoured to find some means of seeing each other. Chloe was terribly embarrassed, and did not know what to do: for her supposed mother never left her for a moment: she taught her to card wool, and turn the spindle, and talked to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, since he had more time to himself, and was cleverer than the young girl, devised the following scheme for seeing her.

Πρὸ τῆς αὐλῆς τοῦ Δρύαντος, ὑπ' αὐτῇ τῇ αὐλῇ, μυρρίναι μεγάλαι δύο καὶ
κιττὸς ἐπεφύκει· αἱ μυρρίναι πλησίον ἀλλήλων, ὁ κιττὸς ἀμφοτέρων μέσος,
ὥστε ἐφ' ἑκατέραν διαθεῖς τοὺς ἀκρεμόνας ὡς ἄμπελος ἄντρου σχῆμα διὰ τῶν
φύλλων ἐπαλλαττόντων ἐποίει· καὶ ὁ κόρυμβος πολὺς καὶ μέγας ὅσος βότρυς
κλημάτων ἐξεκρέματο. Ἦν οὖν πολὺ πλῆθος περὶ αὐτὸν τῶν χειμερινῶν
ὀρνίθων ἀπορία τῆς ἔξω τροφῆς· πολὺς μὲν κόψιχος, πολλὴ δὲ κίχλη, καὶ
φάτται καὶ ψᾶρες καὶ ὅσον ἄλλο κιττοφάγον πτερόν. Τούτων τῶν ὀρνίθων ἐπὶ
προφάσει θήρας ἐξώρμησεν ὁ Δάφνις, ἐμπλήσας μὲν τὴν πῆραν ὀνημάτων
μεμελιτωμένων, κομίζων δὲ ἐς πίστιν ἱζὸν καὶ βρόχους. Τὸ μὲν οὖν μεταξὺ
σταδίων ἦν οὐ πλέον δέκα· οὐπω δὲ ἡ χιὼν λελυμένη πολὺν αὐτῷ κάματον
παρέσχεν· ἔρωτι δὲ ἄρα πάντα βάσιμα καὶ πῦρ καὶ ὕδωρ καὶ Σκυθικὴ χιὼν.

3.5 In front of Dryas's cottage, close to the courtyard gate, grew two large myrtles and an ivy plant. The myrtles almost touched, and the ivy had worked its way between them in such a manner that, spreading its branches on either side like a vine, it formed a kind of arbour shaded by its intertwining foliage: berries, large as grapes, hung down from the branches, upon which settled swarms of birds, which were unable to procure food outside - blackbirds, thrushes, doves, starlings, and all the birds that are fond of feeding on ivy. Daphnis went out under pretence of catching some of these birds, taking with him a wallet full of honey-cakes, and some birdlime and snares, so as to allay all suspicion. Although the distance was ten stades at the most, the snow, which was not yet melted, caused him great inconvenience: but Love can

make its way through everything, through fire, water, and the snows of Scythia.

Δρόμῳ οὖν πρὸς τὴν αὐλὴν ἔρχεται καὶ ἀποσεισάμενος τῶν σκελῶν τὴν χιόνα τοὺς τε βρόχους ἔστησε καὶ τὸν ἰζὸν ράβδοις μακραῖς ἐπήλειψε: καὶ ἐκαθέζετο τὸ ἐντεῦθεν ὄρνιθας καὶ τὴν Χλόην μεριμνῶν. Ἀλλ' ὄρνιθες μὲν καὶ ἦκον πολλοὶ καὶ ἐλήφθησαν ἱκανοί, ὥστε πράγματα μυρία ἔσχε συλλέγων αὐτοὺς καὶ ἀποκτινὺς καὶ ἀποδύων τὰ πτερά: τῆς δὲ αὐλῆς προῆλθεν οὐδεὶς, οὐκ ἀνὴρ, οὐ γύναιον, οὐ κατοικίδιος ὄρνις, ἀλλὰ πάντες τῷ πυρὶ παραμένοντες ἔνδον κατεκέκλειντο, ὥστε πᾶν ἡπορεῖτο ὁ Δάφνις ὡς οὐκ ἐπ' αἰσίοις ὄρνισιν ἐλθῶν: καὶ ἐτόλμα πρόφασιν σκηψάμενος ὥσασθαι διὰ θυρῶν καὶ ἐξῆτει πρὸς αὐτὸν ὃ τι λεχθῆναι πιθανώτατον. 'Πῦρ ἐναυσόμενος ἦλθον.' 'Μὴ γὰρ οὐκ ἦσαν ἀπὸ σταδίου γείτονες;' 'Ἄρτους αἰτησόμενος ἦκον.' 'Ἀλλ' ἢ πῆρα μεστὴ τροφῆς.' 'Οἶνου δέομαι.' 'Καὶ μὴν χθὲς καὶ πρόωγν ἐτρύγησας.' 'Λύκος με ἐδίωκε.' 'Καὶ ποῦ τὰ ἴχνη τοῦ λύκου;' 'Θηράσων ἀφικόμην τοὺς ὄρνιθας.' 'Τί οὖν θηράσας οὐκ ἄπει;' 'Χλόην θεάσασθαι βούλομαι.' Πατρὶ δὲ τίς καὶ μητρὶ παρθένου τοῦτο ὁμολογεῖ; Πταίων δὲ πανταχοῦ 'ἀλλ' οὐδὲν' ἔφη 'τούτων ἀπάντων ἀνυπόπτον. Ἄμεινον ἄρα σιγᾶν: Χλόην δὲ ἦρος ὄψομαι, ἐπεὶ μὴ εἴμαρτο, ὡς ἔοικε, χειμῶνός με ταύτην ἰδεῖν.' Τοιαῦτα δὲ τινα διανοηθεὶς καὶ σιωπῇ τὰ θηραθέντα συλλαβὼν ὥρμητο ἀπιέναι: καὶ ὥσπερ αὐτὸν οἰκτείραντος τοῦ Ἑρωτος τάδε γίνεται.

3.6 He made all haste to the cottage, and, having shaken the snow from his feet, he set up his snares, and smeared some long sticks with birdlime: then he sat down waiting for the birds and thinking of Chloe. The birds came in great numbers, and he caught so many that he had plenty to do to pick them up, kill, and pluck them. But no one left the house, neither man, nor woman, nor fowl: for all had shut themselves up and were seated round the fire. Daphnis was utterly at a loss what to do, and cursed his unlucky star: then he thought of venturing to knock at the door, but did not know what plausible excuse to make. He discussed the matter with himself as follows: "If I say that I have come to fetch something to light a fire with, they will ask me if I have no nearer neighbours. If I ask for some bread, they will tell me that my wallet is full of food. If I say I want wine, they will answer that we have only just got in the vintage. If I say I have been chased by a wolf, they will ask where his footprints are. If I say that I came to catch birds, they will ask me why I do not return home, now that I have caught enough. And, as for declaring openly that I want to see Chloe, who would make such a confession to a girl's mother and father? All such excuses are open to suspicion: the best thing will be to hold my tongue. I shall see Chloe again in the spring, since I am not destined to see her this winter."

After this soliloquy he picked up his birds and was preparing to go, when, as if Love had taken compassion upon him, the following incident occurred.

Περὶ τράπεζαν εἶχον οἱ ἀμφὶ τὸν Δρύαντα: κρέα διηρεῖτο, ἄρτοι παρτίθεντο, κρατὴρ ἐκίρνато. Εἷς δὲ κύων τῶν προβατευτικῶν ἀμέλειαν

φυλάξας, κρέας ἀρπάσας ἔφυγε διὰ θυρῶν. Ἀλήσας ὁ Δρύας ἔκινε καὶ τὸν μοῖρᾶ ξύλον ἀράμενος ἐδίωκε κατ' ἴχνος ὥσπερ κύων: διώκων δὲ κατὰ τὸν κιττὸν γενόμενος ὁρᾷ τὸν Δάφνιν ἀνατεθειμένον ἐπὶ τοὺς ὤμους τὴν ἄγρην καὶ ἀποσοβεῖν ἐγνώκοτα. Κρέως μὲν οὖν καὶ κυνὸς αὐτίκα ἐπελάθετο, μέγα δὲ βοήσας ἄλλοι, ὦ παῖ' περιπλέκετο καὶ κατεφίλει καὶ ἦγεν ἔσω λαβόμενος. Μικροῦ μὲν οὖν ἰδόντες ἀλλήλους εἰς τὴν γῆν κατερρύησαν: μεῖναι δὲ καρτερήσαντες ὀρθοὶ προσηγόρευσάν τε καὶ κατεφίλησαν: καὶ τοῦτο οἶονεῖ ἔρρισμα αὐτοῖς τοῦ μὴ πεσεῖν ἐγένετο.

3.7 Dryas was at table with his family: the meat had been cut up and distributed, the bread served, and the goblet mixed, when one of the sheep dogs, taking advantage of the moment when no one was watching him, seized a piece of meat, and ran out of doors. Dryas, greatly enraged (for the piece of meat was his own portion), snatched up a cudgel, and ran after him like another dog. In his pursuit, he passed close to the ivy, and saw Daphnis who had just flung his spoil over his shoulders, and had made up his mind to depart. Then, immediately forgetting all about the meat and the dog, he shouted, "Good day, my lad," embraced him, and led him into the house. When Daphnis and Chloe saw each other, they nearly fainted for joy: however, they managed to keep on their feet, and greeted and saluted each other: and this helped to prevent them from falling.

Τυχὼν οὖν ὁ Δάφνις παρ' ἐλπίδας καὶ φιλήματος καὶ Χλόης τοῦ τε πυρὸς ἐκαθέσθη πλησίον καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν τράπεζαν ἀπὸ τῶν ὤμων τὰς φάττας ἀπεφορτίσας καὶ τοὺς κοψίχους, καὶ διηγείτο πῶς ἀσφάλων πρὸς τὴν οἰκουρίαν ὤρμησε πρὸς ἄγρην, καὶ ὅπως τὰ μὲν αὐτῶν βρόχοις τὰ δὲ ἰξῶ λάβοι τῶν μύρτων καὶ τοῦ κιττοῦ γλιχόμενα. Οἱ δὲ ἐπὶ τὸ ἐνεργὸν καὶ ἐκέλευον ἐσθίειν ὧν ὁ κύων κατέλιπεν, ἐκέλευον δὲ καὶ τῇ Χλόῃ πιεῖν ἐγγεῖαι. Καὶ ἡ χαίρουσα τοῖς τε ἄλλοις ὥρεξε καὶ Δάφνιδι μετὰ τοὺς ἄλλους: ἐσκήπτετο γὰρ ὀργίζεσθαι, διότι ἐλθὼν ἐμελλεν ἀποτρέχειν οὐκ ἰδὼν: ὁμοῦ μὲντοι πρὶν προσεγγεῖν ἀπέπιεν, εἶθ' οὕτως ἔδωκεν. Ὁ δὲ, καίτοι διψῶν, βραδέως ἔπιεν, παρέχων ἑαυτῷ διὰ τῆς βραδυτῆτος μακροτέραν ἡδονήν.

3.8 Thus Daphnis, having, beyond all expectation, both seen and kissed Chloe, took a seat near the fire, and laid upon the table the doves and blackbirds with which his shoulders were burdened. He told them how, weary of being obliged to stay at home, he had set out to catch birds, and how he had trapped them with snares and birdlime, owing to their greediness for myrtle and ivy-berries. They praised his activity, and pressed him to eat some of what the dog had left. Chloe was bidden to pour out wine for them to drink, which she gladly did. She served all the rest first, reserving Daphnis for the last: for she pretended to be angry with him because, having come so far, he was on the point of going home without seeing her. However, before she offered him the cup, she dipped her lips into it and then gave it to him: and he, although very thirsty, drank the contents slowly, in order to make the pleasure last longer.

Ἡ μὲν δὴ τράπεζα ταχέως ἐγένετο κενὴ ἄρτων καὶ κρεῶν: καθήμενοι δὲ περὶ τῆς Μυρτάλης καὶ τοῦ Λάμωνος ἐπυνθάνοντο καὶ εὐδαιμόνιζον αὐτοὺς τοιοῦτου γηροτρόφου εὐτυχήσαντας. Καὶ τοῖς ἐπαίνοις μὲν ἦδετο Χλόης ἀκροωμένης: ὅτε δὲ κατεῖχον αὐτόν, ὡς θύσοντες Διονύσῳ τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας, μικροῦ δεῖν ὑφ' ἡδονῆς ἐκείνους ἀντὶ τοῦ Διονύσου προσεκύνησεν. Αὐτίκα οὖν ἐκ τῆς πῆρας προυκόμιζε μελιτώματα πολλὰ καὶ τοὺς θηραθέντας δὲ τῶν ὀρνίθων: καὶ τούτους ἐς τράπεζαν νυκτερινὴν ἠτρέπιζον. Δεύτερος κρατὴρ ἴστατο καὶ δεύτερον πῦρ ἀνεκάετο. Καὶ ταχὺ μάλα νυκτὸς γενομένης, δευτέρας τραπέζης ἐνεφοροῦντο, μεθ' ἣν τὰ μὲν μυθολογήσαντες τὰ δὲ ἔσαντες εἰς ὕπνον ἐχώρουν, Χλόη μετὰ τῆς μητρός, Δρύας ἅμα Δάφνιδι. Χλόη μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν χρηστὸν ἦν ὅτι μὴ τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας ὀφθισόμενος ὁ Δάφνης: Δάφνης δὲ κενὴν τέρπιν ἐτέρπετο: τερπνὸν γὰρ ἐνόμιζε καὶ πατρὶ συγκοιμηθῆναι Χλόης: ὥστε καὶ περιέβαλλεν αὐτόν καὶ κατεφίλει πολλάκις, ταῦτα πάντα ποιεῖν Χλόην ὀνειροπολούμενος.

3.9 The bread and meat soon disappeared from the table: then, remaining seated, his hosts began to ask him about Myrtale and Lamon, at the same time congratulating them upon having such a support in their old age. Daphnis was delighted at their commendation, since Chloe heard them: but when they invited him to stay until the following day, when they intended to offer sacrifice to Dionysus, he was ready to fall down and worship them in place of the God. He immediately pulled out the honey-cakes from his wallet and all the birds which he had caught: and they got them ready for the evening meal. A second goblet was prepared, and the fire re-lighted: and, when it was night, they sat down to another hearty meal. After this they sang and told stories, and then went to bed. Chloe with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing Daphnis on the following day; while Daphnis satisfied himself with an idle enjoyment: he thought it happiness even to sleep with Chloe's father, clasped him in his arms, and kissed him again and again, dreaming that he was kissing and embracing Chloe.

Ὡς δὲ ἐγένετο ἡμέρα, κρύος μὲν ἦν ἐξαίσιον καὶ αὖρα βόρειος ἀπέκαε πάντα. Οἱ δὲ ἀναστάντες θύουσι τῷ Διονύσῳ κριὸν ἐνιαύσιον καὶ πῦρ ἀνακαύσαντες μέγα παρεσκευάζοντο τροφήν. Τῆς οὖν Νάπης ἀρτοποιούσης καὶ τοῦ Δρύαντος τὸν κριὸν ἔψοντος, σχολῆς ὁ Δάφνης καὶ ἡ Χλόη λαβόμενοι προῆλθον τῆς αὐλῆς ἵνα ὁ κιττός: καὶ πάλιν βρόχους στήσαντες καὶ ἰζὼν ἐπαλείψαντες ἐθήρων πλῆθος οὐκ ὀλίγον ὀρνίθων. Ἦν δ' αὐτοῖς καὶ φιλημάτων ἀπόλαυσις συνεχῆς καὶ λόγων ὁμιλία τερπνὴ. 'Διὰ σέ ἦλθον, Χλόη.' 'Οἶδα, Δάφνι.' 'Διὰ σέ ἀπολλύω τοὺς ἀθλίους κοψίχους.' 'Τί οὖν σοι γένωμαι;' 'Μέμνησό μου.' 'Μνημονεύω, νῆ τὰς Νύμφας, ἃς ὥμοσά ποτε εἰς ἐκεῖνο τὸ ἄντρον, εἰς ὃ ἤξομεν εὐθύς, ἂν ἡ χιὼν τακῇ.' 'Ἀλλὰ πολλή ἐστι, Χλόη, καὶ δέδοικα μὴ ἐγὼ πρὸ ταύτης τακῶ.' 'Θάρρει, Δάφνι, θερμός ἐστιν ὁ ἥλιος.' 'Εἰ γὰρ οὕτως γένοιτο. Χλόη, θερμός, ὡς τὸ κᾶον πῦρ τὴν καρδίαν τὴν ἐμήν.' 'Παίζεις ἀπατῶν με.' 'Οὐ μὰ τὰς αἴγας, ἃς σύ με ἐκέλευες ὀμνύειν.'

3.10 At daybreak, it was bitterly cold, and a north wind was nipping everything. The family got up, and having sacrificed a year old ram to Dionysus, lighted a large fire, and made preparations for a meal. While Nape was making the bread, and Dryas cooking the meat, Daphnis and Chloe, being left to themselves, retired to the ivy bower in front of the yard, where they again set up the nets and smeared the twigs with birdlime, and caught a large number of birds. In the meantime, they continually kissed each other and held delightful converse.

“It was for your sake that I came, dear Chloe.” “I know it, Daphnis.” “It is for your sake that I am destroying these poor birds. What then am I to you? Do not forget me.” “I do not forget you, I swear by the Nymphs whom I formerly invoked as the witnesses of my oath in the grotto, whither we will soon return, as soon as the snow melts.” “It lies very deep, Chloe: I am afraid that I myself shall melt first.” “Courage, Daphnis: the sun is hot.” “Would that it were as hot as the fire which consumes my heart.” “You are laughing at me and trying to deceive me.” “No, I swear it by the goats, by which you bade me swear.”

Τοιαῦτα ἀντιφωνήσασα πρὸς τὸν Δάφνιν ἡ Χλόη καθάπερ ἡχώ, καλούντων αὐτοὺς τῶν περὶ τὴν Νάπην εἰσέδραμον, πολλὴ περιττοτέραν τῆς χθιζῆς θήραν κομίζοντες· καὶ ἀπαρξάμενοι τῷ Διονύσῳ κρατῆρος ἡσθιον κιττῷ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἐστεφανωμένοι. Καὶ ἐπεὶ καιρὸς ἦν, ἱακχάσαντες καὶ εὐάσαντες προύπεμπον τὸν Δάφνιν, πλήσαντες αὐτοῦ τὴν πήραν κρεῶν καὶ ἄρτων. Ἔδωκαν δὲ καὶ τὰς φάττας καὶ τὰς κίχλας Λάμῳ καὶ Μυρτάλῃ κομίζειν, ὥς αὐτοὶ θηράσοντες ἄλλας, ἔστ’ ἂν ὁ χειμὼν μένη καὶ ὁ κιττὸς μὴ λείπῃ. Ὁ δὲ ἀπῆει, φιλήσας αὐτοὺς προτέρους Χλόης, ἵνα τὸ ἐκείνης φίλημα καθαρὸν μείνῃ. Καὶ ἄλλας δὲ πολλὰς ἦλθεν ὁδοὺς ἐπ’ ἄλλαις τέχναις, ὥστε μὴ παντάπασιν αὐτοῖς γενέσθαι τὸν χειμῶνα ἀνέραστον.

3.11 While Chloe was thus answering Daphnis, like an echo, Nape called them. They ran into the house with their catch, which was much larger than that of the previous day. After they had poured libations to Dionysus, they ate, crowned with garlands of ivy. Then, when the time came, after they had celebrated the praises of Bacchus and chanted Evoe, Dryas and Nape sent Daphnis on his way, having first filled his wallet with bread and meat. They also gave him the wood-pigeons and thrushes to take to Lamon and Myrtale, since they knew that they would be able to catch as many as they wanted, as long as the winter and the ivy-berries lasted. Then Daphnis departed, after kissing them all - Chloe last, that her kiss might remain pure and without alloy. He afterwards found several fresh excuses for returning, so that they did not pass the winter entirely deprived of the joys of love.

Ἦδη δὲ ἥρος ἀρχομένου καὶ τῆς μὲν χιόνος λυομένης, τῆς δὲ γῆς γυμνουμένης καὶ τῆς πόας ὑπανθούσης οἱ τε ἄλλοι νομεῖς ἦγον τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς νομὴν καὶ πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων Χλόη καὶ Δάφνις, οἷα μείζονι δουλεύοντες ποιμένι. Εὐθὺς οὖν δρόμος ἦν ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας καὶ τὸ ἄντρον, ἐντεῦθεν ἐπὶ τὸν Πᾶνα

καὶ τὴν πίτυν, εἶτα ἐπὶ τὴν δρῦν, ὅφ' ἦν καθίζοντες καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἔνεμον καὶ ἀλλήλους κατεφίλουν. Ἀνεζήτησαν δὲ καὶ ἄνθη στεφανῶσαι θέλοντες τοὺς θεοὺς· τὰ δὲ ἄρτι ὁ ζέφυρος τρέφων καὶ ὁ ἥλιος θερμαίνων ἐξῆγεν· ὅμως δὲ εὐρέθη καὶ ἴα καὶ νάρκισσος καὶ ἀναγαλλίς καὶ ὅσα ἦρος πρωτοφορήματα. Ἡ μὲν οὖν Χλόη καὶ ὁ Δάφνις ἀπὸ αἰγῶν καὶ ἀπὸ οἰῶν τινων γάλα νέον καὶ τοῦτο στεφανοῦντες τὰ ἀγάλματα κατέσπεισαν. Ἀπῆρξαντο καὶ σύριγγος, καθάπερ τὰς ἀηδόνας ἐς τὴν μουσικὴν ἐρεθίζοντες· αἱ δ' ὑπεφθέγγοντο ἐν ταῖς λόχμαις καὶ τὸν Ἴτυν κατ' ὀλίγον ἠκριβουν, ὥσπερ ἀναμιμνησκόμεναι τῆς ᾠδῆς ἐκ μακρᾶς σιωπῆς.

3.12 With the commencement of spring the snow began to melt, the earth again became visible, and the green grass sprouted. The shepherds again drove their flocks into the fields, Daphnis and Chloe first of all, since they served a mightier shepherd. They ran first to the grotto of the Nymphs, then to the pine tree and the image of Pan, and after that to the oak, under which they sat down, watching their flocks and kissing each other. Then, to weave chaplets for the Gods, they went in search of some flowers, which were only just beginning to blossom under the fostering influence of Zephyr and the warmth of the sun: however, they found some violets, hyacinths, pimpernel, and other flowers of early spring. After they had drunk some new milk drawn from the sheep and goats, they crowned the images, and poured libations. Then they began to play upon their pipes, as if challenging to song the nightingales, which were warbling in the thickets and gradually perfecting their lamentation for Itys, as if anxious, after long silence, to recall their strains.

Ἐβληχίσατό που καὶ ποίμνιον· ἐσκίρτησάν που καὶ ἄρνες καὶ ταῖς μητράσιν ὑποκλάσαντες τὴν θηλὴν ἔσπασαν· τὰς δὲ μήπω τετοκυίας οἱ κριοὶ καταδιώκοντες καὶ κάτω στήσαντες ἔβαινον ἄλλος ἄλλην. Ἐγίνοντο καὶ τράγων διώγματα καὶ ἐς τὰς αἶγας ἐρωτικώτερα πηδήματα, καὶ ἐμάχοντο περὶ τῶν αἰγῶν· καὶ ἕκαστος εἶχεν ἰδίας καὶ ἐφύλαττε μὴ τις αὐτὰς μοιχεύσῃ λαθῶν. Καὶ γέροντας ὀρῶντας ἐξώρμησεν ἂν εἰς ἀφροδίτην τὰ τοιαῦτα θεάματα· οἱ δὲ καὶ νέοι καὶ σφριγῶντες καὶ πολὺν ἤδη χρόνον ἔρωτα ζητοῦντες ἐξεκάνοντο πρὸς τὰ ἀκούσματα καὶ ἐτήκοντο πρὸς τὰ θεάματα καὶ ἐζήτουν καὶ αὐτοὶ περιττότερόν τι φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, μάλιστα δὲ ὁ Δάφνις. Οἷα γοῦν ἐνηβήσας τῇ κατὰ τὸν χειμῶνα οἰκουρία καὶ εὐσυχολία πρὸς τε τὰ φιλήματα ὄργα καὶ πρὸς τὰς περιβολὰς ἐσκιτάλιζε καὶ ἦν ἐς πᾶν ἔργον περιεργότερος καὶ θρασύτερος.

3.13 The sheep began to bleat, the lambs gambolled, or stooped under their mothers' bellies to suck their teats. The rams chased the sheep which had not yet borne young, and mounted them. The he-goats also chased the she-goats with even greater heat, leaped amorously upon them, and fought for them. Each had his own mate, and jealously guarded her against the attacks of a wanton rival. At this sight even old men would have felt the fire of love rekindled within them: the more so Daphnis and Chloe, who were young and

tortured by desire, and had long been in quest of the delights of love. All that they heard inflamed them, all that they saw melted them and they longed for something more than mere embraces and kisses, but especially Daphnis, who, having spent the winter in the house doing nothing, kissed Chloe fiercely, pressed her wantonly in his arms, and showed himself in every respect more curious and audacious.

Ἦτει δὴ τὴν Χλόην χαρίσασθαι οἱ πᾶν ὅσον βούλεται καὶ γυμνὴν γυμνῷ συγκατακλινῆναι μακρότερον ἢ πρόσθεν εἰώθεσαν: τοῦτο γὰρ λείπειν τοῖς Φιλητᾷ παιδεύμασιν, ἵνα δὴ γένηται τὸ μόνον ἔρωτα παῦρον φάρμακον. Τῆς δὲ πυνθανομένης τί πλέον ἐστὶ φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς καὶ αὐτῆς κατακλίσεως καὶ τί ἔγνωκε δρᾶσαι γυμνὸς γυμνῇ συγκατακλινεῖς, ‘τοῦτο’ εἶπεν ‘ὁ οἱ κριοὶ ποιοῦσι τὰς οἷς καὶ οἱ τράγοι τὰς αἰγας. Ὅρᾳς ὡς μετὰ τοῦτο τὸ ἔργον οὔτε ἐκεῖναι φεύγουσιν ἔτι αὐτοὺς οὔτε ἐκεῖνοι κάμνουσι διώκοντες, ἀλλ’ ὥσπερ κοινῆς λοιπὸν ἀπολαύσαντες ἡδονῆς συννέμονται; Γλυκὺ τι, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον καὶ νικᾷ τὸ ἔρωτος πικρόν.’ ‘Εἶτα οὐχ ὀρᾷς, ὦ Δάφνι, τὰς αἰγας καὶ τοὺς τράγους καὶ τοὺς κριοὺς καὶ τὰς οἷς ὡς ὀρθοὶ μὲν ἐκεῖνοι δρῶσιν, ὀρθαὶ δὲ ἐκεῖναι πάσχουσιν, οἱ μὲν ἐπιπηδῆσαντες, αἱ δὲ κατανωτισάμεναι; Σὺ δέ με ἀξιοῖς συγκατακλινῆναι καὶ ταῦτα γυμνῇ; Καίτοιγε ἐκεῖναι πόσον ἐκδεδυμένης ἐμοῦ λασιώτεραι,’ Πείθεται Δάφνις καὶ συγκατακλινεῖς αὐτῇ πολλὸν χρόνον ἔκειτο καὶ οὐδὲν ὧν ἔνεκα ὄργα ποιεῖν ἐπιστάμενος ἀνίστησιν αὐτὴν καὶ κατόπιν περιεφύετο μιμούμενος τοὺς τράγους. Πολὺ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀπορηθεὶς, καθίσας ἔκλαεν εἰ καὶ κριῶν ἀμαθέστερος εἰς τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα.

3.14 He begged her to grant him all he desired, and to lie with him naked longer than they had been accustomed to do: “This,” said he, “is the only one of Philetas’s instructions that we have not yet followed, the only remedy that can appease Love.” When Chloe asked him what else there could be besides kisses, embraces, and lying together, and what he meant to do, if they both lay naked together, he replied: “The same as the rams and the he-goats do to their mates. You see how, after this has been accomplished, the former no longer pursue the latter, nor do the latter flee from the former: but, from that moment, they feed quietly together, as if they had enjoyed the same pleasure in common. This pastime, methinks, is something sweet, which can overcome the bitterness of love.” “But,” answered Chloe, “do you not see that he-goats and she goats, rams and sheep, all satisfy their desire standing upright: the males leap upon the females, who receive them on their backs? You ask me to lie down with you naked: but see how much thicker their fleece is than my garments.” Daphnis obeyed (!), lay down by her side, and held her for a long time clasped in his arms: but, not knowing how to do what he was burning to do, he made her get up, and embraced her behind, in imitation of the he-goats, but with even less success: then, utterly at a loss what to do, he sat down on the ground and began to weep at the idea of being more ignorant of the mysteries of love than the rams.

Ἦν δέ τις αὐτῷ γείτων, γεωργὸς γῆς ἰδίας, Χρῶμις τοῦνομα, παρηβῶν ἤδη τὸ σῶμα. Τούτῳ γύναιον ἦν ἐπακτὸν ἐξ ἄστεος, νέον καὶ ὠραῖον καὶ ἀγροικίας ἀβρότερον· τούτῳ Λυκαίνιον ὄνομα ἦν. Αὕτη ἡ Λυκαίνιον ὀρῶσα τὸν Δάφνιν καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν παρελαύνοντα τὰς αἴγας ἔωθεν εἰς νομήν, νύκτωρ ἐκ νομῆς, ἐπεθύμησεν ἐραστὴν κτήσασθαι δώροις δελεάσασα. Καὶ δὴ ποτε λοχήσασα μόνον καὶ σύριγγα δῶρον ἔδωκε καὶ μέλι ἐν κηρίῳ καὶ πήραν ἐλάφου· εἰπεῖν δέ τι ὥκνει, τὸν Χλόης ἔρωτα καταμαντευομένη· πάνυ γὰρ ἑώρα προσκείμενον αὐτὸν τῇ κόρῃ. Πρότερον μὲν οὖν ἐκ νευμάτων καὶ γέλωτος συνεβάλετο τοῦτο, τότε δὲ ἐξ ἐωθινοῦ σκηψαμένη πρὸς Χρῶμιν ὡς παρὰ τίκτουςαν ἅπεισι γείτονα κατόπιν τε αὐτοῖς παρηκολούθησε καὶ εἰς τινα λόχμην ἐγκρύψασα ἑαυτήν, ὡς μὴ βλέποιτο, πάντα ἤκουσεν ὅσα εἶπον, πάντα εἶδεν ὅσα ἔπραξαν· οὐκ ἔλαθεν αὐτὴν οὐδὲ κλαύσας ὁ Δάφνις. Συναλγῆσασα δὴ τοῖς ἀθλίοις καὶ καιρὸν ἤκειν νομίσασα διττόν, τὸν μὲν εἰς τὴν ἐκεῖνον σωτηρίαν, τὸν δὲ εἰς τὴν ἑαυτῆς ἐπιθυμίαν, ἐπιτεχνᾷται τι τοιόνδε.

3.15 In the neighbourhood there dwelt a labourer named Chromis, already advanced in years, who farmed his own estate. He had a wife whom he had brought from the city, young, beautiful, and more refined than the countrywomen: her name was Lycaenium. Every morning she saw Daphnis driving his goats to pasture, and back again at night. She was seized with a desire of winning him for her lover by presents. Having watched until he was alone, she gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a deerskin wallet, but she was afraid to say anything, suspecting his love for Chloe. For she had observed that he was devoted to the girl, although hitherto she had only guessed his affection from having seen them exchange nods and smiles. One day, in the morning, making the excuse to Chromis that she was going to visit a neighbour who had been brought to bed, she followed them, concealed herself in a thicket to avoid being seen, and heard all they said, and saw all they did. Even Daphnis's tears did not escape her. Pitying the poor young couple, and thinking that she had a two-fold opportunity - of getting them out of their trouble and, at the same time, satisfying her own desires - she had recourse to the following stratagem.

Τῆς ἐπιούσης ὡς πάλιν παρὰ τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν τίκτουςαν ἀπιοῦσα φανερῶς ἐπὶ τὴν δρῦν, ἔνθα ἐκαθέζοντο Δάφνις καὶ Χλόη, παραγίνεται καὶ ἀκριβῶς μιμησαμένη τὴν τεταραγμένην 'σῶσόν με' εἶπε 'Δάφνι, τὴν ἀθλίαν· ἐκ γάρ μοι τῶν χηνῶν τῶν εἴκοσιν ἓνα τὸν κάλλιστον ἀετὸς ἤρπασε καὶ οἶα μέγα φορτίον ἀράμενος οὐκ ἐδυνήθη μετέωρος ἐπὶ τὴν συνήθη τὴν ὑψηλὴν κομίσαι ἐκείνην πέτραν, ἀλλ' εἰς τήνδε τὴν ὕλην τὴν ταπεινὴν ἔχων κατέπεσε. Σὺ τοίνυν, πρὸς τῶν Νυμφῶν καὶ τοῦ Πανὸς ἐκεῖνου, συνεισελθὼν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ἴσως γὰρ δέδοικα σῶσόν μοι τὸν χῆνα, μηδὲ περιόδῃς ἀτελεῖ μοι τὸν ἀριθμὸν γενόμενον. Τάχα δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν ἀετὸν ἀποκτενεῖς καὶ οὐκέτι πολλοὺς ὕμῶν ἄρνας καὶ ἐρίφους ἀρπάσει. Τὴν δὲ ἀγέλην τέως φρουρήσει Χλόη· πάντως αὐτὴν ἴσασιν αἱ αἴγες ἀεὶ σοι συννέμουσιν.'

3.16 The next day, having gone out again on pretence of visiting her sick

neighbour, she proceeded straight to the oak under which Daphnis and Chloe were sitting, and, pretending to be in great distress, cried: "Help me, Daphnis: I am most unhappy. An eagle has just carried off the finest of my twenty geese: but, as the burden was a heavy one, he could not carry it up to the top of the rock, his usual refuge, but has alighted with his prey at the end of the wood. In the name of the Nymphs and Pan yonder, I beseech you, go with me into the forest, for I am afraid to go alone: save my goose, and do not leave the number of my flock imperfect. Perhaps you will also be able to slay the eagle, and he will no longer carry off your kids and lambs. Meanwhile, Chloe can look after your goats: they know her as well as you: for you always tend your flocks together."

Οὐδὲν τῶν μελλόντων ὑποπεύσας ὁ Δάφνις εὐθὺς ἀνίσταται καὶ ἀράμενος τὴν καλαύροπα κατόπιν ἠκολούθει τῇ Λυκαινῷ: ἡ δὲ ἠγεῖτο ὡς μακροτάτῳ τῆς Χλόης. Καὶ ἐπειδὴ κατὰ τὸ πυκνότατον ἐγένοντο, πηγῆς πλησίον καθίσαι κελεύσασα αὐτὸν 'ἐρᾶς' εἶπε 'Δάφνι, Χλόης: τοῦτο ἔμαθον ἐγὼ νύκτωρ παρὰ τῶν Νυμφῶν. Δι' ὀνείρατος ἐμοὶ τὰ χθιζὰ σου διηγῆσαντο δάκρυα καὶ ἐκέλευσάν σε σῶσαι διδασκαμένην τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα. Τὰ δ' ἐστὶν οὐ φιλήματα καὶ περιβολαὶ καὶ οἷα δρῶσι κριοὶ καὶ τράγοι: ἄλλα ταῦτα πηδήματα καὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ γλυκύτερα: πρόσσεστι γὰρ αὐτοῖς χρόνος μακροτέρας ἡδονῆς. Εἰ δὴ σοι φίλον ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν καὶ ἐν πείρᾳ γενέσθαι τῶν ζητούμενων τερπνῶν, ἴθι, παραδίδου μοι τερπνὸν σαυτὸν μαθητὴν: ἐγὼ δὲ χαρίζομένη ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐκεῖνα διδάξω.'

3.17 Daphnis, suspecting nothing of what was to come, immediately got up, took his crook and followed Lycaenium. She took him as far from Chloe as possible, and, when they had come to the thickest part of the forest, she bade him sit down near a fountain, and said: "Daphnis, you are in love with Chloe: the Nymphs revealed this to me last night. They told me in a dream of the tears you shed yesterday, and bade me relieve you of your trouble by teaching you the mysteries of love. These consist not in kisses and embraces alone, or the practices of sheep and goats, but in connexion far more delightful than these: for the pleasure lasts longer. If then you wish to be freed from your troubles and to try the delights of which you are in search, come, put yourself in my hands, a delightful pupil: out of gratitude to the Nymphs, I will be your instructress."

Οὐκ ἐκαρτέρησεν ὁ Δάφνις ὑφ' ἡδονῆς, ἀλλ' ἅτε ἄγρικοι καὶ αἰπόλοι καὶ ἐρῶν καὶ νέος, πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν καταπεσὼν τὴν Λυκαινίον ἰκέτευσεν ὅτι τάχιστα διδάξαι τὴν τέχνην, δι' ἧς ὁ βούλεται δράσει Χλόην: καὶ ὥσπερ τι μέγα καὶ θεόπεμπτον ἀληθῶς μέλλων διδάσκεσθαι καὶ ἔριφον αὐτῇ σηκίτην δώσειν ἐπηγγείλατο καὶ τυροὺς ἀπαλοὺς πρωτορρύτου γάλακτος καὶ τὴν αἶγα αὐτήν. Εὐροῦσα δὴ ἡ Λυκαινίον αἰπολικὴν ἀφθονίαν, οἷαν οὐ προσεδόκησεν, ἤρχετο παιδεύειν τὸν Δάφνιν τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον. Ἐκέλευσεν αὐτὸν καθίσαι πλησίον αὐτῆς, ὡς εἶχε, καὶ φιλήματα φιλεῖν οἷα εἰώθει καὶ ὅσα, καὶ φιλοῦντα ἅμα περιβάλλειν καὶ κατακλίνεσθαι χαμαί. Ὡς δὲ ἐκαθέσθη καὶ ἐφίλησε καὶ

κατεκλίνη, μαθοῦσα ἐνεργεῖν δυνάμενον καὶ σφριγῶντα, ἀπὸ μὲν τῆς ἐπὶ πλευρὰν κατακλίσεως ἀνίστησιν, αὐτὴν δὲ ὑποστορέεσασα ἐντέχνως ἐς τὴν τέως ζητουμένην ὁδὸν ἦγε. Τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν οὐδὲν περιειργάζετο ξένον: αὐτὴ γὰρ ἡ φύσις λοιπὸν ἐπαίδευσε τὸ πρακτέον.

3.18 Daphnis, at these words, could no longer contain himself for joy: but, being a simple countryman and goatherd, young and amorous, he threw himself at her feet and begged her to teach him without delay the art which would enable him to do to Chloe what he desired: and, as if it had been some profound and heaven-sent secret, he promised to give her a kid lately weaned, fresh cheeses made of new milk, and even the mother herself. Lycaenium seeing, from his generous offer, that Daphnis was more simple than she had imagined, began to instruct him in the following manner. She ordered him to sit down by her side just as he was, and to kiss her as he had been accustomed to kiss Chloe, and, while kissing, to embrace her and lie down by her side. When he had done so, Lycaenium, finding that he was ready for action and inflamed with desire, lifted him up a little, and, cleverly slipping under him, set him on the road he had sought so long in vain: and, without more ado, Nature herself taught him the rest.

Τελεσθείσης δὲ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς παιδαγωγίας ὁ μὲν Δάφνις ἔτι ποιμενικὴν γνῶμην ἔχων ὄρμητο τρέχειν ἐπὶ τὴν Χλόην καὶ ὅσα ἐπεπαίδευτο δρᾶν αὐτίκα, καθάπερ δεδοικῶς μὴ βραδύνας ἐπιλάθοιτο: ἡ δὲ Λυκαίνιον κατασχοῦσα αὐτὸν ἔλεξεν ὧδε ‘ἔτι καὶ ταῦτά σε δεῖ μαθεῖν, Δάφνι. Ἐγὼ γυνὴ τυγχάνουσα πέπονθα νῦν οὐδέν: πάλαι γάρ με ταῦτα ἀνὴρ ἄλλος ἐπαίδευσε, μισθὸν τὴν παρθενίαν λαβών: Χλόη δὲ συμπαινούσά σοι ταύτην τὴν πάλην καὶ οἰμώζεται καὶ κλαύσεται καὶ αἷματι ρέυσεται πολλῷ καθάπερ πεφονευμένη. Ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸ αἷμα μὴ φοβηθῆς, ἀλλ’ ἡνίκα ἂν πείσης αὐτὴν σοι παρασχεῖν, ἄγαγε αὐτὴν εἰς τοῦτο τὸ χωρίον, ἵνα, κὰν βοήσῃ, μηδεὶς ἀκούσῃ, κὰν δακρύσῃ, μηδεὶς ἴδῃ, κὰν αἱμαχθῇ, λούσῃται τῇ πηγῇ: καὶ μέμνησο ὅτι σε ἄνδρα ἐγὼ πρὸ Χλόης πεποίηκα.’

3.19 When this lesson in the mysteries of Love was finished, Daphnis, still as simple as before, would have hastened at once to Chloe, to teach her all that he had learnt, for fear of forgetting it, if he delayed. But Lycaenium stopped him, and said: “There is something else you must know, Daphnis: I am a woman, and you have not hurt me: for, long ago, another man taught me what I have just taught you, and took my maidenhead as his reward. But Chloe, when she enters upon this struggle with you for the first time, will weep and cry out, and will bleed as if she had been wounded. But you need not be afraid at the sight of the blood: when you have persuaded her to yield to your desire, bring her here, where, if she cries, no one can hear her; if she weeps, no one can see her; if she bleeds, she can wash herself in the spring. And never forget that I made you a man before Chloe.”

Ἡ μὲν οὖν Λυκαίνιον τοσαῦτα ὑποθεμένη κατ’ ἄλλο μέρος τῆς ὕλης ἀπῆλθεν, ὥς ἔτι ζητοῦσα τὸν χῆνα: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις εἰς λογισμὸν ἄγων τὰ

εἰρημένα, τῆς μὲν πρότερον ὀρμῆς ἀπήλλακτο, διοχλεῖν δὲ τῇ Χλόῃ περιττότερον ὤκνει φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, μήτε βοῆσαι θέλων αὐτὴν ὡς πρὸς πολέμιον, μήτε δακρῦσαι ὡς ἀλγοῦσαν, μήτε αἰμαχθῆναι καθάπερ πεφονευμένην: ἀρτιμαθὴς γὰρ ὢν ἐδεδοίκει τὸ αἷμα καὶ ἐνόμιζεν ὅτι ἄρα ἐκ μόνου τραύματος αἷμα γίνεται. Γνοὺς δὲ τὰ συνήθη τέρπεσθαι μετ' αὐτῆς ἐξέβη τῆς ὕλης: καὶ ἐλθὼν ἵνα ἐκάθητο στεφανίσκον ἱὼν πλέκουσα, τὸν τε χῆνα τῶν τοῦ ἀετοῦ ὀνύχων ἐψεύσατο ἐξαρπάσαι καὶ περιφὺς ἐφίλησεν, οἶον ἐν τῇ τέρψει Λυκαίνιον: τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξῆν ὡς ἀκίνδυνον: ἡ δὲ τὸν στέφανον ἐφήρμοσεν αὐτοῦ τῇ κεφαλῇ καὶ τὴν κόμην ἐφίλησεν ὡς τῶν ἱὼν κρεῖττονα. Κάκ τῆς πῆρας προκομίσασα παλάθης μοῖραν καὶ ἄρτους τινὰς ἔδωκε φαγεῖν: καὶ ἐσθίοντος ἀπὸ τοῦ στόματος ἤρπαζε καὶ οὕτως ἥσθιεν ὥσπερ νεοττὸς ὄρνιθος.

3.20 After she had given him this advice, Lycaenium went off to another part of the wood, as if she was still looking for her goose. Daphnis, thinking over what she had said, felt his passion somewhat cooled, and hesitated to press Chloe to grant him anything more than kisses and embraces. He did not wish to make her cry out, as if she was being attacked by an enemy, or to make her weep, as if she were in pain, or to make her bleed, as if she had been wounded: for, being a novice in the art of love, he was afraid of this blood, thinking it impossible that it could proceed from anything but a wound. He accordingly left the wood, resolved to enjoy himself with her in the usual way, and, when he reached the place where she was sitting weaving a chaplet of violets, he pretended that he had rescued the goose from the eagle's claws: then he embraced and kissed her, as he had kissed Lycaenium while they toyed together: for this at least he thought was free from danger. Chloe crowned his head with the chaplet, and kissed his hair, which smelt sweeter to her than the violets: then she took out of her wallet a piece of fruit-cake and some bread and gave him to eat; and, while he was eating, she would snatch a morsel from his mouth, and eat it, just like a young bird pecking from its mother's beak.

Ἐσθιόντων δὲ αὐτῶν καὶ περιττότερα φιλοῦντων ὢν ἥσθιον, ναῦς ἀλιέων ὤφθη παραπλεύουσα. Ἄνεμος μὲν οὐκ ἦν, γαλήνη δὲ ἦν καὶ ἐρέττειν ἐδόκει. Καὶ ἥρεττον ἐρρωμένως: ἠπείγοντο γὰρ νεαλεῖς ἰχθῦς εἰς τὴν πόλιν διασώσασθαι τῶν τινι πλουσίων. Οἶον οὖν εἰώθασι ναῦται δρᾶν ἐς καμάτων ἀμέλειαν, τοῦτο κάκεῖνοι δρῶντες τὰς κόπας ἀνέφερον. Εἷς μὲν αὐτοῖς κελευστής ναυτικὰς ἦδεν ὥδας, οἱ δὲ λοιποὶ καθάπερ χορὸς ὁμοφώνως κατὰ καιρὸν τῇ ἐκείνου φωνῇ ἐβόων. Ἡνίκ' οὖν ἐν ἀναπεπταμένη τῇ θαλάττῃ ταῦτα ἔπραττον, ἠφανίζετο ἡ βοή χεομένης τῆς φωνῆς εἰς πολὺν ἀέρα: ἐπεὶ δὲ ἄκρα τινὶ ὑποδραμόντες εἰς κόλπον μνηοειδῆ καὶ κοῖλον εἰσήλασαν, μείζων μὲν ἠκούετο βοή, σαφεὴ δὲ ἐξέπιπτεν εἰς τὴν γῆν τὰ τῶν κελευστῶν ἄσματα. Κοῖλος γὰρ τῷ πεδίῳ αὐλῶν ὑποκείμενος καὶ τὸν ἦχον εἰς αὐτὸν ὡς ὄργανον δεχόμενος πάντων τῶν φθεγγομένων μιμητὴν φωνὴν ἀπεδίδου, ἰδίᾳ μὲν τῶν κωπῶν τὸν ἦχον, ἰδίᾳ δὲ τὴν φωνὴν τῶν ναυτῶν: καὶ ἐγένετο ἄκουσμα

τερπνόν. Φθανούσης γὰρ τῆς ἀπὸ τῆς θαλάττης φωνῆς, ἡ ἐκ τῆς γῆς φωνὴ τοσοῦτον ἐπαύετο βράδιον, ὅσον ἤρξατο.

3.21 While they were eating, and were even more busily engaged in kissing each other, a fishing-boat came in sight proceeding along the coast. There was no wind, and the sea was calm: wherefore the crew decided to use their oars, and rowed on vigorously, for they were taking some fish that they had just caught to one of the wealthy citizens. After the custom of sailors, in order to lighten their toil, one of them sang a song of the sea, which regulated the movement of the oars, while the rest, like a chorus, joined in with the singer at intervals. As long as they were in the open sea, their song was but faintly heard, since their voices were lost in the expanse of air: but when they ran under a promontory, or entered a deep crescent-shaped bay, their voices sounded louder, and the refrain of their song was heard more distinctly on the land: for the bottom of the bay terminated in a hollow valley, which received the sound like a musical instrument, and gave back an echo which represented separately the splash of the oars and the voice of the singers, delightful to hear: for, when one sound came from the sea, the answering echo from the land took it up, and lasted longer, since it had commenced later.

Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις εἰδὼς τὸ πραττόμενον μόνῃ τῇ θαλάττῃ προσεῖχε καὶ ἐτέρπετο τῇ νηὶ παρατρεχούσῃ τὸ πεδῖον θάττον πτεροῦ καὶ ἐπειρᾶτο τινα διασώσασθαι τῶν ἄσμάτων, ὡς γένοιτο τῆς σύριγγος μέλη: ἡ δὲ Χλόη τότε πρῶτον πειρωμένη τῆς καλουμένης ἡχοῦς ποτὲ μὲν εἰς τὴν θάλατταν ἀπέβλεπε, τῶν ναυτῶν κελεύοντων, ποτὲ δὲ εἰς τὴν ὕλιν ἐπεστρέφετο, ζητοῦσα τοὺς ἀντιφωνοῦντας. Καὶ ἐπεὶ παραπλευσάντων ἦν κἂν τῷ αὐλῶνι σιγῇ, ἐπυνθάνετο τοῦ Δάφνιδος, εἰ καὶ ὀπίσω τῆς ἄκρας ἐστὶ θάλαττα καὶ ναῦς ἄλλῃ παρέπλει καὶ ἄλλοι ναῦται τὰ αὐτὰ ἤδον καὶ ἅμα πάντες σιωπῶσι. Γελάσας οὖν ὁ Δάφνις ἡδὺ καὶ φιλήσας ἡδῖον φίλημα καὶ τὸν τῶν ἰὼν στέφανον ἐκείνῃ περιθεις ἤρξατο αὐτῇ μυθολογεῖν τὸν μῦθον τῆς Ἥχους, αἰτήσας, εἰ διδάξειε, μισθὸν παρ' αὐτῆς ἄλλα φιλήματα δέκα.

3.22 Daphnis, knowing what it was, had eyes for nothing but the sea. He was delighted at the sight of the boat gliding along the coast swifter than a bird on the wing, and endeavoured to catch some of the airs that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never heard an echo before, looked first towards the sea, while the fishermen were singing, and then towards the wood, to see whose voices answered. When the boat had passed, all was silent in the valley. Then Chloe asked Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the promontory, or another boat with another crew singing the same strains, and whether they all ceased singing at once. Then Daphnis smiled pleasantly, and kissed her more tenderly; and, placing upon her head the chaplet of violets, began to tell her the story of Echo, demanding as his reward ten kisses more.

Ἵνυμφῶν, ὧ κόρη, πολλὸ γένος, Μελίας καὶ Δρυάδες καὶ Ἑλαιοι: πᾶσαι καλάι, πᾶσαι μουσικαί. Καὶ μιᾷς τούτων θυγάτηρ Ἥχῳ γίνεται, θνητὴ μὲν ὡς ἐκ πατρὸς θνητοῦ, καλὴ δὲ ὡς ἐκ μητρὸς καλῆς. Τρέφεται μὲν ὑπὸ Νυμφῶν,

παιδεύεται δὲ ὑπὸ Μουσῶν συρίττειν, αὐλεῖν, τὰ πρὸς λύραν, τὰ πρὸς κιθάραν, πᾶσαν ᾠδὴν, ὥστε καὶ παρθενίας εἰς ἄνθος ἀκμάσασα ταῖς Νύμφαις συνεχόρευε, ταῖς Μούσαις συνῆδεν: ἄρρενας δὲ ἔφευγε πάντα, καὶ ἀνθρώπους καὶ θεοὺς, φιλοῦσα τὴν παρθενίαν. Ὁ Πᾶν ὀργίζεται τῇ κόρῃ, τῆς μουσικῆς φθονῶν, τοῦ κάλλους μὴ τυχόν, καὶ μανίαν ἐμβάλλει τοῖς ποιμέσι καὶ τοῖς αἰπόλοις. Οἱ δὲ ὥσπερ κύνες ἢ λύκοι διασπῶσιν αὐτὴν καὶ ρίπτουσιν εἰς πᾶσαν γῆν ἔτι ἄδοντα τὰ μέλη. Καὶ τὰ μέλη Γῇ χαριζομένη Νύμφαις ἔκρυσεν πάντα. Καὶ ἐτήρησε τὴν μουσικὴν καὶ γνώμη Μουσῶν ἀφίησι φωνὴν καὶ μιμεῖται πάντα, καθάπερ τότε ἡ κόρη, θεοὺς, ἀνθρώπους, ὄργανα, θηρία: μιμεῖται καὶ αὐτὸν συρίττοντα τὸν Πᾶνα. Ὁ δὲ ἀκούσας ἀναπηδᾷ καὶ διώκει κατὰ τῶν ὀρῶν, οὐκ ἐρῶν τυχεῖν ἀλλ' ἢ τοῦ μαθεῖν, τίς ἐστὶν ὁ λανθάνων μαθητής.' Ταῦτα μυθολογήσαντα τὸν Δάφνιν οὐ δέκα μόνον φιλήματα ἀλλὰ πάνυ πολλὰ κατεφίλησεν ἡ Χλόη: μικροῦ δὲ καὶ τὰ αὐτὰ εἶπεν ἡ Ἥχώ, καθάπερ μαρτυροῦσα ὅτι μηδὲν ἐψεύσατο.

3.23 "There are several kinds of Nymphs, my dear Chloe, Nymphs of the forest, of the woods, and of the meadows: they are all beautiful, and all skilled in singing. Echo was the daughter of one of these: she was mortal, since her father was a mortal, and beautiful, being born of a beautiful mother. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the flute and pipe, the lyre and the lute, and to sing all kinds of songs: when she grew up, she danced with the Nymphs and sang with the Muses: but, jealous of her virginity, she avoided all males, both Gods and men. Pan was incensed against the maiden, being jealous of her singing, and vexed that he could not enjoy her beauty. He inspired with frenzy the shepherds and goatherds, who, like dogs or wolves, tore the maiden to pieces, and flung her limbs here and there, still quivering with song. Earth, out of respect for the Nymphs, received and hid them in her bosom, where they still preserve their gift of song, and, by the will of the Muses, speak and imitate all sounds, as the maiden did when alive - the voices of men and Gods, musical instruments, and the cries of wild beasts: they even imitate the notes of Pan when playing on his pipe. And he, when he hears it, springs up and rushes down the mountains, with the sole desire of finding out who is the pupil who thus conceals himself." When Daphnis had finished his story Chloe gave him, not ten, but ten times ten kisses: for Echo had repeated nearly all her words, as if to testify that he had spoken nothing but the truth.

Θερμοτέρου δὲ καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν γινομένου τοῦ ἡλίου, οἷα τοῦ μὲν ἥρος παυομένου τοῦ δὲ θέρου ἀρχομένου, πάλιν αὐτοῖς ἐγίνοντο καιναὶ τέρψεις καὶ θέρειοι. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἐνήχετο ἐν τοῖς ποταμοῖς, ἡ δὲ ἐν ταῖς πηγαῖς ἐλούετο: ὁ μὲν ἐσύριττεν ἀμιλλώμενος πρὸς τὰς πίτυς, ἡ δὲ ἦδε ταῖς ἀηδόσιν ἐρίζουσα: ἐθήρων ἀκρίδας λάλους, ἐλάμβανον τέττιγας ἡχοῦντας, ἄνθη συνέλεγον, δένδρα ἔσειον, ὁπώραν ἥσθιον: ἦδη ποτὲ καὶ γυμνοὶ συγκατεκλίνησαν καὶ ἐν δέρμα αἰγὸς ἐπεσύραντο. Καὶ ἐγένετο ἂν γυνὴ Χλόη ῥαδίως, εἰ μὴ Δάφνιν ἐτάραξε τὸ αἶμα. Ἀμέλει καὶ δεδοικῶς μὴ νικηθῇ τὸν

λογισμόν ποτε, πολλὰ γυμνοῦσθαι τὴν Χλόην οὐκ ἐπέτρεπεν, ὥστε ἐθαύμαζε μὲν ἡ Χλόη, τὴν δὲ αἰτίαν ἠδεῖτο πυθέσθαι.

3.24 The sun grew daily hotter for spring was at its close and summer was beginning, and the delights of summer returned to them once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, Chloe bathed in the springs: he played on the pipe, in rivalry with the rustling of the pines, she emulated the nightingales in her song: they chased the noisy locusts, caught the chirping grasshoppers, plucked the flowers, shook the fruit from the trees and ate it: they even sometimes lay naked together side by side under the same goatskin. Then Chloe would have soon become a woman, had not Daphnis been deterred by his horror of blood. Often, being afraid that he might not be able to contain himself, he would not allow Chloe to remove her clothes: whereat she was astonished, but was too bashful to inquire the reason.

Ἐν τῷ θερεί τῷδε καὶ μνηστήρων πλῆθος ἦν περὶ τὴν Χλόην καὶ πολλοὶ πολλαχόθεν ἐφοίτων παρὰ τὸν Δρύαντα πρὸς γάμον αἰτοῦντες αὐτήν. Καὶ οἱ μὲν τι δῶρον ἔφερον, οἱ δὲ ἐπηγγέλλοντο μεγάλα. Ἡ μὲν οὖν Νάπη ταῖς ἐλπίσιν ἐπαιρομένη συνεβούλευεν ἐκδιδόναι τὴν Χλόην μηδὲ κατέχειν οἶκοι πρὸς πλεον τηλικαύτην κόρην, ἥ τάχα μικρὸν ὕστερον νέμουσα τὴν παρθενίαν ἀπολέσει καὶ ἄνδρα ποιήσεται τινα τῶν ποιμένων ἐπὶ μήλοις ἢ ρόδοις, ἀλλ' ἐκείνην τε ποιῆσαι δέσποιναν οἰκίας καὶ αὐτοὺς πολλὰ λαβόντας ἰδίῳ φυλάττειν αὐτὰ καὶ γνησίῳ παιδίῳ ἔγεγόνει γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἄρρεν παιδίον οὐ πρὸ πολλοῦ τινος· ὁ δὲ Δρύας ποτὲ μὲν ἐθέλεγτο τοῖς λεγομένοις μείζονα γὰρ ἢ κατὰ ποιμαίνουσιν κόρην δῶρα ὠνομάζετο παρ' ἐκάστου, ποτὲ δὲ ἐννοήσας ὡς κρείττων ἐστὶν ἡ παρθένος μνηστήρων γεωργῶν καὶ ὡς, εἴ ποτε τοὺς ἀληθινοὺς γονέας εὖροι, μεγάλως αὐτοὺς εὐδαίμονας θήσει, ἀνεβάλλετο τὴν ἀπόκρισιν καὶ εἴλκε χρόνον ἐκ χρόνου καὶ ἐν τῷ τέως ἀπεκέρδαιεν οὐκ ὀλίγα δῶρα. Ἡ μὲν δὴ μαθοῦσα λυπηρῶς πάνυ διῆγε καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐλάνθανεν ἐπὶ πολὺ, λυπεῖν οὐ θέλousa: ὡς δὲ ἐλιπάρει καὶ ἐνέκειτο πυνθανόμενος καὶ ἐλυπεῖτο μᾶλλον μὴ μανθάνων ἢ ἔμελλε μαθῶν, πάντα αὐτῷ διηγεῖται, τοὺς μνηστευομένους ὡς πολλοὶ καὶ πλούσιοι, τοὺς λόγους οὓς ἡ Νάπη σπεύδουσα τὸν γάμον ἔλεγεν, καὶ ὡς οὐκ ἀπείπατο Δρύας, ἀλλ' ὡς εἰς τὸν τρυγητὸν ἀναβέβληται.

3.25 During this summer, a number of suitors for the hand of Chloe presented themselves, coming from all parts to ask her of Dryas in marriage. Some brought presents, others made lavish promises. Nape, her hopes being thus excited, advised him to let Chloe marry, and not keep a girl of her age at home, who might, at any moment, while tending her flocks, lose her virginity and bestow herself upon some shepherd for a present of roses or apples: it would be better, said she, to make her mistress of a home and to keep the presents they had received for their own son lately born. Sometimes Dryas felt tempted by these arguments: for each of the suitors made far handsomer offers than might have been expected in the case of a simple shepherdess; but at other times he came to the conclusion that the girl was too good for a rustic

husband, and that, if she ever found her parents again, they might make him and Nape rich. He accordingly put off answering from day to day, receiving in the meantime a considerable number of presents. Chloe, seeing all this, was overcome with grief, which she for a long time concealed from Daphnis to avoid giving him pain: but at last, as he importuned her with questions, and was even more unhappy than if he knew all, she told him everything - her numerous and wealthy suitors, Nape's reasons for hastening on her marriage, and how Dryas, without absolutely refusing his consent, had deferred his answer to the next vintage.

Ἐκφρων ἐπὶ τούτοις ὁ Δάφνις γίνεται καὶ ἐδάκρυσεν καθήμενος, ἀποθανεῖσθαι μηκέτι συννεμούσης Χλόης λέγων· καὶ οὐκ αὐτὸς μόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μετὰ τοιοῦτον ποιμένα. Εἴτα ἀνενεγκὼν ἐθάρρει καὶ πείσειν ἐνενοεῖ τὸν πατέρα καὶ ἓνα τῶν μνωμένων αὐτὸν ἡρίθμει καὶ πολὺ κρατήσῃν ἤλπιζε τῶν ἄλλων. Ἐν αὐτὸν ἐτάραττεν· οὐκ ἦν Λάμων πλούσιος· τοῦτο μόνον αὐτοῦ τὴν ἐλπίδα λεπτὴν εἰργάζετο· ὅμως δὲ ἐδόκει μνᾶσθαι, καὶ τῇ Χλόῃ συνεδόκει. Τῷ Λάμωνι μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν ἐτόλμησεν εἰπεῖν, τῇ Μυρτάλῃ δὲ θαρρήσας καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα ἐμήνυσε καὶ περὶ τοῦ γάμου λόγους προσήνεγκεν· ἡ δὲ τῷ Λάμωνι νύκτωρ ἐκοινώσατο. Σκληρῶς δὲ ἐκείνου τὴν ἔντευξιν ἐνεγκόντος καὶ λοιδορήσαντος εἰ παιδί θυγάτριον ποιμένων προξενεῖ μεγάλην ἐν τοῖς γνωρίσμασιν ἐπαγγελλομένῳ τύχην, ὃς αὐτούς, εὐρὼν τοὺς οἰκείους, καὶ ἐλευθέρους θήσει καὶ δεσπότης ἀγρῶν μειζόνων, ἡ Μυρτάλη διὰ τὸν ἔρωτα φοβουμένη μὴ τελέως ἀπελπίσας ὁ Δάφνις τὸν γάμον τολμήσῃ τι θανατῶδες, ἄλλας αὐτῷ τῆς ἀντιρρήσεως αἰτίας ἀπήγγειλε. ‘Πένητες ἐσμέν, ὦ παῖ, καὶ δεόμεθα νύμφης φερούσης τι μᾶλλον· οἱ δὲ πλούσιοι καὶ πλουσίων νυμφίων δεόμενοι. Ἴθι δὴ, πείσον Χλόην, ἡ δὲ τὸν πατέρα, μηδὲν αἰτεῖν μέγα· πάντως δὴ που ἁκακίην φιλεῖ σε καὶ βούλεται συγκαθεῦδεν πένητι καλῷ μᾶλλον ἢ πιθήκῳ πλουσίῳ.’

3.26 When Daphnis heard this, he nearly went out of his mind: he sat down and began to weep, declaring that he should die if Chloe no longer came to tend her flocks in the fields; and not he alone, but her sheep also, if they lost such a shepherdess. Then, having recovered himself a little, he took courage and thought of asking her father for her hand himself. He already reckoned himself one of her suitors, and hoped to be easily preferred before the rest. One thing alone disturbed him: Lamon was not rich, and even though (?) he had been rich, he was not free: this alone made his chances slighter. Nevertheless, he decided to prefer (?) his suit, and Chloe approved his resolution. He did not, however, venture to speak directly to Lamon, but, feeling bolder with Myrtales, he told her of his love and spoke to her of his wish to marry Chloe. At night, she told Lamon, who was greatly annoyed at the proposal: he sharply rebuked her for wanting to marry, to the daughter of a simple shepherd, a youth who, to judge from the tokens found with him when he lay exposed, might look forward to a higher destiny, and who, if he found his parents again, might not only grant them their freedom, but might bestow

upon them a larger estate even than the one on which they worked. Myrtale, fearing that Daphnis might do something desperate, or even take his own life, if he lost all hope of winning Chloe, gave him other reasons for Lamon's refusal. "We are poor, my son," she said to him, "we rather want a bride who will bring a dowry with her: while they [Dryas and Nape] are wealthy, and seek wealthy suitors. But, come, persuade Chloe, and let her try and persuade her father, not to ask for a large settlement, but to allow you to marry. No doubt she loves you and would prefer for her bed fellow a handsome youth, though poor, to an ape, however wealthy."

Μυρτάλη μὲν οὐποτε ἐλπίσασα Δρύαντα τούτοις συνθήσεσθαι μνηστῆρας ἔχοντα πλουσιωτέρους εὐπρεπῶς ᾤετο παρητηῆσθαι τὸν γάμον· Δάφνις δὲ οὐκ εἶχε μέμφεσθαι τὰ λελεγμένα. Λειπόμενος δὲ πολὺ τῶν αἰτουμένων τὸ σύνηθες ἐρασταῖς πενομένοις ἔπραττεν· ἐδάκρυε καὶ τὰς Νύμφας αὐθις ἐκάλει βοηθοῦς. Αἱ δὲ αὐτῷ καθεύδοντι νύκτωρ ἐν τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἐφίστανται σχήμασιν, ἐν οἷς καὶ πρότερον· ἔλεγε δὲ ἡ πρεσβυτάτη πάλιν 'γάμου μὲν μέλει τῆς Χλόης ἄλλω θεῷ, δῶρα δὲ σοι δώσομεν ἡμεῖς, ἃ θέλξει Δρύαντα. Ἡ ναῦς ἡ τῶν Μηθυμναίων νεανίσκων, ἥς τὴν λύγον αἱ σαί ποτε αἶγες κατέφαγον, ἡμέρᾳ μὲν ἐκείνῃ μακρὰν τῆς γῆς ὑπηνέχθη πνεύματι· νυκτὸς δὲ πελαγίου ταραξάντος ἀνέμου τὴν θάλατταν εἰς τὴν γῆν εἰς τὰς τῆς ἄκρας πέτρας ἐξεβράσθη. Αὐτὴ μὲν οὖν διεφθάρη καὶ πολλὰ τῶν ἐν αὐτῇ· βαλάντιον δὲ τρισχιλίων δραχμῶν ὑπὸ τοῦ κύματος ἀπεπτύσθη καὶ κεῖται φυκίοις κεκαλυμμένον πλησίον δελφίνος νεκροῦ, δι' ὃν οὐδεὶς προσῆλθεν ὁδοιπóρος, τὸ δυσῶδες τῆς σηπεδόνης παρατρέχων. Ἀλλὰ σὺ πρόσελθε καὶ προσελθὼν ἀνελοῦ καὶ ἀνελόμενος δός. Ἰκανόν σοι νῦν μὲν δόξαι μὴ πένητι, χρόνῳ δὲ ὕστερον ἔσῃ καὶ πλούσιος.'

3.27 Myrtale, who never expected that Dryas would give his consent, since there were far wealthier suitors for the hand of Chloe, thought that she had very cleverly avoided the question of the marriage. Daphnis, for his part, could find nothing to say against this: but, finding how little chance he had of getting what he wanted, he did what poor lovers usually do - he began to weep, and again implored the assistance of the Nymphs, who appeared to him at night, while he was asleep, in the same dress and form as on the first occasion. The eldest of them again addressed him: "Chloe's marriage is the business of another God: but we will give you some presents which will soften the heart of Dryas. The vessel which belonged to the young Methymnaeans, the osier cable of which your goats formerly ate, was carried far out to sea all that day by the winds. But, during the night, when a violent breeze blew from the sea, it was driven ashore on the rocky promontory. The vessel was shattered to pieces, and nearly all that was in it was lost: but a purse of three thousand drachmas was cast up by the waves, and it now lies upon the shore, hidden under some seaweed, close to a dead dolphin, the stench from which is so noisome that no passer-by will go near it. Go, take the purse, and give it to Dryas. It is enough for you now to show that you are not

poor: but a day will come when you will be even wealthy.”

Αἱ μὲν ταῦτα εἰποῦσαι τῇ νυκτὶ συναπῆλθον: γενομένης δὲ ἡμέρας ἀναπηδήσας ὁ Δάφνις περιχαρὴς ἤλανε ροίζῳ πολλῷ τὰς αἶγας εἰς τὴν νομήν: καὶ τὴν Χλόην φιλήσας καὶ τὰς Νύμφας προσκυνήσας κατῆλθεν ἐπὶ θάλατταν, ὡς περιράνασθαι θέλων: καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς ψάμμου πλησίον τῆς κυματωγῆς ἐβάδιζε ζητῶν τὰς τρισχιλίας. Ἐμελλε δὲ ἄρ οὐ πολὺν κάματον ἔξειν: ὁ γὰρ δελφίς ὁ οὐκ ἀγαθὸν ὁδωδὼς αὐτῷ προσέπιπτεν ἐρριμμένος καὶ μυδῶν: οὗ τῇ σηπεδόνι καθάπερ ἡγεμόνι χρώμενος ὁδοῦ προσῆλθέ τε εὐθὺς καὶ τὰ φυκία ἀφελὼν εὐρίσκει τὸ βαλάντιον ἀργυρίου μεστόν. Τοῦτο ἀνελόμενος καὶ εἰς τὴν πῆραν ἐνθέμενος οὐ πρόσθεν ἀπῆλθε, πρὶν τὰς Νύμφας εὐφημῆσαι καὶ αὐτὴν τὴν θάλατταν: καίπερ γὰρ αἰπόλος ὢν, ἥδη καὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἐνόμιζε τῆς γῆς γλυκυτέραν, ὡς εἰς τὸν γάμον αὐτῷ τὸν Χλόης συλλαμβάνουσαν.

3.28 With these words, they disappeared, and night with them. At daybreak, Daphnis jumped up full of joy, and eagerly drove his goats to pasture. Having kissed Chloe and paid his respects to the Nymphs, he went down to the shore, saying he was going to bathe, and walked along the sand on the beach, looking for the three thousand drachmas. He had not to trouble himself long: for the evil smell of the dolphin, which lay rotting on the shore, soon reached his nostrils. Following the smell as a guide, he soon reached the spot, removed the seaweed, and found the purse full of money. He took it, stowed it away in his wallet, and, before departing, gave thanks to the Nymphs and the sea itself: for, although he was a goatherd, he began to think that the sea was pleasanter than the earth, since it had assisted his marriage with Chloe.

Εἰλημμένος δὲ τῶν τρισχιλίων οὐκέτ' ἔμελλεν, ἀλλ' ὡς πάντων ἀνθρώπων πλουσιώτατος, οὐ μόνον τῶν ἐκεῖ γεωργῶν, αὐτίκα ἐλθὼν παρὰ τὴν Χλόην διηγεῖται τὸ ὄναρ, δείκνυσι τὸ βαλάντιον, κελεύει τὰς ἀγέλας φυλάττειν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐπανέλθῃ, καὶ συντείνας σοβεῖ παρὰ τὸν Δρύαντα. Καὶ εὐρὼν πυρούς τινας ἀλωνοτριβοῦντα μετὰ τῆς Νάπης πάνυ θρασὺν ἐμβάλλει λόγον περὶ γάμου. Ἐμοὶ δὲ Χλόην γυναικα: ἐγὼ καὶ συρίττειν οἶδα καλῶς καὶ κλᾶν ἄμπελον καὶ φυτὰ κατορύττειν: οἶδα καὶ γῆν ἄροῦν καὶ λικμῆσαι πρὸς ἄνεμον. Ἀγέλην δὲ ὅπως νέμω μάρτυς Χλόη: πεντήκοντα αἶγας παραλαβὼν διπλασίονα πεποίηκα: ἔθρεψα καὶ τράγους μεγάλους καὶ καλοὺς: πρότερον δὲ ἄλλοτρίοις τὰς αἶγας ὑπεβάλλομεν. Ἀλλὰ καὶ νέος εἰμὶ καὶ γείτων ὑμῖν ἄμεμπτος: καί με ἔθρεψεν αἶξ, ὡς Χλόην οἷς. Τοσοῦτον δὲ τῶν ἄλλων κρατῶν οὐδὲ δώροις ἡττηθήσομαι. Ἐκεῖνοι δώσουσιν αἶγας καὶ πρόβατα καὶ ζευγὸς ψωραλέων βοῶν καὶ σῖτον μηδὲ ἀλεκτορίδας θρέψαι δυνάμενον: παρ' ἐμοῦ δὲ αἶδε ὑμῖν τρισχίλια. Μόνον ἴστω τοῦτο μηδεῖς, μὴ Λάμων αὐτὸς οὐμὸς πατήρ.' Ἄμα τ' ἐδίδου καὶ περιβαλὼν κατεφίλει.

3.29 Having gained possession of the three thousand drachmas, he delayed no longer. He thought himself the richest man, not only amongst the husbandmen in the neighbourhood, but of all men living, hastened to Chloe, told her of the dream, showed her the purse, told her to mind the flocks till he

returned, and then ran with all speed to Dryas, whom he found with Nape, beating some wheat on a threshing-floor. Then, quite confidently, he approached the subject of marriage: "Give Chloe to me to wife: I know how to play on the pipe, to prime vines, and to plant trees: I also know how to plough, and to winnow the corn in the breeze: how I can tend flocks, Chloe herself can testify. I had fifty goats at first, I have doubled their number. I have reared some fine large he-goats, whereas before I was obliged to borrow those belonging to others. I am young and your neighbour, against whom no one has any complaint. I was brought up by a goat, Chloe by a sheep: and, though I am so far superior to her other suitors, I will not be outdone by them even in presents. They will give you some goats and sheep, a yoke of mangy oxen, or some corn, not enough to feed a few fowls: but I will give you these three thousand drachmas. But let no one know of this, not even my father Lamon." With these words, he offered Dryas the money, and embraced him.

Οἱ δὲ παρ' ἐλπίδα ἰδόντες τοσοῦτον ἀργύριον, αὐτίκα τε δώσειν ἐπηγγέλλοντο τὴν Χλόην καὶ πείσειν ὑπισχνοῦντο τὸν Λάμωνα. Ἡ μὲν δὴ Νάπη μετὰ τοῦ Δάφνιδος αὐτοῦ μένουσα περιήλανε τὰς βοῦς καὶ τοῖς τριβόλοις κατειργάζετο τὸν στάχυν: ὁ δὲ Δρύας θησαυρίσας τὸ βαλάντιον ἔνθα ἀπέκειτο τὰ γνωρίσματα, ταχὺ παρὰ τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην ἐφέρετο, μέλλον παρ' αὐτῶν, τὸ καινότατον, μνάσθαι νυμφίον. Εὐρὼν δὲ κάκείνους κριθία μετροῦντας οὐ πρὸ πολλοῦ λελικμημένα ἀθύμως τε ἔχοντας ὅτι μικροῦ δεῖν ὀλιγώτερα ἦν τῶν καταβληθέντων σπερμάτων, ἐπ' ἐκείνοις μὲν παρεμυθήσατο, κοινὴν ὁμολογήσας ἀφορίαν πανταχοῦ γεγονέναι, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ἡτεῖτο Χλόη καὶ ἔλεγεν ὅτι πολλὰ ἄλλων διδόντων, οὐδὲν παρ' αὐτῶν λήψεται, μᾶλλον δέ τι οἴκοθεν αὐτοῖς ἐπιδώσει: συντετράφθαι γὰρ ἀλλήλοις κὰν τῷ νέμειν συνῆφθαι φιλία ῥαδίως λυθῆναι μὴ δυναμένη: ἥδη δὲ καὶ ἡλικίαν ἔχειν ὥς καθεύδειν μετ' ἀλλήλων. Ὁ μὲν οὖν ταῦτα καὶ ἔτι πλείω ἔλεγεν, οἷα τοῦ πείσαι ἄθλον ἔχων τὰς τρισχιλίας: ὁ δὲ Λάμων μήτε πενίαν ἔτι προβάλλεσθαι δυνάμενος 'αὐτοὶ γὰρ οὐχ ὑπερηφάνουν' μήτε ἡλικίαν Δάφνιδος ἥδη γὰρ μειράκιον ἦν' τὸ μὲν ἀληθὲς οὐδ' ὥς ἐξηγόρευσεν, ὅτι κρείττων ἐστὶ τοιοῦτου γάμου, χρόνον δὲ σιωπήσας ὀλίγον οὕτως ἀπεκρίνατο

3.30 When Dryas and Nape saw so large a sum of money, they immediately promised him Chloe in marriage, and undertook to persuade Lamon to give his consent. Daphnis and Nape remained, driving the oxen round, and beating out the ears with the threshing machines. Dryas, having first stored away the money with the tokens, hastened to Lamon and Myrtale, to ask for the hand of Daphnis for their daughter, a most unusual proceeding. He found them measuring out some barley that had lately been winnowed, and greatly disheartened, because the crop was disproportionate to the seed that had been sown. He tried to console them, saying that the same complaint was to be heard everywhere: and then asked the hand of Daphnis for Chloe, saying: "Although others offer much for the honour, I will take nothing from you, but will rather give you something out of my own purse. They have been brought

up together, and while tending their flocks, have become so attached to each other, that it would be hard to separate them: and they are now both of marriageable age.” This and more said Dryas, as a man who was to have 3,000 drachmas for a reward, if he persuaded Lamon and Myrtale. Lamon, being no longer able to allege his poverty as an excuse (since the parents of the girl did not reject the alliance), nor the age of Daphnis (for he was now a well-grown youth), nevertheless shrunk from stating the real reason of his hesitation, namely, that Daphnis was above such a connection. He remained silent for a while, and then said:

‘Δίκαια ποιεῖτε τοὺς γείτονας προτιμῶντες τῶν ξένων καὶ πενίας ἀγαθῆς πλοῦτον μὴ νομίζοντες κρείττονα. Ὁ Πάν ὑμᾶς καὶ αἱ Νύμφαι ἀντὶ τῶνδε φιλήσειαν. Ἐγὼ δὲ σπεύδω μὲν καὶ αὐτὸς τὸν γάμον τοῦτον: καὶ γὰρ ἄν μαινοίμην, εἰ μὴ γέρων τε ὢν ἤδη καὶ χειρὸς εἰς τὰ ἔργα περιττοτέρας δεόμενος ὄμην καὶ τὸν ὑμέτερον οἶκον φίλον προσλαβεῖν: περισπούδαστος δὲ καὶ Χλόη, καλὴ καὶ ὡραία κόρη καὶ πάντα ἀγαθῇ: δοῦλος δὲ ὢν οὐδενός εἰμι τῶν ἐμῶν κύριος, ἀλλὰ δεῖ τὸν δεσπότην μανθάνοντα ταῦτα συγχωρεῖν. Φέρε οὖν ἀναβαλόμεθα τὸν γάμον εἰς τὸ μετόπωρον. Ἀφίξεσθαι τότε λέγουσιν αὐτὸν οἱ παραγενόμενοι πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐξ ἄστεος. Τότε ἔσονται ἀνὴρ καὶ γυνή: νῦν δὲ φιλείτωσαν ἀλλήλους ὥς ἀδελφοί. Ἴσθι μόνον, ὦ Δρύα, τοσοῦτον: σπεύδεις περὶ μειράκιον κρεῖττον ἡμῶν.’

331 “You do right in preferring neighbours to strangers, and in esteeming riches above honourable poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for it. I myself am anxious for this marriage: for I should be mad, seeing that I am now an old man, and have need of more hands to help me, if I did not consider it a great honour to enter into an alliance with your family. Chloe herself is much sought after, being a good and beautiful girl. But, as I am a serf, I have nothing of which I can dispose: I must first inform my master and gain his consent. Come then, let us put off the marriage until autumn, when, according to those who have visited us from the city, he will be here. Then they shall become man and wife: in the meantime, let them love each other like brother and sister. But let me tell you this, Dryas: you are asking for the hand of a youth whose station is superior to our own.” When he had thus spoken, Lamon kissed Dryas, and offered him wine to drink, for the sun was at its height: then he accompanied him part of the way home, with every mark of affection.

Καὶ ὁ μὲν ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐφίλησέ τε αὐτὸν καὶ ὄρεξε πότον ἤδη μεσημβρίας ἀκμαζούσης καὶ προὔπεμψε μέχρι τινός, φιλοφρονούμενος πάντα: ὁ δὲ Δρύας οὐ παρέργως ἀκούσας τὸν ὕστερον λόγον τοῦ Λάμωνος ἐφρόντιζε βαδίζων καθ’ αὐτὸν ὅστις ὁ Δάφνις. “Ἐτράφη μὲν ὑπ’ αἰγὸς ὥς κηδομένων θεῶν: ἔστι δὲ καλὸς καὶ οὐδὲν εὐκῶς σιμῶ γέροντι καὶ μαδῶσῃ γυναικί: εὐπόρησε δὲ καὶ τρισχιλίων, ὅσον οὐδὲ ἀχράδων εἰκὸς ἔχειν αἰπόλον. Ἄρα καὶ τοῦτον ἐξέθηκέ τις ὥς Χλόην; Ἄρα καὶ τοῦτον εὗρε Λάμων ὥς ἐκείνην ἐγώ; Ἄρα καὶ γνωρίσματα ὅμοια παρέκεito τοῖς εὐρεθεῖσιν ὑπ’ ἐμοῦ; Ἐὰν ταῦτα οὕτως, ὦ

δέσποτα Πάν καὶ Νύμφαι φίλαι, τάχα οὗτος τοὺς ἰδίους εὐρὼν εὐρήσει τι καὶ τῶν Χλόης ἀπορρήτων.’ Τοιαῦτα μὲν πρὸς αὐτὸν ἐφρόντιζε καὶ ὠνειροπόλει μέχρι τῆς ἄλω: ἐλθὼν δὲ ἐκεῖ καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν μετέωρον πρὸς τὴν ἀκοὴν καταλαβὼν ἀνέρωσέ τε γαμβρὸν προσαγορεύσας καὶ τῷ μετοπώρῳ τοὺς γάμους θύσειν ἐπαγγέλλεται, δεξιάν τε ἔδωκεν ὥς οὐδενὸς ἐσομένης ὅτι μὴ Δάφνιδος Χλόης.

3.32 Dryas, who had listened attentively to Lamon’s last words, began to think, as he was walking along, who this Daphnis might be: “He was reared by a goat, as if the Gods watched over him: he is fair to look upon, and in no way resembles this snub-nosed old man or his bald-headed wife. He has been able to lay his hands upon three thousand drachmas, a larger sum than a man in his position could make out of pears. Was he exposed by some one, like Chloe? did Lamon find him, as I found her? were any tokens found with him, like those I found with Chloe? If this be so, O Pan and you, dear Nymphs, perhaps Daphnis will one day find his parents and find out the mystery attached to Chloe.”

Thus reflecting and dreaming, Dryas went on until he reached the threshing floor, where he found Daphnis eagerly waiting to hear what news he had brought. He cheered him, called him his son-in-law, promised that the marriage should take place in the autumn, and pledged him his word that Chloe should never marry anyone but Daphnis.

Θᾶπτον οὖν νοήματος, μηδὲν πίων μηδὲ φαγὼν παρὰ τὴν Χλόην κατέδραμε: καὶ εὐρὼν αὐτὴν ἀμέλγουσαν καὶ τυροποιοῦσαν, τὸν τε γάμον εὐηγγελίζετο καὶ ὥς γυναῖκα λοιπὸν μὴ λανθάνων κατεφίλει καὶ ἐκοινώνει τοῦ πόνου. Ἥμελγε μὲν εἰς γαυλοὺς τὸ γάλα, ἐνεπήγνυ δὲ ταρσοῖς τοὺς τυρούς, προσέβαλλε δὲ ταῖς μητράσι τοὺς ἄρνας καὶ τοὺς ἐρίφους. Καλῶς δὲ ἐχόντων τούτων ἀπελούσαντο, ἐνέφαγον, ἔπιον, περιήεσαν ζητοῦντες ὁπώραν ἀκμάζουσαν. Ἦν δὲ ἀφθονία πολλὴ διὰ τὸ τῆς ὥρας πάμπορον: πολλαὶ μὲν ἀχράδες, πολλαὶ δὲ ὄχαι, πολλὰ δὲ μῆλα: τὰ μὲν ἤδη πεπτωκότα κάτω, τὰ δὲ ἔτι ἐπὶ τῶν φυτῶν: τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς εὐωδέστερα, τὰ ἐπὶ τῶν κλάδων εὐανθέστερα: τὰ μὲν οἶον οἶνος ἀπῶζε, τὰ δὲ οἶον χρυσὸς ἀπέλαμπε. Μία μὴλέα ἐτετρύγητο καὶ οὔτε καρπὸν εἶχεν οὔτε φύλλον: γυμνοὶ πάντες ἦσαν οἱ κλάδοι: καὶ ἔν μῆλον ἐλέλειπτο ἐν αὐτοῖς ἄκροις ἀκρότατον, μέγα καὶ καλὸν καὶ τῶν πολλῶν τὴν εὐωδίαν ἐνίκα μόνον: ἔδεισεν ὁ τρυγῶν ἀνελθεῖν, ἠμέλησε καθελεῖν: τάχα δὲ καὶ ἐφύλαττε τὸ καλὸν μῆλον ἐρωτικῶ ποιμένι.

3.33 Daphnis, then, quicker than thought, without tasting food or drink, ran straight to Chloe, whom he found milking the cows and making cheese. He told her the good news of their approaching marriage, and kissed her, openly and without concealment, as his betrothed, and assisted her in all her tasks. He drew the milk into the pails, curdled the cheeses in the crates, and put the lambs and kids under their mothers. When all this was done, they washed themselves, ate and drank, and went in search of ripe fruit, of which they found abundance, since it was the fruitful season of the year-wild and garden

pears and apples, some fallen on the ground, and others still on the trees. Those on the ground were more fragrant, and smelt like wine: those on the trees were fresher, and glittered like gold. There was one apple-tree, the fruit of which had already been plucked, and which was stripped of its fruit and leaves. All its branches were bare, and only a single apple remained on the topmost bough, fine and large, more fragrant than all the rest. He who had plucked the others had not ventured to climb so high, or had forgotten to take it: or it may be that so fine an apple was reserved for a love-sick shepherd.

Τοῦτο τὸ μῆλον ὥς εἶδεν ὁ Δάφνις, ὥρμα τρυγᾶν ἀνελθὼν καὶ Χλόης κωλοῦσης ἡμέλησεν: ἡ μὲν ἀμεληθεῖσα, ὀργισθεῖσα πρὸς τὰς ἀγέλας ἀπῆλθε: Δάφνις δὲ ἀναδραμὼν ἐφίκετο τρυγῆσαι καὶ ἐκόμισε δῶρον Χλόῃ καὶ λόγον τοιόνδ' εἶπεν ὠργισμένη 'ὦ παρθένε, τοῦτο τὸ μῆλον ἔφυσαν ἽΩραι καλαὶ καὶ φυτὸν καλὸν ἔθρεψε πεπαίνοντος ἡλίου, καὶ ἐτήρησε Τύχη. Καὶ οὐκ ἔμελλον αὐτὸ καταλιπεῖν ὀφθαλμοὺς ἔχων, ἵνα πέσῃ χαμαὶ καὶ ἡ ποιμνιον αὐτὸ πατήσῃ νεμόμενον ἢ ἐρπετὸν φαρμάξῃ συρόμενον ἢ χρόνος δαπανήσῃ κείμενον. Βλεπόμενον ἐπαινούμενον. Τοῦτο Ἀφροδίτῃ κάλλους ἔλαβεν ἄθλον: τοῦτο ἐγὼ σοὶ δίδωμι νικητήριον. Ὅμοίως ἔχομεν τοὺς σοὺς μάρτυρας: ἐκεῖνος ἦν ποιμὴν, αἰπόλος ἐγώ.' Ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐντίθησι τοῖς κόλποις: ἡ δὲ ἐγγὺς γενόμενον κατεφύλησεν, ὥστε ὁ Δάφνις οὐ μετέγνω τολμήσας ἀνελθεῖν εἰς τοσοῦτον ὕψος: ἔλαβε γὰρ κρεῖττον καὶ χρυσοῦ μῆλου φύλημα.

3.34 When Daphnis saw this apple, he was eager to climb and pluck it, and, when Chloe tried to prevent him, he paid no heed to her, and she went off to her flocks. Then Daphnis climbed the tree, reached and plucked the apple, and took it to Chloe. Seeing that she was annoyed, he said: "Dear Chloe, the beautiful seasons have made this apple to grow, a beautiful tree has nourished it, the sun has ripened it, and chance has preserved it. I should have been blind not to see it, and foolish to leave it there, to fall to the ground and be trodden under foot by a grazing herd or poisoned by some creeping serpent, or to be consumed by time, though admired by all who saw it. Aphrodite was presented with an apple as the prize of beauty: I present this to you as the meed of victory. You are as beautiful as Aphrodite: your judges are alike: Paris was a shepherd, I am a goatherd." With these words, he placed the apple in Chloe's bosom, and, when he drew near, she kissed him, so that he did not regret that he had been bold enough to climb so high, for he was rewarded with a kiss that he valued above the golden apples of the Hesperides.

BOOK IV.

Ἦκων δέ τις ἐκ τῆς Μυτιλήνης ὁμόδουλος τοῦ Λάμωνος ἡγγεilen ὅτι ὀλίγον πρὸ τοῦ τρυγητοῦ ὁ δεσπότης ἀφίξεται μαθησόμενος μὴ τι τοὺς ἀγροὺς ὁ τῶν Μηθυμναίων ἐπίπλους ἐλυμήνατο. Ἦδη οὖν τοῦ θέρου ἀπionτος καὶ τοῦ μετοπώρου προσiόντος παρεσκεύαζεν αὐτῷ τὴν καταγωγὴν ὁ Λάμων εἰς πᾶσαν θέας ἡδονήν. Πηγὰς ἐξεκάθαιρεν, ὥς τὸ ὕδωρ καθαρὸν ἔχοιεν: τὴν κόπρον ἐξεφόρει τῆς αὐλῆς, ὥς ἀπόζουσα μὴ διοχλοίη: τὸν παράδεισον ἐθεράπευεν, ὥς ὀφθεῖη καλός.

4.1 Meanwhile, one of Lamon's fellow servants arrived from Mitylene and informed him that their master would visit his estate a little before the vintage, to see whether the inroad of the Methymnaeans had done any damage. As the summer was nearly over, and autumn was close at hand, Lamon made preparations to receive his master, and put his house and garden in order, that he might find everything pleasant to look upon. He cleaned the fountains, that the water might be bright and pure, removed the dung from the yard, that he might not be annoyed by the smell, and put the grounds in order, that they might look as pleasant as possible.

Ἦν δὲ ὁ παράδεισος πάγκαλόν τι χρῆμα καὶ κατὰ τοὺς βασιλικούς. Ἐξετέτατο μὲν εἰς σταδίου μήκος, ἐπέκειτο δὲ ἐν χώρῳ μετεώρῳ, τὸ εὖρος ἔχων πλέθρων τεττάρων. Εἶκασεν ἄν τις αὐτὸν πεδίῳ μακρῷ. Εἶχε δὲ πάντα δένδρα, μηλέας, μυρρίνας, ὄχνας καὶ ροιάς καὶ συκῆν καὶ ἐλαίας: ἐτέρωθι ἄμπελον ὑψηλήν: καὶ ἐπέκειτο ταῖς μηλέαις καὶ ταῖς ὄχναις περκάζουσα, καθάπερ περὶ τοῦ καρποῦ αὐταῖς προσερίζουσα. Τοσαῦτα τὰ ἡμέρα. Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ κυπάριττοι καὶ δάφναι καὶ πλάτανοι καὶ πίτυς. Ταύταις πάσαις ἀντὶ τῆς ἀμπέλου κιττὸς ἐπέκειτο: καὶ ὁ κόρυμβος αὐτοῦ μέγας ὢν καὶ μελαινόμενος βότρυν ἐμμεῖτο. Ἐνδον ἦν τὰ καρποφόρα φυτά, καθάπερ φρουρούμενα: ἔξωθεν περιειστῆκει τὰ ἄκαρπα, καθάπερ θριγκὸς χειροποίητος: ταῦτα μέντοι λεπτῆς αἵμασιᾶς περιέθει περίβολος. Ἐτέμνητο καὶ διακέκριτο πάντα καὶ στέλεχος στελέχους ἀφειστήκει, ἐν μετεώρῳ δὲ οἱ κλάδοι συνέπιπτον ἀλλήλοις καὶ ἐπῆλλαττον τὰς κόμας: ἐδόκει μέντοι καὶ ἡ τούτων φύσις εἶναι τέχνη. Ἦσαν καὶ ἀνθῶν πρασιαί, ὧν τὰ μὲν ἔφερεν ἡ γῆ, τὰ δὲ ἐποίει τέχνη: ῥοδωνιά καὶ ὑάκινθοι καὶ κρίνα χειρὸς ἔργα: ἰωνιάς καὶ ναρκίσσους καὶ ἀναγαλλίδας ἔφερεν ἡ γῆ. Σκιά τε ἦν θέρους καὶ ἥρος ἄνθη καὶ μετοπώρου ὀπώρα καὶ κατὰ πᾶσαν ὥραν τρυφή.

4.2 These grounds were very beautiful, like royal parks. They were about a stade in length, situated on high ground, about four plethra in breadth, so that they were rectangular in shape. All kinds of trees were to be found there, apple-trees, myrtles, pear trees, pomegranates, fig-trees, and olives: on one side was a lofty vine, which with its black grapes overspread the apple and pear trees, as if to contend with them in fruitfulness. These were the cultivated trees: but there were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which,

instead of the vine, spread branches of ivy, whose large berries turning black looked like ripe grapes. The fruit trees were in the centre of the garden, as if for better protection: those that did not bear fruit stood round them like an artificial fence, and the whole was shut in by a little wall. Everything was admirably arranged and distributed: the trunks of the trees were kept apart, but, overhead, the branches were so intertwined that what was due to Nature seemed to be the work of art. There were also beds of flowers, some growing wild, others cultivated roses, hyacinths, and lilies that had been planted: violets, narcissuses, and pimpernel, which grew wild. There was shade in summer, flowers in spring, grapes in autumn, and fruit in every season of the year.

Ἐντεῦθεν εὖοπτον μὲν ἦν τὸ πεδίον καὶ ἦν ὁρᾶν τοὺς νέμοντας, εὖοπτος δ' ἡ θάλαττα καὶ ἑωρῶντο οἱ παραπλέοντες: ὥστε καὶ ταῦτα μέρος ἐγένετο τῆς ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ τρυφῆς. Ἵνα τοῦ παραδείσου τὸ μεσαιτατον ἐπὶ μῆκος καὶ εὖρος ἦν, νεὼς Διονύσου καὶ βωμὸς ἦν: περιεῖχε τὸν μὲν βωμὸν κιττός, τὸν νεῶν δὲ κλήματα. Εἶχε δὲ καὶ ἔνδοθεν ὁ νεὼς Διονυσιακὰς γραφάς: Σεμέλην τίκτουςαν, Ἀριάδην καθεύδουσαν, Λυκοῦργον δεδεμένον, Πενθέα διαιρούμενον: ἐπῆσαν καὶ Ἴνδοι νικῶμενοι καὶ Τυρρηνοὶ μεταμορφούμενοι: πανταχοῦ Σάτυροι πατοῦντες, πανταχοῦ Βάκχαι χορεύουσαι: οὐδὲ ὁ Πᾶν ἡμέλητο: ἐκαθέζετο δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς συρίττων ἐπὶ πέτρας, ὅμοιος ἐνδιδόντι κοινὸν μέλος καὶ τοῖς πατοῦσι καὶ ταῖς χορευούσαις.

43 From this spot the plain could be seen, with the shepherds feeding their flocks; also the sea, and the vessels passing along, which added enjoyment to this delightful spot. In the very centre of the garden, there was a temple and altar of Dionysus, the latter covered with ivy, the former with vine branches. Within the temple were pictures representing incidents in the life of the God: Semele brought to bed, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, Pentheus being torn to pieces, conquered Indians, Tyrrhenians changed into dolphins, and everywhere Satyrs and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan forgotten: he was seated on a rock, playing upon his pipe, so that he seemed to be playing the same air both for those who were treading the wine-press and for the Bacchantes who were dancing.

Τοιοῦτον ὄντα τὸν παράδεισον ὁ Λάμων ἐθεράπευε, τὰ ξηρὰ ἀποτέμνων, τὰ κλήματα ἀναλαμβάνων. Τὸν Διόνυσον ἐστεφάνωσε: τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ὕδωρ ἐπωχέτευσε. Πηγή τις ἦν, ἣν εὗρεν ἐς τὰ ἄνθη Δάφνης: ἐσχόλαζε μὲν τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ἡ πηγή, Δάφνιδος δὲ ὅμως ἐκαλεῖτο πηγή. Παρεκελεύετο δὲ καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι ὁ Λάμων παιίνειν τὰς αἴγας ὡς δυνατόν μάλιστα, πάντως που κάκεινας λέγων ὄψεσθαι τὸν δεσπότην ἀφικόμενον διὰ μακροῦ. Ὁ δὲ ἐθάρρει μὲν ὡς ἐπαινεθισόμενος ἐπ' αὐταῖς: διπλασίονάς τε γὰρ ὢν ἔλαβεν ἐποίησε καὶ λύκος οὐδὲ μίαν ἥρπασε, καὶ ἦσαν πότεραι τῶν οἰῶν: βουλόμενος δὲ προθυμότερον αὐτὸν γενέσθαι πρὸς τὸν γάμον πᾶσαν θεραπείαν καὶ προθυμίαν προσέφερεν, ἐξάγων τε αὐτὰς πάνυ ἔωθεν καὶ ἀπάγων τὸ δειλινόν. Δις ἡγεῖτο ἐπὶ πότον: ἀνεξίτηι τὰ εὐνομώτατα τῶν χωρίων: ἐμέλησεν αὐτῷ

καὶ σκαφίδων καινῶν καὶ γαυλῶν πολλῶν καὶ ταρσῶν μειζόνων: τοσαύτη δὲ ἦν κηδεμονία, ὥστε καὶ τὰ κέρατα ἤλειφε καὶ τὰς τρίχας ἐθεράπευε. Πανὸς ἂν τις ἱερὰν ἀγέλην ἔδοξεν ὀρᾶν. Ἑκοινώνει δὲ παντὸς εἰς αὐτὰς καμάτου καὶ ἡ Χλόη, καὶ τῆς ποιίμνης παραμελοῦσα τὸ πλεόν ἐκείναις ἐσχόλαζεν, ὥστε ἐνόμιζεν ὁ Δάφνις δι' ἐκείνην αὐτὰς φαίνεσθαι καλὰς.

4.4 Such were the grounds to which Lamon devoted all his attention, lopping off the dry leaves and tying up the vine-branches. He placed a garland of flowers upon the head of Dionysus, and conveyed water to the flower-beds from a spring which had been discovered by Daphnis, and was hence called "Daphnis's spring." Lamon also advised Daphnis to get his goats into as good condition as possible, as his master would want to inspect them, since he had not visited his estate for so long a time. Daphnis had no fear of not being praised for the condition of his flock: he had doubled their number, not one of them had been carried off by wolves, and they were fatter than the sheep. But, as he was eager to do everything to obtain his master's approval of his marriage, he spared no pains to make them sleek and fat, driving them out to pasture in the early morning, and not driving them home until late in the evening. He took them twice to drink, and carefully sought for the places where there was the best pasturage. He also took care that there were new drinking vessels, plenty of milk-pails, and larger cheese-vats. He was so particular that he even anointed their horns, and combed their hair: you would have thought you were looking upon Pan's sacred flock. Chloe also assisted him in his labours, and, neglecting her sheep, devoted the greater part of her time to the goats: so that Daphnis declared that it was owing to her that they looked in such good condition.

Ἐν τούτοις οὖσιν αὐτοῖς δεῦτερος ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν ἐξ ἄστεος ἐκέλευεν ἀποτρυγᾶν τὰς ἀμπέλους ὅτι τάχιστα, καὶ αὐτὸς ἔφη παραμενεῖν ἔστ' ἂν τοὺς βότρυς ποιήσωσι γλεῦκος, εἴτα οὕτως κατελθὼν εἰς τὴν πόλιν ἄξειν τὸν δεσπότην ἥδη τῆς μετοπωρινῆς τρύγης. Τοῦτόν τε οὖν τὸν Εὐδρομον οὕτω γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο, ὅτι ἦν αὐτῷ ἔργον τρέχειν ἐδεξιοῦντο πᾶσαν δεξίωσιν καὶ ἅμα τὰς ἀμπέλους ἀπετρύγων, τοὺς βότρυς ἐς τὰς ληνοὺς κομίζοντες, τὸ γλεῦκος εἰς τοὺς πίθους φέροντες, τῶν βοτρώων τοὺς ἡβῶντας ἐπὶ κλημάτων ἀφαιροῦντες, ὡς εἶη καὶ τοῖς ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐλθοῦσιν ἐν εἰκόνι καὶ ἡδονῇ γενέσθαι τρυγητοῦ.

4.5 While they were thus engaged, a second messenger arrived from the city, bidding them gather the grapes as speedily as possible; since he had been ordered to stay until the new wine was made, when he was to return to the city to fetch his master in time for the autumn vintage. They gave Eudromus (so was the slave called, because he acted as his master's courier) a hearty reception, stripped the vines, pressed the grapes, put the new wine into casks, and cut off a number of branches with the grapes still unpicked, so that those who came from the city might have an idea of the delights of the vintage and might think that they had taken part in them.

Μέλλοντος δὲ ἤδη σοβεῖν ἐς ἄστὺ τοῦ Εὐδρόμου καὶ ἄλλα μὲν οὐκ ὀλίγα αὐτῷ Δάφνις ἔδωκεν, ἔδωκε δὲ καὶ ὅσα ἀπ' αἰπολίου δῶρα, τυροὺς εὐπαγεῖς, ἔριφον ὀψίγονον, δέρμα αἰγὸς λευκὸν καὶ λάσιον, ὥς ἔχοι χειμῶνος ἐπιβάλλεσθαι τρέχων. Ὁ δὲ ἤδετο καὶ ἐφίλει τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ ἀγαθόν τι εἶναι περὶ αὐτοῦ πρὸς τὸν δεσπότην ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ ὁ μὲν ἀπῆει φίλα φρονῶν, ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἀγωνιῶν τῇ Χλόῃ συνένεμεν. Εἶχε δὲ κάκεινὴν πολὺ δέος: μενιάκιον γὰρ εἰωθὸς αἶγας βλέπειν καὶ οἷς καὶ γεωργοὺς καὶ Χλόην πρῶτον ἔμελλεν ὄψεσθαι δεσπότην, οὗ πρότερον μόνον ἤκουε τοῦνομα. Ὑπὲρ τε οὖν τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἐφρόντιζεν, ὅπως ἐντεύξεται τῷ δεσπότηι καὶ περὶ τοῦ γάμου τὴν ψυχὴν ἐταράττετο, μὴ μάτην ὀνειροπολοῦσιν αὐτόν. Συνεχῇ μὲν οὖν τὰ φιλήματα καὶ ὥσπερ συμπεφυκότων αἱ περιβολαί: καὶ τὰ φιλήματα δειλὰ ἦν καὶ αἱ περιβολαὶ σκυθρωπαί, καθάπερ ἤδη παρόντα τὸν δεσπότην φοβουμένων ἢ λανθανόντων. Προσγίνεται δὲ τις αὐτοῖς καὶ τοιόσδε τάραχος.

4.6 When Eudromus was ready to hurry back to the city, Daphnis gave him several presents, such as a goatherd might have been expected to give some well-made cheeses, a young kid, and the shaggy skin of a white goat, to wear during the winter when he was running messages. Eudromus was highly pleased, kissed Daphnis, and promised to say everything in his favour to his master. Then he departed, full of kindly feelings: but Daphnis, full of anxiety, remained with Chloe in the fields. She felt equally timid, when she remembered that Daphnis, a youth who had never seen anything but goats, mountains, husbandmen, and herself, was now for the first time to see his master, whom he had hitherto only known by name. She was very anxious to know how Daphnis would address his master, and was greatly disturbed in mind regarding their marriage, for fear it might prove an idle dream. They kissed each other over and over again, and embraced tenderly: but their kisses were mingled with apprehension and their embraces were tinged with sadness, as if their master were already present, and they were afraid of him or were obliged to keep their love a secret. While they were in this distress, the following trouble came upon them.

Λάμπις τις ἦν ἀγέρωχος βουκόλος. Οὗτος καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμνᾶτο τὴν Χλόην παρὰ τοῦ Δρύαντος καὶ δῶρα ἤδη πολλὰ ἐδεδώκει σπεύδων τὸν γάμον. Αἰσθόμενος οὖν ὥς, εἰ συγχωρηθεῖ παρὰ τοῦ δεσπότη, Δάφνις αὐτὴν ἄξει, τέχνην ἐξῆτει, δι' ἧς τὸν δεσπότην αὐτοῖς ποιήσει πικρόν: καὶ εἰδὼς πάννυ αὐτόν τῷ παραδείσῳ τερπόμενον, ἔγνω τοῦτον ὅσον οἶός τέ ἐστι διαφθεῖραι καὶ ἀποκοσμησαί. Δένδρα μὲν οὖν τέμνων ἔμελλεν ἀλώσεσθαι διὰ τὸν κτύπον: ἐπέιχε δὲ τοῖς ἄνθεσιν, ὥστε διαφθεῖραι αὐτά. Νύκτα δὲ φυλάξας καὶ ὑπερβάς τὴν αἵμασιάν τὰ μὲν ἀνώρυξε, τὰ δὲ κατέκλασε, τὰ δὲ κατεπάτησεν ὥσπερ σῦς. Καὶ ὁ μὲν λαθὼν ἀπεληλύθει: Λάμων δὲ τῆς ἐπιούσης παρελθὼν εἰς τὸν κήπον ἔμελλεν ὕδωρ αὐτοῖς ἐκ τῆς πηγῆς ἐπάξειν. Ἰδὼν δὲ πᾶν τὸ χωρίον δεδηωμένον καὶ ἔργον οἶον ἂν ἐχθρός, οὐ ληστῆς ἐργάσαιτο, κατερρήξατο μὲν εὐθύς τὸν χιτωνίσκον, βοῇ δὲ μεγάλῃ θεοῦς ἀνεκάλει, ὥστε καὶ ἡ Μυρτάλη τὰ ἐν χερσὶ καταλιποῦσα ἐξέδραμε καὶ ὁ

Δάφνις ἐάσας τὰς αἴγας ἀνέδραμε: καὶ ἰδόντες ἐβόων καὶ βοῶντες ἐδάκρυον.

4.7 In the neighbourhood there lived a cowherd named Lampis, a man of insolent and overweening disposition. He too sought Chloe's hand from Dryas, and had already given him several presents to further his suit. Seeing that, if his master's consent were obtained, Daphnis would marry her, he cast about for the means of embittering the master against the young couple. Knowing that he took great pride in his garden, he determined to spoil and rob it of its beauty. Since, if he cut down the trees, he might be betrayed by the noise, he determined to devote his energies to destroying the flowers. He waited until it was night, climbed over the low wall, pulled up, broke off, and trod down the flowers like a wild boar, and then withdrew without having been seen by anybody. The next morning, Lamon went into the garden to water the flowers from his spring; and, when he saw the whole place thus ravaged, at the sight of this desolation, which was clearly the work of an enemy rather than of a robber, he immediately rent his cloak, and invoked the Gods with loud cries. Myrtale at once threw down what she had in her hands and ran out: Daphnis, who was driving out his goats, turned back: and when they saw what had happened they cried aloud and burst into tears.

Ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν πτοοῦμενοι τὸν δεσπότην ἔκλαον: ἔκλαυσε δ' ἄν τις καὶ ξένος ἐπιστάς: ἀπεκεκόσμητο γὰρ ὁ τόπος καὶ ἦν λοιπὸν γῇ πηλώδῃς. Τῶν δὲ εἴ τι διέφυγε τὴν ὕβριν, ὑπὴνθει καὶ ἔλαμπε καὶ ἦν ἔτι καλὸν καὶ κείμενον. Ἐπέκειντο δὲ αὐτοῖς καὶ μέλιτται συνεχῆς καὶ ἄπαυστον βομβοῦσαι καὶ θρηνοῦσαι ὅμοιον. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Λάμων ὑπ' ἐκπλήξεως κάκεινα ἔλεγε 'Φεῦ τῆς ῥοδωνιάς, ὡς κατακέκλασαι: φεῦ τῆς ἰωνιάς, ὡς πεπάτηται: φεῦ τῶν ὑακίνθων καὶ τῶν ναρκίσσων, οὓς ἀνώρυξέ τις πονηρὸς ἄνθρωπος. Ἀφίξεται τὸ ἦρ, τὰ δὲ οὐκ ἀνθήσει: ἔσται τὸ θέρος, τὰ δὲ οὐκ ἀκμάσει: τὸ μετόπωρον, τὰ δὲ οὐδένα στεφανώσει. Οὐδὲ σύ, δέσποτα Διόνυσε, τὰ ἄθλια ταῦτα ἠλέησας ἄνθι, οἷς παρῶκεις, ἃ ἐβλεπες, ἀφ' ὧν ἐστεφάνωσά σε πολλάκις; Πῶς δεῖξω νῦν τὸν παράδεισον τῷ δεσπότη; Τίς ἐκεῖνος θεασάμενος ἔσται; Κρεμῶ γέροντα ἄνθρωπον ἐκ μιᾶς πίτυος ὡς Μαρσύαν: τάχα δὲ καὶ Δάφνιν, ὡς τῶν αἰγῶν ταῦτα εἰργασμένων.'

4.8 It was idle (?) to lament the loss of the flowers, but the fear of their master made them weep. Even a stranger would have wept at the sight: the whole place was in disorder, and nothing could be seen but upturned earth and mud. If by chance some flower had escaped the general destruction, it still looked gay and bright, and retained its former beauty, although lying on the ground. Swarms of bees hovered round, humming incessantly, as if they too lamented what had happened. Lamon cried out in his consternation: "Alas! my rose trees, how they are broken! Alas! my violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! my hyacinths and narcissuses, which the hand of some wretch has uprooted! The spring will return, but they will blossom no more: the summer will come, but they will not bloom: autumn will come again, but they will not deck anyone's head. And you, my lord Dionysus, had you no

pity for these unhappy flowers, near which you dwelt, with which I have often crowned your brows? How can I show the garden to my master? What will he think when he sees it? He will hang the old man on a pine tree, like Marsyas: and perhaps Daphnis as well, thinking that his goats have done this damage.”

Δάκρυα ἦν ἐπὶ τούτοις θερμότερα, καὶ ἐθρήνουν τὰ ἄνθη λοιπόν, ἀλλὰ τὰς αὐτῶν συμφοράς. Ἐθρήνει καὶ Χλόη Δάφνιν εἰ κρεμήσεται καὶ εὖχετο μηκέτι ἔλθειν τὸν δεσπότην αὐτῶν καὶ ἡμέρας διήντλει μοχθηράς, ὥς ἤδη Δάφνιν βλέπουσα μαστιγούμενον. Καὶ δὴ νυκτὸς ἀρχομένης ὁ Εὐδρομος αὐτοῖς ἀπήγγελλεν ὅτι ὁ μὲν πρεσβύτερος δεσπότης μεθ' ἡμέρας ἀφίξεται τρεῖς, ὁ δὲ παῖς αὐτοῦ τῆς ἐπιούσης πρόσεισι. Σκέψις οὖν ἡ περὶ τῶν συμβεβηκότων καὶ κοινῶν εἰς τὴν γνώμην τὸν Εὐδρομον παρελαμβάνον· ὁ δὲ εὖνους ὢν τῷ Δάφνιδι παρήγει τὸ συμβὰν ὁμολογῆσαι πρότερον τῷ νέῳ δεσπότῃ καὶ αὐτὸς συμπράξειν ἐπηγγέλλετο, τιμώμενος ὥς ὁμογάλακτος· καὶ ἡμέρας γενομένης οὕτως ἐποίησαν.

4.9 At these words, they wept even more bitterly, not so much on account of the flowers as for themselves. Chloe was bitterly distressed, at the thought that Daphnis would be hung: she prayed that their master might not come, and passed her days in bitterness, thinking that she already saw Daphnis under the lash. One evening, Eudromus came to inform them that the master himself would not arrive for three days, but that his son would be there on the morrow. They accordingly thought over what had happened, and took Eudromus into their confidence. He, being well disposed towards Daphnis, advised him to tell everything to their young master beforehand, promising to do his best for them, since he possessed some influence with him, being his foster-brother. When the day came, they did as he had advised them.

Ἦκε μὲν ὁ Ἀστύλος ἐπὶ ἵππου καὶ παράσιτος αὐτοῦ, καὶ οὗτος ἐπὶ ἵππου· ὁ μὲν ἀρτιγένειος, ὁ δὲ Γνάθων· τούτῳ γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο τὸν πώγωνα ξυρῶμενος πάλαι· ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἅμα τῇ Μυρτάλῃ καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν αὐτοῦ καταπεσὼν ἰκέτευεν οἰκτεῖραι γέροντα ἀτυχῇ καὶ πατρῴας ὀργῆς ἐξαρπάσαι τὸν οὐδὲν ἀδικήσαντα, ἅμα τε αὐτῷ καταλέγει πάντα. Οἰκτεῖρει τὴν ἱκεσίαν ὁ Ἀστύλος καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν παράδεισον ἐλθὼν καὶ τὴν ἀπώλειαν τῶν ἀνθέων ἰδὼν αὐτὸς ἔφη παραιτήσεσθαι τὸν πατέρα καὶ κατηγορήσειν τῶν ἵππων, ὥς ἐκεῖ δεθέντες ἐξύβρισαν καὶ τὰ μὲν κατέκλασαν, τὰ δὲ κατεπάτησαν, τὰ δὲ ἀνώρυζαν λυθέντες. Ἐπὶ τούτοις εὖχοντο μὲν αὐτῷ πάντα τὰ ἀγαθὰ Λάμων καὶ Μυρτάλῃ· Δάφνις δὲ δῶρα προσεκόμισεν ἐρίφους, τυρούς, ὄρνιθας καὶ τὰ ἔκγονα αὐτῶν, βότρυς ἐπὶ κλημάτων, μῆλα ἐπὶ κλάδων. Ἦν ἐν τοῖς δώροις καὶ ἀνθοσμίας οἶνος Λέσβιος, ποθῆναι κάλλιστος οἶνος.

4.10 Astylus arrived on horseback, accompanied by his parasite, also on horseback. Astylus's beard was only just beginning to grow, but Gnatho's (so was the parasite named) had long been familiar with the razor. Lamon, together with Daphnis and Myrtale, fell at his feet and besought him to have compassion upon an unfortunate old man, and to save from his father's wrath one who had committed no offence: and at the same time he told him all that

had occurred. Astylus was moved to pity by his supplication: he went to the garden, inspected the damage done to the flowers, promised to make his father relent, and undertook to lay the blame upon his own horses, and to say that they had been fastened up in the garden, but, having become frisky, had broken loose, and trampled down, trodden under foot, and uprooted the flowers. Lamon and Myrtale wished him all prosperity in return for his kindness: and Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, grapes still on the vine-branches, and apples on the boughs: to these he added some fragrant Lesbian wine, most delightful to drink.

Ὁ μὲν δὴ Ἀστύλος ἐπῆναι ταῦτα καὶ περὶ θήραν εἶχε λαγῶν, οἷα πλούσιος νεανίσκος καὶ τρυφῶν ἀεὶ καὶ ἀφιγμένος εἰς τὸν ἀγρὸν εἰς ἀπόλυσιν ξένης ἡδονῆς. Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων, οἷα μαθὼν ἐσθίειν ἄνθρωπος καὶ πίνειν εἰς μέθην καὶ λαγνεύειν μετὰ τὴν μέθην καὶ οὐδὲν ἄλλο ὢν ἢ γνάθος καὶ γαστήρ καὶ τὰ ὑπὸ γαστέρα, οὐ παρέργως εἶδε τὸν Δάφνιν τὰ δῶρα κομίσαντα, ἀλλὰ καὶ φύσει παιδεραστῆς ὢν καὶ κάλλος οἶον οὐδὲ ἐπὶ τῆς πόλεως εὐρών, ἐπιθέσθαι ἔγνω τῷ Δάφνιδι καὶ πείσειν ᾧτο ῥαδίως ὥς αἰπόλον. Γνοὺς δὲ ταῦτα θήρας μὲν οὐκ ἐκοινώνει τῷ Ἀστύλῳ, κατιῶν δὲ ἵνα ἔνεμεν ὁ Δάφνις, λόγῳ μὲν τῶν αἰγῶν, τὸ δὲ ἀληθὲς Δάφνιδος ἐγένετο θεατῆς: μαλθαῶν δὲ αὐτὸν τάς τε αἴγας ἐπῆναι καὶ συρίσαι τὸ αἰπολικὸν ἤξιωσε καὶ ἔφη ταχέως ἐλεύθερον θῆσειν τὸ πᾶν δυνάμενος.

4.11 Astylus, having expressed his satisfaction, went to hunt the hares, like a wealthy young man who had nothing to do but amuse himself, and was visiting the country in search of some fresh diversion. Gnatho, who knew nothing except how to eat till he could eat no more, and to drink till he was drunk, and was all throat and belly and lust, had carefully observed Daphnis when he brought the presents to Astylus. Being naturally fond of boys, and finding Daphnis handsomer than any of the youths in the city, he resolved to make advances to him, thinking that he would find no difficulty in seducing a simple goatherd. Having made up his mind to this, instead of accompanying Astylus to the chase, he went down to the place where Daphnis was tending his flock, under pretence of looking at the goats, but in reality he had eyes for nothing but Daphnis. In order to coax him, he praised his goats, and begged him to play a pastoral air upon his pipe: then he promised to obtain his freedom for him shortly, saying that he was all-powerful with his master.

Ὡς δὲ εἶχε χειροήθη, νύκτωρ λοχίσας ἐκ τῆς νομῆς ἐλαύνοντα τὰς αἴγας πρῶτον μὲν ἐφίλησε προσδραμών, εἶτα ὀπισθεν παρασχεῖν τοιοῦτον οἶον αἰ αἴγες τοῖς τράγοις. Τοῦ δὲ βραδέως νοήσαντος καὶ λέγοντος, ὥς αἴγας μὲν βαίνειν τράγους καλόν, τράγον δὲ οὐπώποτε εἶδέ τις βαίνοντα τράγον οὐδὲ κριὸν ἀντὶ τῶν οἰῶν κριὸν οὐδὲ ἀλεκτρυόνας ἀντὶ τῶν ἀλεκτορίδων ἀλεκτρυόνας, οἷος ἦν ὁ Γνάθων βιάζεσθαι τὰς χεῖρας προσφέρων: ὁ δὲ μεθύοντα ἄνθρωπον καὶ ἐστῶτα μόλις παρωσάμενος ἐσφηλεν εἰς τὴν γῆν καὶ ὥσπερ σκύλαξ ἀποδραμὼν κείμενον κατέλιπεν ἀνδρός, οὐ παιδὸς πρὸς χειραγωγίαν δεόμενον: καὶ οὐκέτι προσίετο ὅλως, ἀλλ' ἄλλοτε ἄλλη τὰς αἴγας

ἐνεμεν, ἐκείνον μὲν φεύγων, Χλόην δὲ τηρῶν. Οὐδὲ ὁ Γνάθων ἔτι περιειργάζετο, καταμαθὼν ὡς οὐ μόνον καλός, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἰσχυρός ἐστιν: ἐπετήρει δὲ καιρὸν διαλεχθῆναι περὶ αὐτοῦ τῷ Ἀστύλῳ καὶ ἡλπίζε δῶρον αὐτὸν ἔξαι παρὰ τοῦ νεανίσκου πολλὰ καὶ μεγάλα χαρίζεσθαι θέλοντος.

4.12 When Gnatho thought he had won Daphnis's affection, he lay in wait for him one evening as he was driving back his goats from pasture, ran up to him and kissed him. Then he asked him to turn his back to him and let him do to him what the he-goats did to the she-goats. Daphnis was slow to understand, but at last he said to himself that, while it was quite natural for he-goats to mount she-goats, no one had ever seen a he-goat mounting a he-goat, or a ram another ram instead of a sheep, or a cock treading a cock in place of a hen. Meanwhile, Gnatho attempted to lay violent hands upon Daphnis, who dealt him a vigorous blow, which felled him to the ground, since he was already drunk and could hardly stand. After this, Daphnis ran away as swiftly as a fawn, leaving Gnatho on the ground, more in need of the assistance of a man, than of a boy, to help him along. From that time Daphnis shunned him altogether, changing the pasturage of his goats from one place to another, avoiding Gnatho as carefully as he sought Chloe. Nor did Gnatho trouble him any more, when he found that he was not only handsome, but also strong and vigorous. But he watched for an opportunity to speak to Astylus about him, hoping that his young master would make him a present of Daphnis, since he knew that he was ready to grant almost every favour he asked.

Τότε μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἡδυνήθη, προσήει γὰρ ὁ Διονυσοφάνης ἅμα τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ, καὶ ἦν θόρυβος πολλὸς κτηνῶν, οἰκετῶν, ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν: μετὰ δὲ τοῦτο συνέταττε λόγον καὶ ἐρωτικὸν καὶ μακρόν. Ἦν δὲ ὁ Διονυσοφάνης μεσαιπόλιος μὲν ἦδη, μέγας δὲ καὶ καλὸς καὶ μειρακίους ἀμιλλᾶσθαι δυνάμενος: ἀλλὰ καὶ πλούσιος ἐν ὀλίγοις καὶ χρηστὸς ὡς οὐδεὶς ἕτερος. Οὗτος ἐλθὼν τῇ πρώτῃ μὲν ἡμέρᾳ θεοῖς ἔθυσεν, ὅσοι προεστᾶσιν ἀγροικίας, Δήμητρι καὶ Διονύσῳ καὶ Πανὶ καὶ Νύμφαις, καὶ κοινὸν πᾶσι τοῖς παροῦσιν ἔστησε κρατῆρα: ταῖς δὲ ἄλλαις ἡμέραις ἐπεσκόπει τὰ τοῦ Λάμωνος ἔργα. Καὶ ὁρῶν τὰ μὲν πεδία ἐν αὐλακι, τὰς δὲ ἀμπέλους ἐν κλήματι, τὸν δὲ παράδεισον ἐν κάλλει ἔπερι τῶν ἀνθέων Ἀστύλος τὴν αἰτίαν ἀνελάμβανεν ἦδετο περιττῶς καὶ τὸν Λάμωνα ἐπῆνει καὶ ἐλεύθερον θήσειν ἐπηγγέλλετο. Κατήλθε μετὰ ταῦτα καὶ εἰς τὸ αἰπόλιον τὰς τε αἴγας ὀψόμενος καὶ τὸν νέμοντα.

4.13 For the moment he could do nothing: for Dionysophanes had just arrived with Clearista, and nothing was heard but the noise of animals, slaves, men, and women. In the meantime, Gnatho set about composing a long and amorous discourse upon Daphnis. Dionysophanes, whose hairs were already beginning to turn grey, was a tall, handsome man, who need not have shrunk from rivalry with many a young man: in addition to this, he was richer than most men, and none were more virtuous. On the first day of his arrival, he offered sacrifice to all the Gods who preside over husbandry, to Demeter,

Dionysus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and gave a feast to all the household. On the following days, he went to see how Lamon had done his work: and, at the sight of the ploughed fields, the well-kept vines, and the beautiful garden - for Astylus had taken the blame for the damage done to the flowers - he was delighted, congratulated Lamon, and promised him his freedom. After this he went to see the goats and the goatherd.

Χλόη μὲν οὖν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ἔφυγεν, ὄχλον τοσοῦτον αἰδεσθεῖσα καὶ φοβηθεῖσα: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις εἰστήκει δέρμα λάσιον αἰγὸς ἐξωσμένος, πήραν νεορραφῇ κατὰ τῶν ὤμων ἐξηρημένος, κρατῶν ταῖς χερσὶν ἀμφοτέραις τῇ μὲν ἀρτιπαγεῖς τυροῦς, τῇ δὲ ἐρίφους γαλαθινούς. Εἴ ποτε Ἀπόλλων Λαομέδοντι θητεύων ἐβουκόλησε, τοιόσδε ἦν, οἷος τότε ὦφθη Δάφνις. Αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν εἶπεν οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ ἐρυθήματος πλησθεὶς ἔνευσε κάτω, προτείνας τὰ δῶρα: ὁ δὲ Λάμων ‘οὗτος’ εἶπε ‘σοί, δέσποτα, τῶν αἰγῶν αἰπόλος. Σὺ μὲν ἐμοὶ πεντήκοντα νέμειν δέδωκας καὶ δύο τράγους, οὗτος δὲ σοι πεποίηκεν ἑκατὸν καὶ δέκα τράγους. Ὅρᾳς ὡς λιπαραὶ καὶ τὰς τρίχας λάσιαι καὶ τὰ κέρατα ἄθραυστοι. Πεποίηκε δὲ αὐτὰς καὶ μουσικὰς: σύριγγος γοῦν ἀκούουσαι ποιοῦσι πάντα.’

4.14 Chloe immediately ran away into the forest, feeling bashful and afraid of so many visitors: but Daphnis remained where he was, with a shaggy goat skin fastened round him, and a new wallet hanging from his shoulder, holding in one hand some fresh cheeses, and in the other some sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the flocks of Laomedon as a hired servant, he must have looked like Daphnis, who, without saying a word, his face covered with blushes, bowed and presented his gifts.

Then Lamon said: “O master, this is the goatherd: you gave me fifty goats and two he-goats to look after: he has doubled the number of the goats, and increased the he-goats to ten. You see how fat and sleek they are, what long hair they have, and how sound their horns are. He has also taught them to understand music: when they hear the sound of his pipe, they are ready to do anything.”

Παροῦσα δὲ τοῖς λεγομένοις ἡ Κλεαρίστη πείραν ἐπεθύμησε τοῦ λεχθέντος λαβεῖν καὶ κελεύει τὸν Δάφνιν ταῖς αἰξὶν οἷον εἴωθε συρίσαι καὶ ἐπαγγέλλεται συρίσαντι χαριεῖσθαι χιτῶνα καὶ χλαῖναν καὶ ὑποδήματα. Ὁ δὲ καθίσας αὐτοὺς ὥσπερ θέατρον, στὰς ὑπὸ τῇ φηγῶ κακ τῆς πήρας τὴν σύριγγα προκομίσας πρῶτα μὲν ὀλίγον ἐνέπνευσε: καὶ αἱ αἶγες ἔστησαν τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀράμεναι: εἶτα ἐνέπνευσε τὸ νόμιον, καὶ αἱ αἶγες ἐνέμοντο νεύσασαι κάτω: αὐθις λιγυρὸν ἐνέδωκε, καὶ ἄθροα κατεκλίνησαν: ἐσύρισέ τι καὶ ὀξύ μέλος, αἱ δὲ ὥσπερ λύκου προσιόντος εἰς τὴν ὕλην κατέφυγον: μετ’ ὀλίγον ἀνακλητικὸν ἐφθέγγατο, καὶ ἐξελθοῦσαι τῆς ὕλης πλησίον αὐτοῦ τῶν ποδῶν συνέδραμον. Οὐδὲ ἀνθρώπους οἰκέτας εἶδεν ἄν τις οὕτω πειθομένους προστάγματι δεσπότου. Οἱ τε οὖν ἄλλοι πάντες ἐθαύμαζον καὶ πρὸ πάντων ἡ Κλεαρίστη καὶ τὰ δῶρα ἀποδώσειν ὥμοσε καλῶ τε ὄντι αἰπόλῳ καὶ μουσικῷ: καὶ ἀνελθόντες εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν ἀμφὶ ἄριστον εἶχον καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι ἀφ’ ὧν

ἦσθιον ἐπεμψαν.

4.15 Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, was anxious to put it to the proof: she ordered Daphnis to play on his pipe to his goats as he was accustomed to do, and promised to give him a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of shoes for his trouble. Daphnis made them sit down as if they were at the theatre, stood up under the beech tree, took his pipe out of his wallet, and, to commence with, drew from it merely a feeble strain. The goats immediately stood up, and lifted their heads. Then he piped to pasture and the goats began to browse, with their heads towards the ground. He played a clear sweet strain, and they all lay down. He played a shrill air, and they fled towards the forest, as if a wolf was approaching. After a brief interval, he piped a recall, and they came out of the forest, and ran to his feet. They obeyed the notes of the pipe more readily than servants obey their masters' orders.

The visitors were astonished, especially Clearista, who swore to give what she had promised to the gentle goatherd who played so well. Then they returned to the homestead for dinner, and sent Daphnis something from their own table. Daphnis shared the food with Chloe, highly pleased at tasting city cookery, and feeling sanguine of obtaining his master's consent to his marriage.

Ὁ δὲ μετὰ τῆς Χλόης ἦσθιε καὶ ἤδετο γευόμενος ἀστικῆς ὀψαρτυσίας καὶ εὐελπὶς ἦν τεύξεσθαι τοῦ γάμου, πείσας τοὺς δεσπότας. Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων προσεκκαυθεὶς τοῖς κατὰ τὸ αἰπόλιον γεγεννημένοις καὶ ἀβίωτον νομίζων τὸν βίον, εἰ μὴ τεύζεται Δάφνιδος, περιπατοῦντα τὸν Ἀστύλον ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ φυλάξας καὶ ἀναγαγὼν εἰς τὸν τοῦ Διονύσου νεῶν πόδας καὶ χεῖρας κατεφίλει. Τοῦ δὲ πυνθανομένου τίνος ἔνεκα ταῦτα δρᾷ, καὶ λέγειν κελεύοντος καὶ ὑπουργήσῃν ὁμνύοντος, ‘οἶχεται σοι Γνάθων’ ἔφη ‘δέσποτα. Ὁ μέχρι νῦν μόνης τραπέζης τῆς σῆς ἐρῶν, ὁ πρότερον ὁμνὺς ὅτι μηδὲν ἐστὶν ὠραιότερον οἴνου γέροντος, ὁ κρεῖττους τῶν ἐφήβων τῶν ἐν Μυτιλήνῃ τοὺς σοὺς ὀψαρτυτὰς λέγων, μόνον λοιπὸν καλὸν εἶναι Δάφνιν νομίζω. Καὶ τροφῆς μὲν τῆς πολυτελοῦς οὐ γεύομαι, καίτοι τοσοῦτων παρασκευαζομένων ἐκάστης ἡμέρας κρεῶν, ἰχθύων, μελιτωμάτων, ἡδέως δ' αἶν αἷξ γενόμενος πόαν ἐσθίοιμι καὶ φύλλα, τῆς Δάφνιδος ἀκούων σύριγγος καὶ ὑπ' ἐκείνου νεμόμενος. Σὺ δὲ σῶσον Γνάθωνα τὸν σὸν καὶ τὸν ἀήττητον ἔρωτα νίκησον. Εἰ δὲ μή, σὲ ἐπόμνυμι, τὸν ἐμὸν θεόν, ξιφίδιον λαβὼν καὶ ἐμπλήσας τὴν γαστέρα τροφῆς ἐμαυτὸν ἀποκτενῶ πρὸ τῶν Δάφνιδος θυρῶν: σὺ δὲ οὐκέτι καλέσεις Γναθωνάριον, ὥσπερ εἰώθεις παίζων ἀεὶ.’

4.16 Gnatho, inflamed still more by what he had seen of the goatherd, and considering that life would not be endurable if he did not get possession of Daphnis, waited his opportunity until Astylus was walking in the garden: then, leading him up to the temple of Dionysus, he kissed his hands and feet. When Astylus asked what was the meaning of his behaviour, and bade him speak, swearing that he would grant whatever favour he asked, Gnatho replied: “Your poor Gnatho is lost, O master. I who hitherto cared for nothing

but the pleasures of the table, who used to swear that there was nothing more delightful than old wine, who considered your cooks far superior to all the youths of Mitylene - I now think that there is nothing beautiful in the world but Daphnis. I do not so much as taste the most dainty dishes, although so many are prepared each day - meat, fish, and honey-cakes. I should like to be a goat, I should like to eat grass and leaves, listening to his pipe and tended by him. Save Gnatho, I beseech you, and remedy a love that is irremediable. If you do not, I swear to you by my God that I will take a hearty meal, and then stab myself in front of Daphnis's door; and you will never again call me your dear little Gnatho, as you used to do in jest."

Οὐκ ἀντέσχε κλάοντι καὶ αὐθις τοὺς πόδας καταφιλοῦντι νεανίσκος μεγαλόφρων καὶ οὐκ ἄπειρος ἐρωτικῆς λύπης, ἀλλ' αἰτήσιν αὐτὸν παρὰ τοῦ πατρὸς ἐπηγγείλατο καὶ κομεῖν εἰς τὴν πόλιν αὐτῷ μὲν δοῦλον, ἐκείνῳ δὲ ἐρώμενον. Εἰς εὐθυμίαν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ἐκείνον θέλων προαγαγεῖν ἐπυνθάνετο μειδιῶν εἰ οὐκ αἰσχύνεται Λάμωνος υἱὸν φιλῶν, ἀλλὰ καὶ σπουδάζει συγκατακλινῆναι νέμοντι αἴγας μειρακίῳ· καὶ ἅμα ὑπεκρίνετο τὴν τραγικὴν δυσωδίαν μυσάττεσθαι. Ὁ δέ, οἷα πᾶσαν ἐρωτικὴν μυθολογίαν ἐν τοῖς τῶν ἀσώτων συμποσίοις πεπαιδευμένος, οὐκ ἀπὸ σκοποῦ καὶ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ καὶ ὑπὲρ τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἔλεγεν 'οὐδεὶς ταῦτα, δέσποτα, ἐραστὴς πολυπραγμονεῖ· ἀλλ' ἐν οἷῳ ποτε ἂν σώματι εὗρη τὸ κάλλος, ἐάλωκε. Διὰ τοῦτο καὶ φυτοῦ τις ἠράσθη καὶ ποταμοῦ καὶ θηρίου. Καίτοι τίς οὐκ ἂν ἐραστὴν ἠλέησεν, ὃν ἔδει φοβεῖσθαι τὸν ἐρώμενον; Ἐγὼ δὲ σώματος μὲν ἐρῶ δούλου, κάλλους δὲ ἐλευθέρου. Ὅρᾳς ὡς ὑακίνθῳ μὲν τὴν κόμην ὁμοίαν ἔχει, λάμπουσι δὲ ὑπὸ ταῖς ὀφρύσιν οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ καθάπερ ἐν χρυσῇ σφενδόνη ψηφίς; Καὶ τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐρυθίματος μεστόν, τὸ δὲ στόμα λευκῶν ὀδόντων ὥσπερ ἐλέφαντος. Τίς ἐκεῖθεν οὐκ ἂν εὖξαιτο λαβεῖν ἐραστῆς γλυκεὰ φιλήματα; Εἰ δὲ νέμοντος ἠράσθην, θεοὺς ἐμιμησάμην. Βουκόλος ἦν Ἀγχίσσης, καὶ ἔσχεν αὐτὸν Ἀφροδίτη· αἴγας ἔνεμε Βράγχος, καὶ Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸν ἐφίλησε· ποιμὴν ἦν Γανυμήδης, καὶ αὐτὸν ὁ Ζεὺς ἤρπασε. Μὴ καταφρονῶμεν παιδός, ᾧ καὶ αἴγας ὡς ἐρώσας πειθομένης εἶδομεν· ἀλλὰ ὅτι μένειν ἐπὶ γῆς ἐπιτρέπουσι τοιοῦτον κάλλος χάριν ἔχωμεν τοῖς Διὸς ἀετοῖς.'

4.17 When Gnatho began to kiss his feet again, Astylus could no longer resist his entreaties, for he was a generous youth, who had himself felt the pains of love. He promised to ask his father for Daphnis and to take him to the city, nominally as his slave, but really as Gnatho's minion. Then, wishing to cheer him up, he asked him with a smile if he were not ashamed of being in love with Lamon's son, and why he was so anxious to sleep with this young goatherd, at the same time pretending that the smell of goats disgusted him. But Gnatho, like one who had gone through the whole course of erotic lore at the tables of debauchees, replied shrewdly enough in regard to himself and Daphnis:

"No lover troubles himself about such things: in whatever form he finds beauty, he is smitten with it. Men have been known to become enamoured of a

plant, a river, or a wild beast: and yet who would not pity a lover who has to fear what he loves? No doubt the form that I love is that of a slave, but its beauty is free. Do you see how like his hair is to the hyacinth, how his eyes glitter beneath his brows, like a jewel in a setting of gold? His face is ruddy, his teeth are white as ivory. Who would not long for a tender kiss from his lips? In loving a goatherd, I am but following the example of the Gods. Anchises was a cowherd, and Aphrodite possessed him: Branchius tended goats, and Apollo loved him: Ganymede was a shepherd, and Zeus carried him up to heaven. Let us not despise a lad, whose goats we see obey him, as if even they were enamoured of him: let us rather thank the eagles of Zeus for allowing such beauty to remain upon the earth.”

Ἡδὺν γελάσας ὁ Ἀστύλος ἐπὶ τούτῳ μάλιστα τῷ λεχθέντι καὶ ὡς μεγάλους ὁ Ἔρως ποιεῖ σοφιστὰς εἰπὼν ἐπετήρει καιρόν, ἐν ᾧ τῷ πατρὶ περὶ Δάφνιδος διαλέξεται. Ἀκούσας δὲ τὰ λεχθέντα κρύφα πάντα ὁ Εὐδρομος καὶ τὰ μὲν τὸν Δάφνιν φιλῶν ὡς ἀγαθὸν νεανίσκον, τὰ δὲ ἀχθόμενος εἰ Γνάθωνος ἐμπαροίνημα γενήσεται τοιοῦτον κάλλος, αὐτίκα καταλέγει πάντα κάκεινα καὶ Λάμωνι. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις ἐκ. πλαγεῖς ἐγίνωσκεν ἅμα τῇ Χλόῃ τολμήσαι φυγεῖν ἢ ἀποθανεῖν, κοινωνὸν κάκεινὴν λαβών: ὁ δὲ Λάμων προκαλεσάμενος ἔξω τῆς αὐλῆς τὴν Μυρτάλην ‘οἰχόμεθα’ εἶπεν ‘ὦ γύναι. Ἦκει καιρὸς ἐκκαλύπτειν τὰ κρυπτά. Ἐρρεῖ μοι καὶ αἱ αἶγες καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ πάντα: ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς Νύμφας, οὐδ’ εἰ μέλλω βοῦς, φασίν, ἐν αὐλῷ καταλείπεσθαι, τὴν Δάφνιδος τύχην ἣτις ἐστὶν οὐ σιωπήσομαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὅτι εὖρον ἐκκείμενον ἐρῶ καὶ ὅπως τρεφόμενον μηνύσω καὶ ὅσα εὖρον συνεκκείμενα δεῖξω. Μαθέτω Γνάθων ὁ μαρὸς οἶος ὢν οἶων ἐρᾷ. Παρασκευάζέ μοι μόνον εὐτρεπῇ τὰ γνωρίσματα.’

4.18 Astylus, who was highly amused by this speech, laughed and told Gnatho that love produced very plausible orators: at the same time, he promised to watch for an opportunity to speak to his father about Daphnis. But Eudromus had heard all that was said without being seen. His friendship for Daphnis, whom he considered a worthy young man, and his indignation at the idea of such beauty being handed over to the insults of a drunken wretch like Gnatho, made him go and tell Daphnis and Lamon at once. Daphnis, in great consternation, at first thought of flight in company with Chloe, or of dying together with her. Then Lamon called Myrtale out and said to her: “We are lost, my dear wife: the moment is come to reveal what has long been hidden. Although the goats and everything else be abandoned, I swear, by Pan and the Nymphs, even though I should be left like a worn-out ox in the stall, that I will no longer hold my tongue in regard to the history of Daphnis. I will tell how I found him exposed: I will declare how he has been brought up: and I will show all the tokens that I found exposed with him. That infamous wretch Gnatho shall know what manner of man he is, and who it is that he has the audacity to love. Do you look after the tokens, and see that I have them ready to hand.”

Καὶ οἱ μὲν ταῦτα συνθέμενοι ἀπῆλθον εἰσω πάλιν· ὁ δὲ Ἀστύλος σχολῇν ἄγοντι τῷ πατρὶ προσρueis αἰτεῖ τὸν Δάφνιν εἰς τὴν πόλιν καταγαγεῖν ὡς καλὸν τε ὄντα καὶ ἀγροικίας κρεῖττονα καὶ ταχέως ὑπὸ Γνάθωνος καὶ τὰ ἀστικά διδαχθῆναι δυνάμενον. Χαίρων ὁ πατὴρ δίδωσι καὶ μεταπεμψάμενος τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην εὐηγγελίζετο μὲν αὐτοῖς ὅτι Ἀστύλον θεραπεύσει λοιπὸν ἀντὶ αἰγῶν καὶ τράγων Δάφνις, ἐπηγγέλλετο δὲ δύο ἀντ' ἐκείνου δώσειν αὐτοῖς αἰπόλους. Ἐνταῦθα ὁ Λάμων, πάντων ἤδη συνερρηκότων καὶ ὅτι καλὸν ὁμόδουλον ἔξουσιν ἡδομένων, αἰτήσας λόγον ἤρξατο λέγειν· ἄκουσον, ὦ δέσποτα, παρ' ἀνδρὸς γέροντος ἀληθῆ λόγον· ἐπόμενυμι δὲ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς Νύμφας ὡς οὐδὲν ψεύσομαι. Οὐκ εἰμὶ Δάφνιδος πατήρ, οὐδ' εὐτύχησέ ποτε Μυρτάλη μήτηρ γενέσθαι. Ἄλλοι πατέρες ἐξέθηκαν τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον, ἴσως παιδίον πρεσβυτέρων ἄλλis ἔχοντες· ἐγὼ δὲ εὗρον ἐκκεῖμενον καὶ ὑπὸ αἰγὸς ἐμῆς τρεφόμενον, ἦν καὶ ἀποθανοῦσαν ἔθαψα ἐν τῷ περικλήπῳ φιλῶν ὅτι ἐποίησε μητρὸς ἔργα. Εὗρον αὐτῷ καὶ γνωρίσματα συνεκκεῖμενα ὁμόλογα, ὦ δέσποτα, καὶ φυλάττω· τύχης γάρ ἐστι μείζονος ἢ καθ' ἡμᾶς σύμβολα. Ἀστύλου μὲν οὖν εἶναι δοῦλον αὐτὸν οὐχ ὑπερηφανῶ, καλὸν οἰκέτην καλοῦ κάγαθοῦ δεσπότη· παροίνημα δὲ Γνάθωνος οὐ δύναμαι περιδεῖν γενόμενον, ὃς ἐς Μυτιλήνην αὐτὸν ἄγειν ἐπὶ γυναικῶν ἔργα σπουδάζει.'

4.19 Having settled this, they went indoors. Meanwhile, Astylus, finding his father disengaged, hastened to him and asked permission to take Daphnis home with him to the city, declaring that he was a handsome lad and too superior to be left in the country, and that Gnatho would soon teach him city manners. His father willingly gave his consent, and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, told them the good news that Daphnis would in future serve his son Astylus instead of tending goats, and promised to give them two goatherds to take his place. Then, when all the other slaves had gathered together, delighted at the prospect of having so handsome a fellow-servant, Lamon asked leave to speak, and, on its being granted, began as follows:

“O master, hear a true story from an old man: I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter a word that is false. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor has Myrtale the good fortune to be his mother. He was exposed when a child by other parents, who perhaps had enough children already. I found him abandoned, and being suckled by one of my goats, which I buried in the garden when it died: for I loved it because it had performed the part of a mother towards the infant. I also found some tokens lying by its side: this I confess, master, and also that I kept them: for they show that he belongs to a higher rank of life than our own. I have no objection to his serving Astylus, for he will be a good servant to a good and honourable master: but I cannot endure that he should become the laughing-stock of the drunken Gnatho, who wants to take him to Mitylene and make him play the part of a woman.”

Ὁ μὲν Λάμων ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐσιώπησε καὶ πολλὰ ἀφῆκε δάκρυα· τοῦ δὲ Γνάθωνος θρασυνομένου καὶ πληγὰς ἀπειλοῦντος, ὁ Διονυσοφάνης τοῖς

εἰρημένοις ἐκπλαγεῖς τὸν μὲν Γνάθωνα σιωπᾶν ἐκέλευσε, σφόδρα τὴν ὀφρὺν εἰς αὐτὸν τοξοποιήσας, τὸν δὲ Λάμωνα πάλιν ἀνέκρινε καὶ παρεκελεύετο τάληθ' ἰλέγειν μηδὲ ὅμοια πλάττειν μύθοις ἐπὶ τῷ κατέχειν τὸν υἱόν. Ὡς δ' ἀτενὴς ἦν καὶ κατὰ πάντων ὤμνυε θεῶν καὶ ἐδίδου βασιανίζειν αὐτόν, εἴ τι ψεύδεται, παρακαθημένης τῆς Κλεαρίστης ἐβασάνιζε τὰ λελεγμένα. "Τί δ' ἂν ἐψεύδετο Λάμων, μέλλων ἀνθ' ἐνὸς δύο λαμβάνειν αἰπόλους; Πῶς δ' ἂν καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπλασεν ἄγροικος; Οὐ γὰρ εὐθὺς ἦν ἄπιστον ἐκ τοιούτου γέροντος καὶ μητρὸς εὐτελοῦς υἱὸν καλὸν οὕτω γενέσθαι;"

4.20 After this Lamon was silent and burst into tears. But when Gnatho waxed bolder and threatened to chastise him, Dionysophanes, astounded at what Lamon had said, knitted his brows and ordered Gnatho to hold his tongue: then he again questioned the old man, exhorting him to speak the truth, and not to invent some story, in order that he might keep his son. When Lamon persisted in his tale, swore by all the Gods that it was true, and offered to submit to the torture if he had lied, Dionysophanes, with Clearista sitting by his side, carefully considered what he had said. "What object could Lamon have in speaking falsely, seeing that he was to have two goatherds in place of one? How could a rude peasant have invented such a story? Again, was it not at the outset incredible that so handsome a youth should be the offspring of an old man like Lamon and a shabby old woman like Myrtale?"

Ἐδόκει μὴ μαντεύεσθαι ἐπὶ πλεόν, ἀλλὰ ἤδη τὰ γνωρίσματα σκοπεῖν εἰ λαμπρᾶς καὶ ἐνδοξοτέρας τύχης. Ἀπῆει μὲν Μυρτάλῃ κομιοῦσα πάντα φυλαττόμενα ἐν πήρᾳ παλαιᾷ: κομισθέντα δὲ πρῶτος Διονυσοφάνης ἐπέβλεπε καὶ ἰδὼν χλαμύδιον ἄλουργές, πόρπην χρυσήλατον, ξιφίδιον ἐλεφαντόκωπον, μέγα βοήσας ὧ Ζεῦ δέσποτα' καλεῖ τὴν γυναῖκα θεασομένην. Ἡ δὲ ἰδοῦσα μέγα καὶ αὐτὴ βοᾷ 'φίλοι Μοῖραι: οὐ ταῦτα ἡμεῖς συνεξεθήκαμεν ἰδίῳ παιδί; Οὐκ εἰς τούτους τοὺς ἄγρους κομιοῦσαν Σωφροσύνην ἀπεστείλαμεν; Οὐκ ἄλλα μὲν οὖν, ἀλλ' αὐτὰ ταῦτα. Φίλε ἄνερ, ἡμέτερόν ἐστι τὸ παιδίον: σὸς υἱός ἐστι Δάφνης, καὶ πατρῶας ἔνεμεν αἴγας.'

4.21 They determined not to trust any further to conjecture, but to examine the tokens at once, to see if they indicated that Daphnis belonged to a higher rank of life. Myrtale immediately went to fetch them out of an old sack in which they had been stored away. When they were brought, Dionysophanes looked at them first, and when he saw the little purple tunic with its golden clasp, and the dagger with the ivory handle, he cried aloud, "O Lord and master Zeus," and called his wife to look: and she, as soon as she saw them, in like manner cried aloud, "O kindly Fates: are not these the jewels which we gave to Sophrosyne to put by the side of our own son when she exposed him? There is no doubt about it: they are the same. Dear husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and has fed his father's goats."

Ἔτι λεγούσης αὐτῆς καὶ τοῦ Διονυσοφάνους τὰ γνωρίσματα φιλοῦντος καὶ ὑπὸ περιττῆς ἡδονῆς δακρύνοντος ὁ Ἀστύλος συνεῖς ὡς ἀδελφός ἐστι, ρίψας θοιμάτιον ἔθει κατὰ τοῦ παραδείσου, πρῶτος τὸν Δάφνιν φιλεῖν θέλων.

Ἰδὼν δὲ αὐτὸν ὁ Δάφνις θέοντα μετὰ πολλῶν καὶ βοῶντα ‘Δάφνι,’ νομίσας ὅτι συλλαβεῖν αὐτὸν βουλόμενος τρέχει, ῥίψας τὴν πήραν καὶ τὴν σύριγγα πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν ἐφέρετο ῥίψων ἑαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς μεγάλης πέτρας. Καὶ ἴσως ἂν, τὸ καινότατον, εὐρεθείς ἀπωλόλῃ Δάφνις, εἰ μὴ συνείς ὁ Ἀστύλος ἐβόα πάλιν ‘στῆθι, Δάφνι, μηδὲν φοβηθῆς: ἀδελφός εἰμί σου, καὶ γονεῖς οἱ μέχρι νῦν δεσπότες. Νῦν ἡμῖν Λάμων τὴν αἶγα εἶπε καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα ἔδειξεν: ὄρα δὲ ἐπιστραφεὶς πῶς ἐπίασι φαιδροὶ καὶ γελῶντες. Ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ πρῶτον φίλησον: ὄμνυμι δὲ τὰς Νύμφας ὥς οὐ ψεύδομαι.’

4.22 While she was still speaking, Dionysophanes kissed the tokens, and wept from excess of joy. Then Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, immediately threw off his cloak, and hastened to the garden, wishing to be the first to embrace him. But when Daphnis saw him coming towards him, accompanied by a number of people, and shouting “Daphnis,” thinking that he wanted to seize him, he threw away his wallet and his pipe, and fled towards the sea, intending to throw himself from the top of the rock: and perhaps, by a strange caprice of Fortune, Daphnis, who had just been found, would have been lost, had not Astylus, perceiving his intention, shouted to him: “Stop, Daphnis, fear nothing: I am your brother: your former master and mistress are your parents. Lamon has told us all about the goat, and shown us the tokens: look, turn around and see how glad and cheerful they seem. But kiss me first: I swear by the Nymphs that I am speaking the truth.”

Μόλις μετὰ τὸν ὄρκον ἔσθη καὶ τὸν Ἀστύλον τρέχοντα περιέμεινε καὶ προσελθόντα κατεφίλησεν. Ἐν ᾧ δὲ ἐκεῖνον ἐφίλει, πλῆθος τὸ λοιπὸν ἐπὶ ῥεῖ ἑραπόντων, θεραπαίνων, αὐτὸς ὁ πατήρ, ἡ μήτηρ μετ’ αὐτοῦ. Οὗτοι πάντες περιέβαλλον, κατεφίλουν, χαίροντες κλάοντες. Ὁ δὲ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων ἐφιλοφρονεῖτο, καὶ ὥς πάλοι εἰδὼς προσεστερνίζετο καὶ ἐξελθεῖν τῶν περιβολῶν οὐκ ἤθελεν: οὕτω φύσις ταχέως πιστοῦται. Ἐξελάθετο καὶ Χλόης πρὸς ὀλίγον: καὶ ἐλθὼν εἰς τὴν ἑπαυλιν ἐσθῆτά εἰς τὴν ἑπαυλιν ἐσθῆτά τε ἔλαβε πολυτελῆ καὶ παρὰ τὸν πατέρα τὸν ἴδιον καθεσθεὶς ἤκουεν αὐτοῦ λέγοντος οὕτως:

4.23 Even when he heard this oath, Daphnis was loath to stop: however, he waited for Astylus, and kissed him when he came running up to him. In the meantime, all the household, men and women servants, and his mother and father came and embraced and kissed him, with tears of joy. Daphnis welcomed them all affectionately, but especially his father and mother, whom he clasped to his bosom as if he had already known them for a long time: so quickly does Nature make her claim felt. For a while he even forgot Chloe: and when he reached the homestead, they gave him a handsome dress (?), and he sat down by the side of his father, who addressed him and Astylus as follows:

“Ἐγνημα, ὦ παῖδες, κομιδῇ νέος. Καὶ χρόνου διελθόντος ὀλίγου πατήρ, ὥς ὦμην, εὐτυχὴς ἐγεγόνειν: ἐγένετο γάρ μοι πρῶτος υἱὸς καὶ δευτέρα θυγάτηρ καὶ τρίτος Ἀστύλος. Ὡς ἱκανὸν εἶναι τὸ γένος, καὶ γενόμενον ἐπὶ πᾶσι

τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον ἐξέθηκα, οὐ γνωρίσματα ταῦτα συνεκθεῖς, ἀλλ' ἐντάφια. Τὰ δὲ τῆς Τύχης ἄλλα βουλευόμενα. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ πρεσβύτερος παῖς καὶ ἡ θυγάτηρ ὁμοία νόσῳ μιᾷς ἡμέρας ἀπώλοντο: σὺ δέ μοι προνοία θεῶν ἐσώθης, ἵνα πλείους ἔχωμεν χειραγωγούς. Μῆτ' οὖν σὺ μοι μνησικακῆσης ποτὲ τῆς ἐκθέσεως — ἐκὼν γὰρ οὐκ ἐβουλευσάμην — , μήτε σὺ λυπηθῇς, Ἄστυλε, μέρος ληψόμενος ἀντὶ πάσης τῆς οὐσίας — κρεῖττον γὰρ τοῖς εὖ φρονοῦσιν ἀδελφοῦ κτῆμα οὐδέν — , ἀλλὰ φιλεῖτε ἀλλήλους καὶ χρημάτων ἕνεκα καὶ βασιλεῦσιν ἐρίζετε. Πολλὴν μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼ ὑμῖν καταλείνω γῆν, πολλοὺς δὲ οἰκέτας δεξιούς, χρυσόν, ἄργυρον καὶ ὅσα ἄλλα εὐδαιμόνων κτήματα. Μόνον ἐξαίρετον τοῦτο Δάφνιδι τὸ χωρίον δίδωμι καὶ Λάμωνα καὶ Μυρτάλην καὶ τὰς αἴγας, ἅς αὐτὸς ἔνεμεν.'

4.24 "My sons, I married when I was a very young man, and, after a short time, I became a happy father, as I then imagined. My first child was a son, the second a daughter, and the third, Astylus. I thought that three children were enough, and, when another son was born, I exposed him together with these jewels and tokens, which I considered rather as funeral ornaments than as tokens by which he might be afterwards recognised. But Fortune willed otherwise. My eldest son and daughter died of the same complaint on the same day: but you, Daphnis, have been preserved to us by the providence of the Gods that we may have greater support in our old age. Do not bear a grudge against me, my son, for having exposed you: for, though I did so, it was sorely against my will. Nor do you, Astylus, be annoyed that you will have to share your inheritance, for to a wise man a brother is better than all possessions. Love one another: as far as wealth is concerned, you need not envy even a king. For I will leave to both [of you] large estates, a number of clever and industrious servants, gold, silver, and all other blessings that rich men enjoy. But I specially wish that Daphnis should have this estate, and I make him a present of Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he has tended."

Ἔτι αὐτοῦ λέγοντος Δάφνις ἀναπηδήσας 'καλῶς με' εἶπε 'ταῦτα, πάτερ, ἀνέμνησας. Ἄπειμι τὰς αἴγας ἀπᾶξ ἐπὶ ποτόν, αἷ που νῦν διψῶσαι περιμένουσι τὴν σύριγγα τὴν ἐμήν: ἐγὼ δὲ ἐνταυθοῖ καθέζομαι.' Ἦδὺ πάντες ἐξεγέλασαν ὅτι δεσπότης γεγεννημένος ἔτι θέλει εἶναι αἰπόλος: κάκεινας μὲν θεραπεύσων ἐπέμφθη τις ἄλλος, οἱ δὲ θύσαντες Διὶ Σωτῆρι συμπόσιον συνεκρότουν. Εἰς τοῦτο τὸ συμπόσιον μόνος οὐχ ἦκε Γνάθων, ἀλλὰ φοβούμενος ἐν τῷ νεῷ τοῦ Διονύσου καὶ τὴν ἡμέραν ἔμεινε καὶ τὴν νύκτα, ὥσπερ ἰκέτης. Ταχεῖας δὲ φήμης εἰς πάντας ἐλθοῦσης ὅτι Διονυσοφάνης εὗρεν υἱόν, καὶ ὅτι Δάφνις ὁ αἰπόλος δεσπότης τῶν ἀγρῶν εὗρέθη, ἅμα ἔφ' συνέτρεχον ἄλλος ἀλλαχόθεν, τῷ μὲν μειρακίῳ συνηδόμενοι, τῷ δὲ πατρὶ αὐτοῦ δῶρα κομίζοντες: ἐν οἷς καὶ ὁ Δρύας πρῶτος ὁ τρέφων τὴν Χλόην. 6

4.25 While he was still speaking, Daphnis suddenly started up and said: "You have just reminded me, father: I will go and take my goats to drink: they are thirsty about this time, and are waiting for the sound of my pipe, while I

am sitting here.” Hereupon all laughed, at the idea that Daphnis, who had just become a master, should still wish to perform the duties of a goatherd. They sent someone else to look after his goats, offered sacrifice to Zeus Soter, and held high festival. Gnatho alone was not present, but, seized with alarm, he remained day and night in the temple of Dionysus, as a suppliant. The report soon spread that Dionysophanes had found his son, and that the goatherd Daphnis had become master of the estate: and, the next morning, the peasants gathered together from all parts to congratulate the young man, and offer presents to his father, the first to arrive being Dryas, who had brought up Chloe.

Ὁ δὲ Διονυσοφάνης κατεῖχε πάντας, κοινωνοὺς μετὰ τὴν εὐφροσύνην καὶ τῆς ἑορτῆς ἐσομένους. Παρεσκεύαστο δὲ πολὺς μὲν οἶνος, πολλὰ δὲ ἄλευρα, ὄρνιθες ἔλειοι, χοῖροι γαλαθηνοί, μελιτώματα ποικίλα· καὶ ἱερεῖα δὲ πολλὰ τοῖς ἐπιχωρίοις θεοῖς ἐθύετο. Ἐνταῦθα ὁ Δάφνις συναθροίσας πάντα τὰ ποιμενικὰ κτήματα διένειμεν ἀναθήματα τοῖς θεοῖς. Τῷ Διονύσῳ μὲν ἀνέθηκε τὴν πῆραν καὶ τὸ δέρμα, τῷ Πανὶ δὲ τὴν σύριγγα καὶ τὸν πλάγιον αὐλόν, τὴν καλαύροπα ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τοὺς γαυλοὺς οὓς αὐτὸς ἐτεκτῆνατο. Οὕτως δὲ ἄρα τὸ σύνηθες ξενιζούσης εὐδαιμονίας τερπνότερόν ἐστιν, ὥστε ἐδάκρυνεν ἐφ’ ἐκάστῳ τούτων ἀπαλλαττόμενος· καὶ οὔτε τοὺς γαυλοὺς ἀνέθηκε πρὶν ἀμέλξαι, οὔτε τὸ δέρμα πρὶν ἐνδύσασθαι, οὔτε τὴν σύριγγα πρὶν συρίσαι· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐφίλησεν αὐτὰ πάντα καὶ τὰς αἴγας προσεῖπε καὶ τοὺς τράγους ἐκάλεσεν ὀνομαστί. Τῆς μὲν γὰρ πηγῆς καὶ ἔπιεν, ὅτι πολλάκις καὶ μετὰ Χλόης. Οὐπω δὲ ὠμολόγει τὸν ἔρωτα καιρὸν παραφυλάττων.

4.26 Dionysophanes made them all stay for the festivities: for he had prepared abundance of bread and wine, waterfowl, sucking-pigs, honey-cakes of all kinds, and victims to be offered as a sacrifice to the Gods of the country. Then Daphnis, having collected all his pastoral equipments, distributed them as offerings to the Gods. To Dionysus he consecrated his wallet and goat-skin, to Pan his pipe and flute, to the Nymphs his crook and the milk-pails which he had made himself. But - so much sweeter is that to which we are accustomed than strange and unexpected good fortune - Daphnis wept as he parted with each of these things. He did not offer up his milk-pails before he had milked his goats once again, nor his goat-skin before he had put it on again, nor his pipe before he had played upon it: he kissed them all, spoke to his goats, and called his he-goats by name: he also went and drank at the fountain, because he had often done so before with Chloe. But he did not yet venture to declare his love, since he was waiting for a better opportunity.

Ἐν ᾧ δὲ Δάφνις ἐν θυσίαις ἦν, τάδε γίνεται περὶ τὴν Χλόην. Ἐκάθητο κλάουσα, λέγουσα, οἷα εἰκὸς ἦν: Ἐξελάθετό μου Δάφνις. Ὀνειροπολεῖ γάμους πλουσίους. Τί γὰρ αὐτὸν ὀμνύειν ἀντὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν τὰς αἴγας ἐκέλευον; Κατέλιπε ταύτας ὥς καὶ Χλόην. Οὐδὲ θύων ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τῷ Πανὶ ἐπεθύμησεν ἰδεῖν Χλόην. Εὗρεν ἴσως παρὰ τῇ μητρὶ θεραπαίνας ἐμοῦ κρείττονας. Χαιρέτω: ἐγὼ δὲ οὐ ζήσομαι.’

4.27 While Daphnis was engaged in these ceremonies, this was what happened to Chloe. She was sitting down, weeping, while she tended her flock, and lamenting, as indeed was only natural: “Daphnis has forgotten me: he is dreaming of a wealthy match. Why did I make him swear by his goats instead of the Nymphs? He has abandoned them as he has abandoned Chloe: even when he was sacrificing to the Nymphs and Pan, he felt no desire to come and see me. Perhaps he has found some handmaids at his mother’s house whom he prefers. May he be happy: but I can live no longer.”

Τοιαῦτα λέγουσαν, τοιαῦτα ἐννοοῦσαν ὁ Λάμπις ὁ βουκόλος μετὰ χειρὸς γεωργικῆς ἐπιστὰς ἤρπασεν αὐτήν, ὥς οὔτε Δάφνιδος ἔτι γαμήσοντος καὶ Δρύαντος ἐκεῖνον ἀγαπήσοντος. Ἡ μὲν οὖν ἐκομίζετο βοῶσα ἐλεεινόν, τῶν δέ τις ἰδόντων ἐμήνυσε τῇ Νάπῃ κάκεινῃ τῷ Δρύαντι καὶ ὁ Δρύας τῷ Δάφνιδι. Ὁ δὲ ἔξω τῶν φρενῶν γενόμενος οὔτε εἰπεῖν πρὸς τὸν πατέρα ἐτόλμα καὶ καρτερεῖν μὴ δυνάμενος εἰς τὸν περίκηπον εἰσελθὼν ὠδύρετο ‘ὦ τῆς πικρᾶς ἀνευρέσεως’ λέγων: ‘πόσον ἦν μοι κρεῖττον νέμειν; Πόσον ἤμην μακαριώτερος, δοῦλος ὢν; Τότε ἔβλεπον Χλόην, τότε, νῦν δὲ τὴν μὲν Λάμπις ἀρπάσας οἴχεται, νυκτὸς δὲ γενομένης συγκοιμήσεται. Ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω καὶ τρυφῶ καὶ μάτην τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς αἴγας καὶ τὰς Νύμφας ὤμοσα.’

4.28 While she thus gave utterance to her thoughts, the herdsman Lampis came up with a band of peasants and carried her off, being persuaded that Daphnis would no longer care to marry her and that Dryas would accept Lampis as her husband. As she was being carried off, uttering piercing cries, some one who had seen what had taken place went and told Nape, who informed Dryas, who in his turn told Daphnis. The latter, almost beside himself, had neither the courage to confess everything to his father, nor the strength of mind to resign himself to this misfortune; he entered the garden-walk, and thus lamented:

“What a painful discovery! How much better it would have been for me to remain a shepherd! How much happier I was when I was a slave! Then I used to see Chloe: but now Lampis has carried her off, and at night he will sleep with her. But I am drinking and enjoying myself, and in vain have I taken an oath by Pan, my goats, and the Nymphs.”

Ταῦτα τοῦ Δάφνιδος λέγοντος ἤκουσεν ὁ Γνάθων ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ λανθάνων: καὶ καιρὸν ἦκειν διαλλαγῶν πρὸς αὐτὸν νομίζων τινὰς τῶν τοῦ Ἀστύλου νεανίσκων προσλαβὼν μεταδιώκει τὸν Δρύαντα. Καὶ ἡγεῖσθαι κελεύσας ἐπὶ τὴν τοῦ Λάμπιδος ἔπαυλιν συνέτεινε δρόμον: καὶ καταλαβὼν ἄρτι εἰσάγοντα τὴν Χλόην, ἐκείνην τε ἀφαιρεῖται καὶ ἀνθρώπους γεωργοὺς συνηλόησε πληγαῖς. Ἐσπούδαζε δὲ καὶ τὸν Λάμπιν δήσας ἄγειν ὡς αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ πολέμου τινός, εἰ μὴ φθάσας ἀπέδρα. Κατορθώσας δὲ τηλικούτον ἔργον νυκτὸς ἀρχομένης ἐπανέρχεται. Καὶ τὸν μὲν Διονυσοφάνην εὕρισκε καθεύδοντα, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ἀγρυπνοῦντα καὶ ἔτι ἐν τῷ περικλήτῳ δακρύνοντα. Προσάγει δὴ τὴν Χλόην αὐτῷ καὶ διδοὺς διηγείται πάντα: καὶ δεῖται μηδὲν ἔτι μνησικακοῦντα δοῦλον ἔχειν οὐκ ἄχρηστον, μηδὲ ἀφελέσθαι

τραπέζης, μεθ' ἣν τεθνήξεται λιμῶ. Ὁ δὲ ἰδὼν καὶ ἔχων ἐν ταῖς χερσὶ τὴν Χλόην τῷ μὲν ὡς εὐεργέτῃ διηλλάττετο, τῇ δὲ ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀμελείας ἀπελογεῖτο.

4.29 Daphnis's lamentations were heard by Gnatho, who was concealed in the garden. Thinking this a good opportunity for making peace with him, he went in search of Dryas, accompanied by some young men of Astylus's retinue, ordered him to conduct him to Lampis's house, and hastened thither with him. He came upon the herdsman just as he was taking Chloe inside, snatched her away from him, and severely beat the peasants who were with him. He was anxious to bind Lampis, and to take him away like a prisoner of war, but he got the start and ran away. Having accomplished this exploit, Gnatho returned at nightfall. He found Dionysophanes in bed, but Daphnis was still up, weeping in the garden. Gnatho conducted Chloe to him, told him what had taken place, begged him not to bear him ill will any longer, but to keep him - for he would be a useful servant - and not to drive him away from his table, otherwise he would die of hunger. When Daphnis saw Chloe, and clasped her in his arms, he pardoned Gnatho because of the service he had rendered him, and excused himself to Chloe for his own neglect.

Βουλευομένοις δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐδόκει τὸν γάμον κρύπτειν, ἔχειν δὲ κρύφα τὴν Χλόην πρὸς μόνην ὁμολογήσαντα τὸν ἔρωτα τὴν μητέρα: ἀλλ' οὐ συνεχώρει Δρύας, ἡξίου δὲ τῷ πατρὶ λέγειν καὶ πείσειν αὐτὸς ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ γενομένης ἡμέρας ἔχων ἐν τῇ πύρῃ τὰ γνωρίσματα πρόσεισι τῷ Διονυσοφάνει καὶ τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ καθημένοις ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ παρῇν δὲ καὶ ὁ Ἀστύλος καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ Δάφνις καὶ σιωπῆς γενομένης ἤρξατο λέγειν "Ὁμοία με ἀνάγκη Λάμῳ τὰ μέχρι νῦν ἄρρητα ἐκέλευσε λέγειν. Χλόην ταύτην οὔτε ἐγέννησα οὔτε ἀνέθρεψα, ἀλλὰ ἐγέννησαν μὲν ἄλλοι, κειμένην δὲ ἐν ἄντρῳ Νυμφῶν ἀνέθρεψεν οἷς. Εἶδον τοῦτο αὐτὸς καὶ ἰδὼν ἐθαύμασα καὶ θαυμάσας ἔθρεψα. Μαρτυρεῖ μὲν καὶ τὸ κάλλος, ἔοικε γὰρ οὐδὲν ἡμῖν: μαρτυρεῖ δὲ καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα, πλουσιώτερα γὰρ ἢ κατὰ ποιμένα. Ἴδετε ταῦτα καὶ τοὺς προσήκοντας τῇ κόρῃ ζητήσατε, ἵν' ἀξία ποτὲ Δάφνιδος φανῇ."

4.30 After taking counsel together, they resolved not to mention their marriage as yet: meanwhile, Daphnis would see Chloe secretly, and only tell her mother of his love. Dryas, however, did not agree with this: he thought it best to tell Daphnis's father, and himself promised to obtain his consent. At daybreak, he put the tokens which had been found with Chloe into his wallet, and presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, whom he found seated in the garden, together with Astylus and Daphnis. When all were silent, he addressed them as follows: "A necessity, similar to that which forced Lamon to speak, compels me to reveal what has hitherto been kept a secret. Chloe is not my daughter, neither did I rear her. She is the daughter of other parents who exposed her in the grotto of the Nymphs, where she was suckled by an ewe. I saw this with my own eyes, and when I saw it, I wondered, and brought up the child as my own. Her beauty is sufficient proof of this: she in no way resembles us. The tokens also bear witness; for they are too valuable

to belong to shepherds. Look at them, try and discover the girl's parents, and see whether you consider her worthy of marriage with Daphnis."

Τοῦτο οὕτε Δρύας ἀσκόπως ἔρριπεν οὔτε Διονυσοφάνης ἀμελῶς ἤκουσεν, ἀλλ' ἰδὼν εἰς τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ ὀρῶν αὐτὸν χλωριῶντα καὶ κρύφα δακρύοντα ταχέως ἐφώρασε τὸν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὥς ὑπὲρ παιδὸς ἰδίου μᾶλλον ἢ κόρης ἀλλοτρίας δεδοικῶς διὰ πάσης ἀκριβείας ἤλεγχε τοὺς λόγους τοῦ Δρύαντος. Ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα εἶδε κομισθέντα, τὰ ὑποδήματα τὰ κατάχρυσα, τὰς περισκελίδας, τὴν μίτραν, προσκαλεσάμενος τὴν Χλόην παρεκελεύετο θαρρεῖν, ὥς ἄνδρα μὲν ἔχουσαν ἤδη, ταχέως δὲ εὐρήσουσαν καὶ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα. Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἡ Κλεαρίστη παραλαβοῦσα ἐκόσμει λοιπὸν ὡς υἱοῦ γυναῖκα, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ὁ Διονυσοφάνης ἀναστήσας μόνον ἀνέκρινεν εἰ παρθένος ἐστί· τοῦ δὲ ὁμόσαντος μηδὲν γεγονέναι φιλήματος καὶ ὄρκων πλέον, ἡσθεὶς ἐπὶ τῷ συνωμοσίῳ κατέκλινεν αὐτούς.

4.31 Dryas did not say this without a purpose, and it was not lost upon Dionysophanes, who, casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing that he turned pale and was weeping silently, easily discovered the secret of his love. He accordingly took the greatest pains to verify what Dryas had said, being more anxious about his own son than about a young girl who was a stranger to him. When he saw the tokens - the gilt shoes, the anklets, and the head dress - he called Chloe to him, and bade her be of good cheer, since she already had a husband, and would soon find her father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became her son's intended wife: while Dionysophanes took Daphnis aside, and inquired of him whether Chloe was a virgin: and when he swore that nothing more had taken place between them than kisses and vows of fidelity, he expressed himself pleased at the oath they had taken, and made them sit down to table.

Ἦν οὖν μαθεῖν οἷόν ἐστι τὸ κάλλος, ὅταν κόσμον προσλάβῃ. Ἐνδυθεῖσα γὰρ ἡ Χλόη καὶ ἀναπλεξαμένη τὴν κόμην καὶ ἀπολούσασα τὸ πρόσωπον εὐμορφότερα τοσοῦτον ἐφάνη πᾶσιν, ὥστε καὶ Δάφνις αὐτὴν μόλις ἐγνώρισεν. Ὡμοσεν ἂν τις καὶ ἄνευ τῶν γνωρισμάτων ὅτι τοιαύτης κόρης οὐκ ἦν Δρύας πατήρ. Ὅμως μέντοι παρῆν καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ συνεισιτῆτο μετὰ τῆς Νάπης, συμπότας ἔχων ἐπὶ κλίνης ἰδίας τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην. Πάλιν οὖν ταῖς ἐξῆς ἡμέραις ἐθύετο ἱερεῖα καὶ κρατῆρες ἴσταντο καὶ ἀνετίθει καὶ Χλόη τὰ ἑαυτῆς, τὴν σύριγγα, τὴν πήραν, τὸ δέρμα, τοὺς γαυλοῦς: ἐκέρασε δὲ καὶ τὴν πηγὴν οἶνω τὴν ἐν τῷ ἄντρῳ, ὅτι καὶ ἐτράφη παρ' αὐτῇ, καὶ ἐλούσατο πολλάκις ἐν αὐτῇ: ἐστεφάνωσε καὶ τὸν τάφον τῆς οἰός, δείξαντος Δρύαντος, καὶ ἐσύρισε τι καὶ αὐτὴ τῇ ποίμνῃ, καὶ ταῖς θεαῖς συρίσασα εὗξατο τοὺς ἐκθέντας εὐρεῖν ἀξίους τῶν Δάφνιδος γάμων.

4.32 Then could be seen the power of beauty, when it is adorned: for Chloe, richly dressed, with her hair plaited and her face washed, appeared far handsomer to all who saw her, so that even Daphnis scarcely recognised her. Leaving the tokens out of consideration, anyone would have been ready to swear that Dryas could not be the father of such a daughter. However, he was

present, and sat on the same couch with Nape, Lamon, and Myrtale. On the next and following days, victims were sacrificed, goblets of wine were prepared, and Chloe also consecrated to the Gods everything that belonged to her - her pipe, wallet, goat-skin, and milk pails. She poured some wine into the water of the fountain at the bottom of the grotto, because she had been suckled on its brink, and had often bathed in it: she also crowned with a garland of flowers the tomb of the sheep, which was pointed out to her by Dryas. She also piped to her flocks, and, having sung a hymn to the Nymphs, she prayed to them that the parents who had exposed her might be found worthy to be allied by marriage with Daphnis.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἅλις ἦν τῶν κατ' ἀγρὸν ἐορτῶν, ἔδοξε βαδίζειν εἰς τὴν πόλιν καὶ τοὺς τε τῆς Χλόης πατέρας ἀναζητεῖν καὶ περὶ τὸν γάμον αὐτῶν μηκέτι βραδύνειν. Ἔωθεν οὖν συσκευασάμενοι τῷ Δρύαντι μὲν ἔδωκαν ἄλλας τρισχιλίας, τῷ Λάμῳ δὲ τὴν ἡμίσειαν μοῖραν τῶν ἀγρῶν θερίζειν καὶ τρυγᾶν καὶ τὰς αἴγας ἅμα τοῖς αἰπόλοις καὶ ζεύγῃ βοῶν τέτταρα καὶ ἐσθῆτας χειμερινὰς καὶ ἐλευθέραν τὴν γυναῖκα: καὶ μετὰ τοῦτο ἤλαυνον ἐπὶ Μυτιλήνῃν ἵπποις καὶ ζεύγεσι καὶ τρυφῇ πολλῇ. Τότε μὲν οὖν ἔλαθον τοὺς πολίτας, νυκτὸς κατελθόντες: τῆς δὲ ἐπιούσης ὄχλος ἠθροίσθη περὶ τὰς θύρας ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν. Οἱ μὲν τῷ Διονυσοφάνει συνήδοντο παῖδα εὐρόντι, καὶ μᾶλλον ὀρῶντες τὸ κάλλος τοῦ Δάφνιδος: αἱ δὲ τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ συνέχαιρον ἅμα κομιζούσῃ καὶ παῖδα καὶ νύμφην. Ἐξέπλησσε γὰρ κάκεινας ἡ Χλόη κάλλος ἐκφαίνουσα παρευδοκιμηθῆναι μὴ δυνάμενον: ὅλη γὰρ ἐκίττα ἡ πόλις ἐπὶ τῷ μειρακίῳ καὶ τῇ παρθένῳ: καὶ εὐδαιμονίζον μὲν ἤδη τὸν γάμον, εὖχοντο δὲ καὶ τὸ γένος ἄξιον τῆς μορφῆς εὐρεθῆναι τῆς κόρης: καὶ γυναῖκες πολλὰι τῶν μέγα πλουσίων ἠράσαντο θεοῖς αὐταὶ πιστευθῆναι μητέρες θυγατρὸς οὕτω καλῆς.

4.33 When they became tired of the rustic festivities, they resolved to return to the city, to try and find out who Chloe's parents were, and to hasten on the marriage. Accordingly, in the morning, they packed up their things, and made ready for their journey: but, before they started, they gave Dryas another three thousand drachmas, and to Lamon the privilege of gathering the corn and grapes of half the estate, together with the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, some winter garments, and freedom for himself and his wife.

After this, they set out for Mitylene, with a splendid equipage of horses and chariots. As they reached the city at night, the inhabitants were not aware of their arrival: but, on the following day, a crowd of men and women assembled round the house. The former congratulated Dionysophanes on having found a son, and all the more, when they saw how handsome Daphnis was: the latter shared Clearista's joy at having found, not only a son, but a wife for him. They also were struck with astonishment at Chloe's incomparable beauty. The whole city was in a state of excitement over the young man and the maiden: their union was already looked upon as a happy one, and hopes were expressed that Chloe's birth might be found to be worthy of her beauty. More

than one wealthy woman prayed to the Gods that she might be credited with being the mother of so beautiful a daughter.

Ὅναρ δὲ Διονυσοφάνει μετὰ φροντίδα πολλὴν εἰς βαθὺν ὕπνον κατενεχθέντι τοιόνδε γίνεται. Ἐδόκει τὰς Νύμφας δεῖσθαι τοῦ Ἑρωτος ἤδη ποτε αὐτοῖς κατανεῦσαι τὸν γάμον· τὸν δὲ ἐκλύσαντα τὸ τοξάριον καὶ ἀποθέμενον τὴν φαρέτραν κελεύσαι τῷ Διονυσοφάνει πάντας τοὺς ἀρίστους Μυτιληναίων θέμενον συμπότας, ἡνίκά ἂν τὸν ὕστατον πλήσῃ κρατῆρα, τότε δεικνύειν ἐκάστῳ τὰ γνωρίσματα, τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν ᾄδειν τὸν ὑμέναιον. Ταῦτα ἰδὼν καὶ ἀκούσας ἔωθεν ἀνίσταται καὶ κελεύσας λαμπρὰν ἐστίασιν παρασκευασθῆναι τῶν ἀπὸ γῆς τῶν ἀπὸ θαλάττης καὶ εἴ τι ἐν λίμναις καὶ εἴ τι ἐν ποταμοῖς, πάντας τοὺς ἀρίστους Μυτιληναίων ποιεῖται συμπότας. Ὡς δὲ ἤδη νύξ ἦν καὶ ἐπέπληστο ὁ κρατὴρ ἐξ οὗ σπένδουσιν Ἑρμῇ, εἰσκομίζει τις ἐπὶ σκεύους ἀργυροῦ θεράπων τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ περιφέρων ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἐδείκνυε.

4.34 Dionysophanes, weary with constant thought, fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream. It seemed to him that the Nymphs were begging Love to give his consent to the marriage. Then the God unbent his bow, placed it on the ground by the side of his quiver, and ordered Dionysophanes to invite all the nobles of Mitylene to a banquet, and, when the last cup was filled, to show the tokens to each guest, and to sing the song of Hymen. Struck with this vision and the directions given by the God, when he rose in the morning, he ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, furnished with every dainty that the land, the sea, the lakes, and rivers could produce, and invited all the nobles of Mitylene. At evening, after the cup with which libations are offered to Hermes had been filled, one of the attendants brought in the tokens upon a silver vessel, and carried them round and showed them to each of the guests.

Τῶν μὲν οὖν ἄλλων ἐγνώρισεν οὐδεὶς, Μεγακλῆς δὲ τις διὰ γῆρας ὕστατος κατακείμενος ὥς εἶδε, γνωρίσας πάνυ μέγα καὶ νεανικὸν ἐβόα ‘τίνα ὁρῶ ταῦτα; Τί γέγονάς μοι θυγάτριον; Ἄρα σὺ ζῆς ἢ ταυτὰ τις ἐβάστασε μόνα ποιμὴν ἐντυχών; Δέομαι, Διονυσόφανες, εἰπέ μοι: πόθεν ἔχεις ἐμοῦ παιδίου γνωρίσματα; Μὴ φθονήσης μετὰ Δάφνιν εὐρεῖν τι κάμῃ.’ Κελεύσαντος δὲ τοῦ Διονυσοφάνους πρότερον ἐκεῖνον λέγειν τὴν ἔκθεσιν, ὁ Μεγακλῆς οὐδὲν ὑφελὼν τοῦ τόνου τῆς φωνῆς ἔφη ‘ἦν ὀλίγος μοι βίος τὸν πρότερον χρόνον: ὄν γὰρ εἶχον εἰς χορηγίας καὶ τριηραρχίας ἐξεδάπάνησα. Ὅτε ταῦτα ἦν, γίνεται μοι θυγάτριον. Τοῦτο τρέφειν ὀκνήσας ἐν πενίᾳ, τοῦτοις τοῖς γνωρίσμασι κοσμήσας ἐξέθηκα, εἰδὼς ὅτι πολλοὶ καὶ οὕτω σπουδάζουσι πατέρες γενέσθαι. Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐξέκειτο ἐν ἄνθρω Νυμφῶν πιστευθὲν ταῖς θεαῖς, ἐμοὶ δὲ πλοῦτος ἐπέρρει καθ’ ἐκάστην ἡμέραν κληρονόμον οὐκ ἔχοντι. Οὐκέτι γοῦν οὐδὲ θυγατρὶος γενέσθαι πατὴρ εὐτύχησα, ἀλλ’ οἱ θεοὶ ὥσπερ γέλωτά με ποιούμενοι νύκτωρ ὀνειρούς μοι ἐπιπέμπουσι, δηλοῦντες ὅτι με πατέρα ποιήσει ποῖμνιον.’

4.35 All declared that they did not recognise them, with the exception of one Megacles, who, on account of his great age, had been placed at the end of the

table. As soon as he beheld them, he shouted out loudly:

“What is this I see? My daughter, what has become of you? Are you still alive? Or did some shepherd find these tokens and pick them up? Dionysophanes, I beseech you, tell me, where did you get these tokens of my child? Now that you have found Daphnis, do not grudge me the happiness of finding something.”

Dionysophanes at first desired him to state how she had been exposed: and Megacles, in as firm a tone and voice as before, replied:

“Formerly I was badly off, for I had spent what I possessed upon the public games and triremes. While I was thus situated, a daughter was born to me. Being afraid to bring her up in poverty, I decked her out with these tokens and exposed her, for I knew that there were many people who are ready to adopt the children of others. She was exposed in the grotto of the Nymphs, and entrusted to the protection of the Goddesses. In the meantime, Fortune favoured me: my wealth increased daily, but I had no heir, for I have not been fortunate to have even another daughter. The Gods also, as if to mock me, send me visions at night, announcing that a ewe shall make me a father.”

Ανεβόησεν ὁ Διονυσοφάνης μεῖζον τοῦ Μεγακλέους καὶ ἀναπηδήσας εἰσάγει Χλόην πάνυ καλῶς κεκοσμημένην καὶ λέγει ‘τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον ἐξέθηκας. Ταύτην σοὶ τὴν παρθένον οἷς προνοία θεῶν ἐξέθρεψεν, ὥς αἱξ Δάφνιν ἐμοί. Λαβὲ τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ τὴν θυγατέρα, λαβὼν δὲ ἀπόδος Δάφνιδι νύμφην. Ἀμφοτέρους ἐξεθήκαμεν, ἀμφοτέρους εὐρήκαμεν, ἀμφοτέρων ἐμέλησε Πανὶ καὶ Νύμφαις καὶ Ἑρωτι.’ Ἐπὶ τὰ λεγόμενα ὁ Μεγακλῆς καὶ τὴν γυναῖκα Ῥόδην μετεπέμπετο καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἐν τοῖς κόλποις εἶχε. Καὶ ὕπνον αὐτοῦ μένοντες εἶλοντο: Δάφνις γὰρ οὐδενὶ διώμνυτο προήσεσθαι τὴν Χλόην, οὐδὲ αὐτῷ τῷ πατρί.

4.36 Then Dionysophanes shouted even louder than Megacles: he started up, brought in Chloe richly attired, and said: “Here is the child you exposed: thanks to the providence of the Nymphs, a ewe nourished this maiden, as a goat suckled Daphnis for me. Take the tokens and your daughter, and give her to Daphnis as his bride. We exposed them both: we have found them both: both have been under the care of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love.” Megacles approved, clasped Chloe in his arms, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept that night at the house of Dionysophanes: for Daphnis had sworn that he would not entrust Chloe to anyone, not even to her own father.

Ἡμέρας δὲ γενομένης συνθέμενοι ἄλλιν εἰς τὸν ἀγρὸν ἤλαυνον: ἐδεήθησαν γὰρ τοῦτο Δάφνις καὶ Χλόη, μὴ φέροντες τὴν ἐν ἄστει διατριβήν. Ἐδόκει δὲ κάκεινοις ποιμενικούς τινας αὐτοῖς ποιῆσαι τοὺς γάμους. Ἐλθόντες οὖν παρὰ τὸν Λάμωνα τὸν τε Δρύαντα τῷ: Μεγακλεῖ προσήγαγον καὶ τῇ Ῥόδῃ τὴν Νάπην συνέστησαν καὶ τὰ πρὸς τὴν ἐορτὴν παρεσκευάζοντο λαμπρῶς. Παρέδωκε μὲν οὖν ἐπὶ ταῖς Νύμφαις τὴν Χλόην ὁ πατὴρ καὶ μετ’ ἄλλων πολλῶν ἐποίησεν ἀναθήματα τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ Δρύαντι τὰς λειπούσας εἰς

τὰς μυριάς ἐπλήρωσεν.

4.37 At daybreak they agreed to return to the country, at the earnest request of Daphnis and Chloe, who could not get used to city life: besides, they had decided that the wedding should be a rustic one. They returned to Lamon's house, where Dryas was presented to Megacles, and Nape to Rhode, and all preparations were made for a brilliant festival. Megacles consecrated Chloe in presence of the Nymphs, and, amongst other offerings, dedicated the tokens to them, and made up to Dryas the sum of ten thousand drachmas.

Ὁ δὲ Διονυσοφάνης, εὐημερίας οὔσης, αὐτοῦ πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου στιβάδας ὑπεστόρεσεν ἐκ χλωρᾶς φυλλάδος καὶ πάντας τοὺς κωμήτας κατακλίνας εἰστία πολυτελῶς. Παρήσαν δὲ Λάμων καὶ Μυρτάλη, Δρύας καὶ Νάπη, οἱ Δόρκωνι προσήκοντες, Φιλητᾶς, οἱ Φιλητᾶ παῖδες, Χρῶμις καὶ Λυκαῖνιον: οὐκ ἀπῆν οὐδὲ Λάμπις συγγνώμης ἀξιωθείς. Ἦν οὖν ὡς ἐν τοιοῖσδε συμπόταις πάντα γεωργικὰ καὶ ἄγροικα: ὁ μὲν ἦδεν οἷα ἄδουσι θερίζοντες, ὁ δὲ ἔσκωπτε τὰ ἐπὶ ληνοῖς σκώμματα: Φιλητᾶς ἐσύρισε, Λάμπις ἠῶλησε, Δρύας καὶ Λάμων ὥρχήσαντο, Χλόη καὶ Δάφνις ἀλλήλους κατεφίλουν. Ἐνέμοντο δὲ καὶ αἱ αἶγες πλησίον, ὥσπερ καὶ αὐταὶ κοινωνοῦσαι τῆς ἐορτῆς. Τοῦτο τοῖς μὲν ἀστικοῖς οὐ πάνυ τερπνὸν ἦν: ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἐκάλεσέ τινας αὐτῶν ὀνομαστὶ καὶ φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἔδωκε καὶ κρατήσας ἐκ τῶν κεράτων κατεφίλησε.

4.38 As it was a very fine day, Dionysophanes ordered couches of green leaves to be spread in front of the grotto, invited all the villagers to the festivities, and entertained them handsomely. Lamon and Myrtale were there, together with Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's relations, Philetas and his sons, Chromis and Lycaenium: even Lampis was forgiven, and allowed to be present. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character, as was natural, considering the guests. One sang a reaper's song, another repeated the jests of the vintage season: Philetas played the pipe, Lampis the flute, Dryas and Lamon danced: Daphnis and Chloe embraced each other. The goats also were feeding close at hand, as if they desired to take part in the banquet. This was not altogether to the taste of the city people: but Daphnis called some of them by name, gave them some green leaves to eat, took them by the horns and kissed them.

Κατὰ ταυτὰ οὐ τότε μόνον ἀλλ' ἔστε ἔζων τὸν πλεῖστον χρόνον ποιμενικῶς διηγόν, θεοὺς σέβοντες Νύμφας καὶ Πᾶνα καὶ Ἑρωτα, ἀγέλας δὲ προβάτων καὶ αἰγῶν πλείστας κτησάμενοι, ἡδίστην δὲ τροφήν νομίζοντες ὁπώραν καὶ γάλα. Ἀλλὰ καὶ ἄρρεν παιδίον ὑπέθηκαν αἰγὶ καὶ θυγάτριον γενόμενον δευτέρον οἶδς ἐλκύσαι θηλὴν ἐποίησαν, καὶ ἐκάλεσαν τὸν μὲν Φιλοποίμενα τὴν δὲ Ἀγέλην, καὶ τὸ ἄντρον ἐκόσμησαν καὶ εἰκόνας ἀνέθεσαν καὶ βομὸν εἶσαντο Ποιμένος Ἑρωτος: καὶ τῷ Πανὶ δὲ ἔδοσαν ἀντὶ τῆς πίτυος νεῶν Πανὸς Στρατιώτου ὀνομάσαντες.

4.39 And not only then, but as long as they lived, they devoted most of their

time to a pastoral life. They paid especial reverence to the Nymphs, Pan, and Love, acquired large flocks of goats and sheep, and considered fruit and milk superior to every other kind of food. When a son was born to them, they put him to suck a goat: their daughter was suckled by a ewe: and they called the former Philopoemen, and the latter Agele. Thus they lived to a good old age in the fields, decorated the grotto, set up statues, and erected an altar to Shepherd Love, and, in place of the pine, built a temple for Pan to dwell in, and dedicated it to Pan the Soldier.

Ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν ὕστερον καὶ ὠνόμασαν καὶ ἔπραξαν: τότε δὲ νυκτὸς γενομένης πάντες αὐτοὺς παρέπεμπον εἰς τὸν θάλαμον, οἱ μὲν συρίττοντες, οἱ δὲ αὐλοῦντες, οἱ δὲ δᾶδας μεγάλας ἀνίσχοντες. Καὶ ἐπεὶ πλησίον ἦσαν τῶν θυρῶν, ἦδον σκληρᾶ καὶ ἀπηνεῖ τῇ φωνῇ, καθάπερ τριαίναις γῆν ἀναρρηγνύντες, οὐχ ὑμέναιον ᾄδοντες. Δάφνις δὲ καὶ Χλόη γυμνοὶ συγκατακλινέντες περιέβαλλον ἀλλήλους καὶ κατεφίλου, ἀγρυπνήσαντες τῆς νυκτὸς ὅσον οὐδὲ γλαῦκες: καὶ ἔδρασέ τι Δάφνις ὧν αὐτὸν ἐπαίδευσε Λυκαίνιον, καὶ τότε Χλόη πρῶτον ἔμαθεν ὅτι τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς ὕλης γενόμενα ἦν ποιμένων παίγνια.

4.40 But this did not take place until later. After the banquet, when night came, all the guests accompanied them to the nuptial chamber, playing on the pipe and flute, and carrying large blazing torches. When they were near the door, they began to sing in a harsh and rough voice, as if they were breaking up the earth with forks, instead of singing the marriage hymn. Daphnis and Chloe, lying naked side by side, embraced and kissed each other, more wakeful than the owl, the whole night long. Daphnis put into practice the lessons of Lycaenium, and then for the first time Chloe learned that all that had taken place between them in the woods was nothing more than the childish amusement of shepherds.

The Biography



Mithymna (Methymna), a municipality on the island of Lesbos, featured in the plot of 'Daphnis and Chloe'

INTRODUCTION TO LONGUS by J. M. Edmonds



Loeb Classical Library edition, 1916

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.

Song of Solomon, 1. 7.

I. — LONGUS

NOTHING is known of the author of the *Pastoralia*. He describes Mytilene as if he knew it well, and he mentions the peculiarities of the Lesbian vine. He may have been a Lesbian, but such local colouring need not have been gathered on the spot, nor if so, by a native. His style and language are Graeco-Roman rather than Hellenistic; he probably knew Vergil's *Bucolics*; like Strabo and Lucian he writes in Greek and yet bears a Roman name. Till the diggers discover a dated papyrus-fragment, we can say provisionally that he may have written as early as the beginning of the second century after Christ, probably not much later than the beginning of the third.

Two of Longus' characters connect him, indirectly at least, with the New Comedy, Gnatho the parasite, and Sophrone the nurse who exposed the infant Daphnis. It is to be noted that he and Horace, some of whose names are found like his in the New Comedy, are the only literary users of the name Chloe. He knows and loves his Sappho; witness the crushed but still beautiful flowers in the ravaged garden, and the lovely apple left by the gatherers upon the topmost bough. To Theocritus he plainly owes more than the locust-cage and the name Clearista. Not only has he numerous verbal imitations of Theocritus, but the whole atmosphere of the book is, in a sense, Theocritean. And there are passages reminiscent of the other Bucolic poets. In one place Longus definitely connects his rustic characters with the herdsmen of Bucolic poetry. When Lamo tells the Story of the Pipe, we are told that he had it from a Sicilian goatherd. And it is hardly going too far, perhaps, to see a similar intention in the name he gives to the old herdsman Philetas, who is second only to Pan in playing the pipe, and who tells Daphnis and Chloe the nature of love. For Philetas or Philitas was the father of Hellenistic poetry, the great man who taught the elegiac love-poet Hermesianax and the pastoral, epic, and lyric love-poet Theocritus, and was himself, perhaps, the first writer of love-tales in elegiac verse.

This is the only Greek prose-romance we have which is purely pastoral, and the inclusion of this feature in its title may show that in this respect it was a new departure. It is by far the best of the extant romances. Rohde saw the

forerunners of the prose-romance in two kinds of literature. The first is the erotic tale of the elegiac writers of the Hellenistic age, dealing with the loves of mythical personages. These poems formed the material of such works as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Three of Longus' names, Astylus, Dryas, and Nape, are the names of mythical personages in Ovid. The second literary ancestor Rohde believed to be the travellers tale, such as the *Indica* of Ctesias, a type parodied by Lucian in the *True History* and not unconnected with the *Utopias* of Aristophanes, Plato, and others. A trace of this ancestry survives perhaps in the title of this book "The Lesbian Pastorals of Daphnis and Chloe."

It is now generally thought that Rohde's pedigree hardly accounts for all the facts. In Chariton's *Story of Chaereas and Callirrhoe*, of which the date cannot be much later than 150 A.D. and may be a century earlier, the heroine is the daughter of Hermocrates, the Syracusan general of whom we read in Thucydides. The *Romance of Ninus*, of which a few pages have been found in Egypt, and which was probably written in the last century before Christ, is in all probability the love-story of the famous Semiramis and Ninus the founder of Nineveh. The author of the *Ninus-romance* takes two historical personages and weaves a story — not the traditional story — around them; Chariton, showing perhaps a later stage of development, merely tells us that his fictitious heroine was the daughter of an historical personage. These are the only instances, in the extant romances, of the consistent employment of historical matter. But they may well be the evolutionary survival of a once essential feature. If so, our second forerunner will not be merely the traveller's tale, but what often, as in the case of Herodotus, included it, history; but history, of course, in the Greek sense. For even in Thucydides there is an element of what to us is fiction, and the line between history and myth was never firmly drawn.

The enormous preponderance, in the extant romances, of invented, and sometimes confessedly invented matter, matter having no foundation either in history or in mythology, and involving invented persons as well as invented circumstances, points again to elements outside of Rohde's list. There may well be some connexion with the *Mime*, not only as we have it in the pages of Theocritus and

Herodas, but in other forms for which we have scanty and fragmentary evidence. There is almost certainly a relationship with the *New Comedy*. As we have seen, two of Longus' characters come ultimately from Menander; and there are instances, both in the *Pastoralia* and in the other romances, of the employment of two familiar dramatic devices, the 'peripeteia' or sudden change of fortune, and the 'anagnorismos' or recognition.

But side by side with all these indications of a various ancestry in past forms of literature, there are certain considerations which betoken a very close — probably far closer — kinship with contemporary methods of education. The use of set speeches for "stock" occasions, of full-coloured descriptions of "repertory" scenes, of soliloquies in which the speaker debates with himself,

and the frequently observed tendency of the narrative to arrange itself as a string of episodes — these considerations, combined with others of an external nature which are too long to be given here, point clearly to the schools of rhetoric, where Hannibal, according to Juvenal, “became a declamation,” and boys were taught to make speeches on imaginary themes. This form of education, which was in vogue as early as the last century before Christ, produced, in the second and third centuries of our era, the rhetoricians, half advocate, half public entertainer, known as “sophists.” Although there is no warrant in the manuscripts for describing him as “the Sophist,” Longus, to judge by his style, language, and matter, is to be reckoned of their number. He is far then from belonging to the best period of Greek literature. But to admit this, is not to deny his claim to the lesser sort of greatness. The first eleven chapters of his third book — the hard winter, Daphnis’ fowling expedition, the meeting of the parted lovers — are little short of a masterpiece. The truth is that the age which gave birth to Lucian was capable of much, and Longus has earned his fame by something more than a pretty story.

II. — THE TEXT

The following account of the manuscripts can make no claim to finality; for I have not had the time or the opportunity to do more than examine the various readings as they are recorded in print. But a comparison of all the passages where the MSS. are said to vary — these ‘number about two hundred and fifty’ — has enabled me to make a provisional stemma codicum, which I hope will not be without value to the future student of the text. For the readings of A and B, I have used (1) Seiler’s edition of 1843, which was based ultimately, through Sinner’s of 1829, upon Courier’s of 1810, (2) Cobet’s corrections of Courier’s account of A, made from an inspection of the MS. and published partly in *Variae Lectiones* and partly in the preface to Hirschig’s edition of 1856 (Didot), and (3) a few corrections of Cobet made by Castiglioni in *Rivista di Filologia* 1906; for the readings of the three Paris MSS. I have used Villoison’s edition of 1778; for the readings of the MS. of Alamannius and the three MSS. of Ursinus, I have used a copy of the *Editio Princeps* of 1598; for the readings of Amyot’s translation published in 1559, nearly forty years before the Greek text was printed, I have used the double French edition of 1757, which gives Amyot’s rendering side by side with a modern one. The weak point in this *materia critica* is the record of the readings of B; for there is good reason to believe that Courier’s scholarship was not always above suspicion. Still I believe it will be found that his account of B is substantially correct.

About the year 1595 Fulvius Ursinus (Fulvio Orsini), the great scholar and collector of MSS. who from 1559 to his death in 1600 was librarian to the Farnese cardinals at Rome, appears to have made a MS. of the *Pastor alia* with marginal variants. This is the MS. mentioned by the scribe of Parisinus iii as having been collated by him in 1597, and it was doubtless from this MS. that

Ursinus answered Columbanus' request for variants on certain passages when he was preparing the Juntine edition of 1598. In compiling his MS. Ursinus used three MSS., known to editors as Ursiniani i, ii, and iii. These have not been identified, and their readings can only be gathered from the text and notes of the Juntine edition. Courier, however, speaks of the existence of other MSS. besides B in the Vatican Library; and since Ursinus is known to have bequeathed his collection to the Vatican, these may well prove to be the three Ursiniani.

The MSS. of the *Pastoralia* at present known either from Columbanus' edition or from the work of later editors, arrange themselves by means of the great lacuna comprising chapters 12 to 17 of the first book. This occurs in all the MSS. except A, which was discovered at Florence by P. L. Courier in 1809. The MSS. which have the lacuna arrange themselves further in two groups, one where it begins at § 13, which I call p, and the other where it begins in the middle of § 12, which I call q. The extension of the lacuna in the latter group was probably due to a clumsy piece of emendation; however it was caused, the former group, despite Courier's enthusiasm for B — an enthusiasm which B often deserves — must be considered as representing the older tradition.

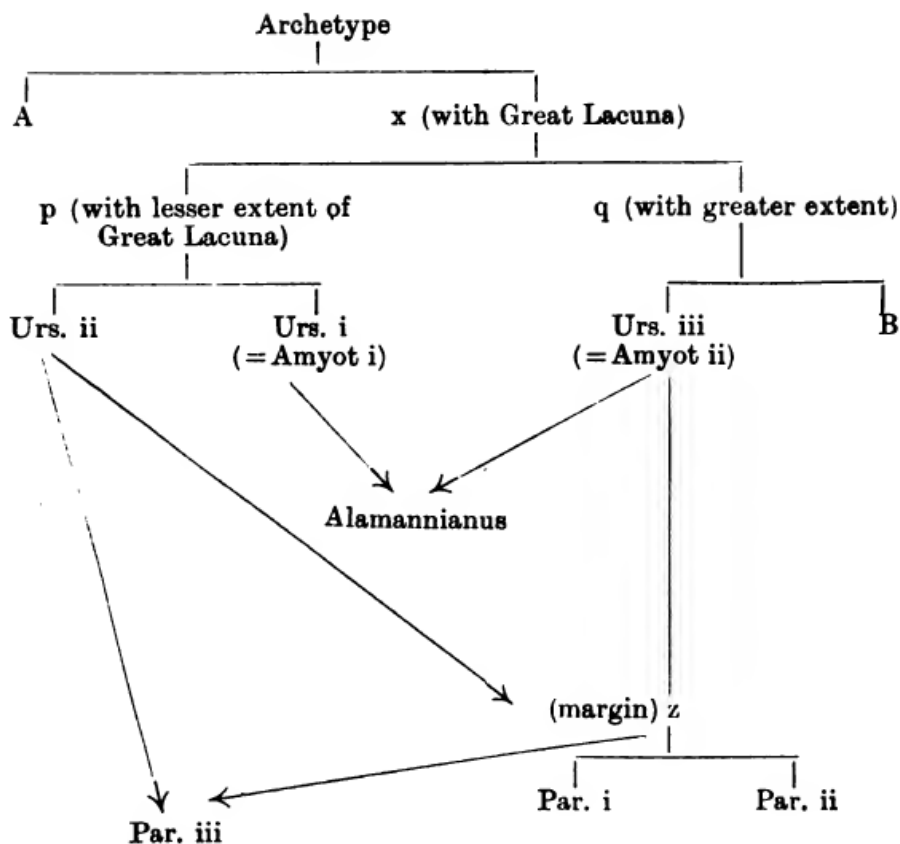
I have identified the three Ursiniani as follows, the first two belonging to p and the third to q: —

Urs i: a MS. used by Amyot; this as well as Urs iii was perhaps acquired by Ursinus on Amyot's death in 1593, Urs ii: a MS., from which Parisinus iii is partly derived,

Urs iii: a MS. used by Amyot, ancestor of Parisini i and ii and (in common with Urs ii) of Parisinus iii. It appears to have had one variant derived from the common ancestor of itself and B, and four of its own, and due to emendation or correction. It also seems to have contained several lacunae which it did not share with B; some of these omissions, as appears from his translation, were regarded as correct by Amyot.

Columbanus, the editor of the Juntine edition, the *Editio Princeps* of 1598, used, as he tells us, (1) a MS. belonging to Aloisius Alamannus, which I take to have been a conflation of Urss i and iii, with many but not all variations between these two MSS. added in the margin; (2) the readings sent him by Ursinus from the MS. Ursinus had copied and equipped with variants from his three MSS. (Urss i, ii, and iii). Ursinus does not appear to have made any note of correspondences between his MS. and the text of Columbanus, and it is important too to remember that the variants recorded as his in the Juntine edition are only those belonging to the passages on which he was consulted. In his note on page 82 he says: "Is [Ursinus] enim antequam nos hunc librum impressioni subiiciendum traderemus, locos aliquot cum suis codicibus collatos, Roma ad nos remiserat." It is clear that Columbanus had but one

MS. He refers to it in the singular in several places, notably in his preface. In the two passages where he speaks of *nostri libri*, he means either the four “books” of the *Pastoralia*, or the MSS. from which both the text and the marginalia of his own MS. were derived. His note on p. 87 merely means that his MS. here had two marginal readings; and since all three readings were known to Ursinus, and he was asked only for variants, no note of Ursinus’ readings is made by Columbanus. It is unfortunate that Columbanus’ notes tell us neither which were the readings of Alamannius’ text and which of the margin, nor make any distinction of name in recording the variants of the three Ursiniani.



The Parisini are all of the sixteenth century, i and ii belong to group q, and were derived from a copy of Urs iii which I call z. This contained the few variants of its parent, as well as about thirty derived from Urs ii. The special minor omissions of Urs iii, as well as those it shared with B, appear in Parr, i and ii. Par iii, though, unlike them, it has the lesser extent of the Great Lacuna, shows many ly of the same minor omissions. It may be regarded as a conflation of Urs ii and z. — Its margin contains (1) variants between Urs ii and z, (2) variants derived from no known source, perhaps readings of Urs ii rejected both by Ursinus when he compiled the conflation of his three. MSS. and by the scribe who added Urs ii’s variants to z. None of the latter are of the

slightest value.

There remain the two MSS. unknown to Columbanus and Ursinus no less than to Amyot, and discovered by Courier in 1809, Laurentianus (A) and Vaticanus (B). It is well known how Courier, after copying the new part of A, obliterated it, whether by accident or design, by upsetting his inkpot. Courier's copy, upon which, as he perhaps intended, we are now almost entirely dependent, is probably correct enough in the main; but Cobet has shown, by comparing it with the few places still legible in the original, that the copy was unfortunately not altogether accurate. Apart from filling the Great Lacuna, A, though it contains many minor corruptions and some omissions, is of the greatest value as representing the oldest extant tradition. It is ascribed to the thirteenth century.

Of Courier's other discovery, B, I have found no description. His record of its readings is given by Seiler. It contains several special lacunae of minor importance and shares others with Urs iii, and, as belonging to q, does not represent so old a tradition as Urss i and ii; but it nevertheless fully deserves xviii the position assigned it by Courier of second in value to A.

The text of the present edition is the result of my investigations into the recorded readings of the manuscripts. When the variation among the manuscripts lies merely in the order of the words, I have often followed A without recording the variant readings. Otherwise, the critical notes contain all the variants of any importance for the history of the text. But it should be remembered that the ascription of variants to the individual MSS. of Ursinus, is conditional upon the acceptance of my stemma and the identifications it involves. Emendations of previous editors I hope I have acknowledged in every case. Emendations which I believe to be my own, I have marked E. Sometimes an emendation appears from his translation to have been anticipated by Amyot. In these cases I have added his name in brackets. I have done the same where his translation indicates that the reading in question was the reading of one of his MSS. In the notes on the passage included in the Great Lacuna, I have given both Furia's and Courier's readings of A. It should be borne in mind that Furia saw the text only after the spilling of the ink.

III. — THE TRANSLATION

There is nothing on Thornley's title-page to tell us that his book is a translation, and if his "most sweet and pleasant pastoral romance" ever came into the hands of the "young ladies" for whom he wrote it, they may well have supposed it to be his original work. For although his rendering is generally close enough to the Greek to satisfy the most fastidious modern scholar, it has all the graces of idiom, rhythm, and vocabulary characteristic of the best English prose of the day. Of most of his excellences I must leave the reader to judge, but I cannot forbear to remark upon one outstanding feature of his style. He always shows you that he has a complete grasp of the situation he is describing. He not only sees and hears, but he thinks and feels. He knows

what it was like to be there.

In making his translation Thornley had before him the parallel Latin and Greek edition of Jungermann, published in 1605. His English is often suggested by Jungermann's Latin; in one or two places he has made mistakes through paying more attention to the Latin than to the Greek; and he sometimes prefers a reading only to be found in Jungermann's notes. That he was familiar with Amyot's French version of 1559 I have not been able to establish.

In my revision of Thornley's work, I set myself to alter only what was actually wrong; but right and wrong being so often a matter of opinion, I cannot hope to have pleased all my readers as well as myself and the editors of this series. I can only say that I have corrected as little as seemed in the circumstances possible, and tried to make the corrections consonant with my conception of Thornley's style. In the long passage where Thornley's translation was not available, I have imitated him as nearly as I could.

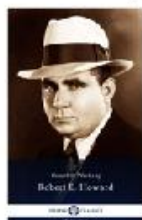
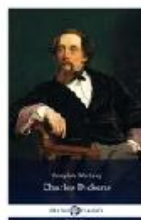
I have not discovered that any other work was ever published by the maker of this delightful book; indeed, the following are the only facts I have been able to glean about him. George Thornley was born in 1614. He was the son of a certain Thomas Thornley described as "of Cheshire," and was at Repton School under Thomas Whitehead, the first master appointed on the re-founding of the school in 1621. Whitehead's usher at the time, John Lightfoot, was afterwards master of St. Catherine's, and was elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1655. Whitehead sent many of his scholars to his old college, Christ's, and it was here that Thornley was admitted sizar — sizarships were given to poor students — under Mr. King in 1631. This King is the Edward King who is the subject of Milton's *Lycidas*, and Milton resided at Christ's from 1625 to 1632. In 1635 Thornley proceeded Bachelor in Arts, and we hear no more of him save that in his forty-fourth year he is described upon the title-page of his *Daphnis and Chloe* as "Gentleman."

J. M. E.

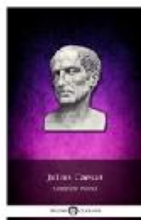
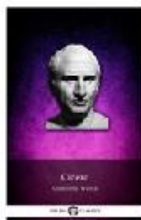
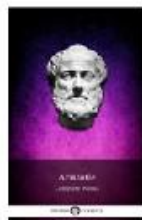
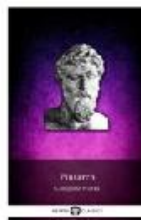
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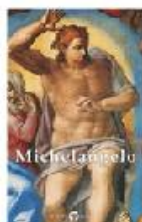
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Lesbos — likely where Longus spent his final days